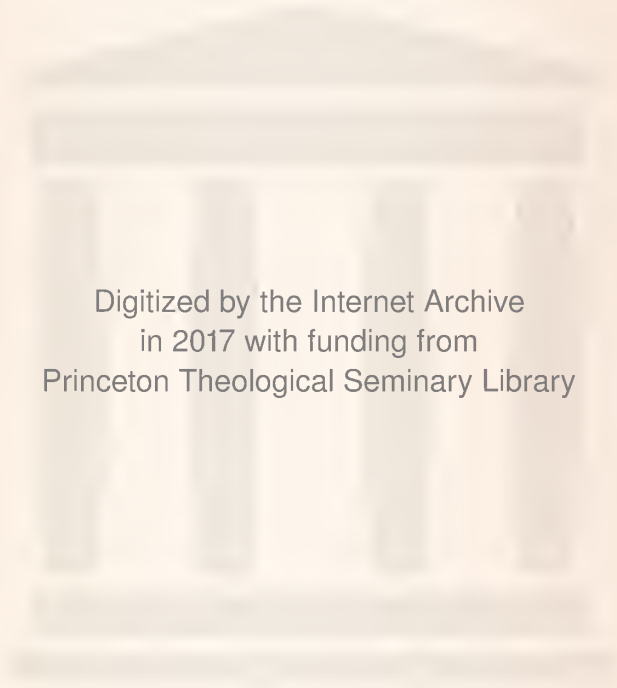


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OUR SISTER BEATRICE



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BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.

1896.

OUR SISTER BEATRICE

RECOLLECTIONS OF BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN
AND HER LETTERS

COLLECTED BY HER SISTER
GRACE GRIER

“Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same
is My Brother, and Sister, and Mother”

MATT. XII. 50

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

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1907

P R E F A C E.

THE title of this Memoir not only refers to the personal claim which my family and I have on the subject of it, but is meant to carry a wider significance.

When the lawyer asked our Lord "Who is my neighbour?" the answer he received practically was "Every one who needs your help," and if Beatrice Allen had ever paused to ask herself "Who is my brother?" "Who is my sister?" from the depths of her being would have come the reply "Every one". Yes, every one—the little child which, rescued from a den of infamy, she carried in her arms through the streets of London to a suitable home, the aged paupers in the infirmary, the outcasts of the London streets, the noblest lady who worked with her among them, the factory hands of Manchester, the fisher lads of Scarborough, the country labourers in her native Shropshire village, the far-off Japanese, all had a share in the sisterly affection of her great, loving heart.

At the same time this record of her life will not be a faithful one unless it makes clear the special share in that heart which we her relations had. For with all her wide interests, and from early years her active share in numerous benevolent organisations, Beatrice was the

quickest to recognise, and the most loving in response to, every family claim of any one I have ever known.

I desire gratefully to acknowledge the help I have received in the recollections which have been forwarded to me from various sources. I fear that my want of skill in using them may have produced more the effect of the shattered tints of a kaleidoscope than of any, even the roughest, portrait in mosaic. I would, however, beg any would-be reader not to be daunted by my clumsiness, but to go on to Beatrice's own letters, in which are to be found the thoughts of her heart laid bare with singular simplicity.

GRACE GRIER,
4 NEWNHAM TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
23rd February, 1907.

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

BEATRICE JULLIAN was the seventh daughter of John Allen, Archdeacon of Salop and Vicar of Prees in Shropshire. His life has already been published, so it is needless to repeat what is there told of his genealogy, I will only say that he came of an old Pembrokeshire family; his father was Rector of Burton on Milford Haven and his mother, a Miss Jullian, was of French extraction.

In the Vicarage, which my father built on the site of the old and almost ruinous building which he found on first coming to Prees, Beatrice was born on the 14th of September, 1849. In that secluded village among the richly wooded and fertile plains of North Shropshire her childhood and youth were passed, passed in a seclusion that might to many have seemed lonely. But we were a large family—eight sisters (a ninth had died in infancy) and one brother—and the chatter of young voices and the patter of many little feet enlivened the house. It was a comfortable modern building, of a size suitable to a growing family, and it stood in a large garden which, having belonged to the old Vicarage, was enriched by centuries of cultivation. It seems to me in looking back that never was there such a garden as that in which we played as children; there were the walnuts spreading enormous branches like forest trees over the lawn, which dropped in autumn a plentiful crop of black and sodden husks that opening revealed the light brown shell containing a coveted

prize! The temptation was irresistible, though each year brought the dire disgrace of little fingers irretrievably stained when Bishop Lonsdale was coming for his annual visit to his friend and archdeacon, for the tie between him and my father was very close and of longer standing than the official one. Then there was the pear-tree which bore three different kinds of pears, and the Lammas apple from which fell in the hottest days of summer large, juicy, tender fruit of delicious flavour which we searched for among the cabbages planted beneath, and the old gnarled damson-tree, the boughs of which were weighed almost to the ground with clusters thick as grapes of such plums as do not grow on younger generations of trees.

These were some of the delights of that garden to the small members of the family; there were others that we learnt to value as we grew older, the roses that flourished on the marly soil, the flower beds among which my mother loved to work, and above all the beautiful view stretching out over a wide expanse of level and richly cultivated plain to a panorama of Welsh hills beyond.

The Vicarage stood on a hill falling abruptly to the west, and my father had built the house with as many windows as possible towards the lovely prospect which the situation afforded.

Born amidst these surroundings the little Beatrice was the first to be baptised in the new font given by Mr. Wilson, the curate of the parish, on his leaving to accept the living of Church Stretton in South Shropshire. My father named her Beatrice, not without prophetic instinct, for he said it meant being happy herself and making others happy, and Jullian after his mother.

My earliest recollections of her are of a tiny baby so frail and thin that she had to be carried on a pillow in the nurse's arms, for the little bones seemed nearly through the skin. For a time she almost lived on cod-liver oil, and though she grew and seemed to prosper on it, she was a weakly child for some years, unable to run or jump like others of her age, but, as an

elder sister truly remarks, "her intelligence and affectionate disposition showed themselves very early.

"Before she was three she would recite nursery ballads in a dramatic way. On one occasion she went through such a long one of several pages, that my mother cautioned the nurse not to tax the memory of so young a child, but the nurse declared she had only read the ballad out once or twice to amuse her." By the time she was three years old she could read well with good emphasis and intonation. She was still very small when a friend of my father's, a neighbouring squire of cultivated mind and literary taste, coming to dinner one evening, found Beatrice curled up on the rug reading by the light of the drawing-room fire. "What have you there, little one, that interests you so much?" he asked. The child stood up and put into his hand a volume of Macaulay's Lays. "Why, how old are you?" said he, looking down at the small figure with the round head encircled with crisp, close, natural curls.

"Four years old," she promptly replied.

"And do you like this book?"

"Yes, and I can say some of them."

"Then let me hear you," and Mr. Jebb took her on his knee while she declaimed with much evident enjoyment the rolling stanzas describing the prowess of Horatius Cocles. From that time he seldom failed when he came to the house to get Beatrice to recite something, listening with delight to his "little four-year-old" as he called her.

She learnt by heart and would repeat to her parents on Sunday evenings at their request the whole of "The Church Porch" by George Herbert, and this when still so young that she gravely asked whether the line "Kneeling ne'er hurt silk stocking" meant that bishops did not kneel!

As a child in the nursery she would become so absorbed in the book she had taken up that her sisters found she was deaf to all that went on; they had to touch her, or shout in her ear, before she could be roused to turn her eyes from the page

before her. An elder sister says "She entered eagerly into any games, lesson, or occupation. No matter what was before her at the time it must have her whole attention, she must do it with her might. My brother when she was very young noticed this trait. He happened to hear her, when she was but a tiny creature, repeating some verses of Scripture to me in the schoolroom. He was struck by the solemnity and force that she put into words such as 'prophecy' and so on, which seemed long ones for such baby lips. He would say in boyish fashion, 'I must hear Beatrice say those words again,' and he would call her from her play to stand before him and go through them, which she would instantly do, her little hands clasped behind her, her whole soul, as it were, looking out at him through her wonderful eyes, intent on the task of the moment."

But a large family is apt to be severely critical of anything that savours of pedantry, and little Beatrice's love of long words and Johnsonian phrases early exposed her to a considerable amount of raillery. Even her nurse's wrath was roused when she overheard her at six years of age setting right her youngest sister, who had lisped out with some pride, "I am *free* to-day". "What are you *free* from?" exclaimed her small mentor. "Are you free from iron chains? You must say *three*."

This nurse was a remarkable woman; in striving to recall some of the early influences which moulded Beatrice's character, it is impossible to overlook Jane Roberts. She came into the family when the child was six months old and she remained with my mother first as nurse and afterwards as her maid for upwards of forty years. She was a most devoted and self-sacrificing soul; no pains were too great for her to take, no fatigue too much for her to endure, on behalf of those whom she served. But Mrs. Roberts, as the under-maids respectfully styled her, or Bob as we when grown up loved to call her, was a strict disciplinarian; I was afraid of her, though never actually under her sway, and Beatrice, who was passionately attached to her, at the same time regarded her with an awe that soon

changed to terror if she fixed a reproving eye upon her or held up a warning forefinger, and a "Very well, Miss Beatrice," uttered in an admonitory tone, would bring her clinging to Roberts' skirts with floods of penitent tears for the smallest childish misdemeanour. A little chair resembling a bee-hive stood behind the door of the children's sleeping-room and served as the nursery stocks. Thither was the culprit conveyed and seated in solitary confinement for periods varying from twenty minutes to half an hour according to the gravity of the offence. This was the heaviest punishment Roberts ever inflicted. She was never known to strike a child and she rarely complained to my father or mother. The discipline she exercised in her own person was absolute. No one even among the grand children who afterwards played hide and seek round the nursery door, from behind which the obnoxious chair had long disappeared, ever thought of questioning her authority or disobeying her commands. It was under this wise, if somewhat stern, discipline that Beatrice slowly acquired the self-control which was a marked characteristic. As a child, owing to her great sensitiveness of disposition and extreme tenderness of heart, she was subject to storms of passionate weeping, but in after life the occasions on which she shed tears were extremely rare. Her younger sister Anna writes, "I once remember seeing Beatrice crying apart in the garden and did not venture near her, I felt her sorrow must be so deep, some one had spoken very sharply to her. After we were grown up some one spoke to her in the same way when we were out driving and the tears filled her eyes ; when we reached home my father drew her into his study and said that unjust reproofs do not come from God, but might be turned into blessing if meekly received."

The same sister writes of her great buoyancy of spirit as a child, and of the keen interest she took in everything. She was the leader and the favourite in all games and could always invent a fresh one when the old ones failed to interest. All through life there was in her the power to plan, to organise, to

originate, combined with the rare desire to bring others forward, and a willingness, or rather a determination, herself to take the lowest place.

Among the visitors at Prees Vicarage no one was more acceptable to the younger members of the family than a former curate of the parish, afterwards Inspector of Schools for the district. Mr. S. combined great learning and brilliant mental gifts with the humility and simplicity of a child. It must be admitted that he was not always so welcome to my mother as to us, for being slightly eccentric in his habits he would occasionally remove the looking-glass from his dressing-table and put it in the empty fireplace; and sometimes the housemaid after looking in vain upon the washstand for the water-bottle, would have it restored to her by the gardener, who had found it under a gooseberry bush! But he brought us elder sisters delightful German books which he would translate with us in the schoolroom, and he would race and leap over the flower beds and through the forked branches of the large walnut-tree on the lawn, and play all kinds of riotous games with the younger ones. It happened on a summer evening that our friend sat on the steps leading to the bow window of the drawing-room deeply immersed in a large volume. He was much wanted for a game, but which of us should venture to disturb him? The whole party approached headed by Beatrice, who was always ready to bear the brunt in any emergency. "Mr. S.," she said in her clear, uncompromising tones, "we want you to play with us." "Devils!" cried the little man, banging to his book and starting to his feet. We all fell back at this unexpected rejoinder, except Beatrice who stood her ground, her large grey eyes growing a little rounder. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, as he met her serious, steady gaze. "I did not mean you, I was thinking of the people I have been reading about they were persecutors and tortured people. Now, what shall we play at?"

My youngest sister records an incident showing her willing-

ness to face a real danger when but a few years older: "When I was about twelve years old Beatrice and I were returning from a walk and had reached our own gate when some one said there was a mad dog about and that it had gone in a certain direction. I remembered that the child of a lady staying at the Hall had just gone for a walk with his nurse in the direction indicated, and I suggested that we ought to go and warn them of the danger. She was at once ready to do so and we started, but I soon confessed to being frightened lest we should encounter the mad dog. Beatrice bade me turn back. I asked if she were not frightened. 'Not in the least,' she replied, and went on alone."

From a child Beatrice's religious convictions were very strong. When quite small she liked going to church and had her favourite parts in the service. The Venite and the Easter Anthem were especially her delight, she said she wished they could go on for ever. My father expected us to write out every Sunday what we could remember of the sermon. When Beatrice was still too young for this exercise her retentive memory enabled her to repeat a great part of it in the very words my father had used in preaching. He would summon her to the study for this purpose, where, seated opposite to him in a large morocco arm-chair, she would reproduce the greater part of what she had heard, almost word for word. "That will do, dear, I see you have paid attention," was my father's usual comment, and the quaint little figure would climb down from the strange pulpit and return to the nursery.

His habit was to employ us when quite young on small errands to the village at the bottom of the hill, generally to the post-office. "Thank you, dear, you are beginning to be useful," was the meed of praise invariably awarded to the punctual discharge of these duties, and Beatrice never failed to earn it. There were others expected of us which she performed with the same marked conscientiousness. We were set in turn to watch for the funerals, so as to give my father

notice that he might robe and be in time to meet them at the churchyard gate ; for he could not bear to think of mourners being kept waiting. Beatrice would sit motionless at the dining-room window, her eyes fixed on the road along which the silent dark procession was to come, and at the first sign of its approach would run to the study to warn him of its coming.

These were but childish duties, but her strict conscientiousness showed itself in them as in everything else through life. When at an early age she was given a class in the Sunday school she took the keenest interest in each individual child. It made her miserable that even the naughtiest should not get a prize.

Though always tenderly indulgent to others, with herself she was strict, strict to a degree that in after life bordered on asceticism. When quite a little child she told her younger sister that she was afraid if she were to die she should be lost for, said she, "It says 'The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the people who forget God,' and I do forget God".

She shared a bedroom with her sister Margaret, who was two years her senior ; at times Beatrice would rouse her in the morning to repeat some of Mrs. Alexander's hymns for little children, or to choose favourite ones from a collection our father had made to be used in Prees Church ; her special delight being Cowper's beautiful lines beginning, "Oh, for a closer walk with God". She confided to this sister a dream which she had when very young, the impression of which remained with her until long after. She said : "I dreamt that I was in a lovely garden ; I felt a light above me, and looking up I saw my Saviour's face. He beckoned to me to follow Him, which I did through many winding paths. At last I saw that somehow a river divided us ; I wanted still to reach Him, but found it impossible. He, however, soothed my distress and answered with loving words, saying 'I will return and take you to Myself when the time has come'. Then He vanished from my sight."

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH.

HER younger sister Anna records of Beatrice: "I can remember her taking me when she was only about ten years old for a Bible reading up into a little empty bedroom and reading the Bible with me, both of us kneeling by a cane-bottomed chair. We read Genesis i. and were much impressed by the marginal reference to St. John i. 1, 2. She closed with prayer. On the morning of her confirmation Father called her into his study and showed her the Collect for the fourth Sunday after Easter, telling her that if we really prayed it with all our hearts God would make us love the things that He commanded, he also begged her daily to use the prayer 'Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me'. It was 2nd November, 1864. She spent the whole day alone in a little cold upstairs room in her white muslin dress, and was so severely chilled that she had an illness after it. I shall never forget the awe with which she received the Holy Communion. I felt as if she had gone in through the gates into the city and I had been left outside."

As regards secular education Beatrice received little or none of what would be accounted so in the present day. Our last governess left us when she was six years old and the elder daughters of the family were sent to school in turn. Each of them was expected on her return to teach one or more of her younger sisters. The morning hours were spent in the school-room, where the teaching was carried on in desultory fashion, to

the accompaniment of painting, illuminating, and even letter-writing. At the age of sixteen Beatrice was sent to London to receive the finishing touches which had already been administered at the same school to four of her sisters. It is difficult nowadays not to smile at the thought of a couple of years or less being thought sufficient for giving the desired finish to a young lady's education. But there was a very real advantage to be gained by being brought into contact with other young eager minds under the guidance of efficient masters, which could not have been ours in the secluded country village in which we lived, and I think we all have reason to be grateful for the wise and careful training and excellent instruction we received during the short period we spent at Wellesley House. Beatrice especially enjoyed the companionship, and the opportunities for and the helps to study that were afforded her there. Her bright joyous nature made her a great favourite with the other girls, who soon discovered that it was not difficult to coax "Baby Face," as they called her, on account of the rounded contour of her cheeks and large, wide-open, candid eyes, to do their more difficult tasks for them, and her quick intelligence brought her into favourable notice with her instructors.

But the best help we any of us had was our father's large and well-selected library and his advice in the choice of the books we read. Beatrice, a voracious reader, responded eagerly to his suggestions, and languages being her great delight she added to the French, German, and Italian of her schoolroom days the study of Latin, with no assistance beyond grammar and lexicon and what occasional instruction she could beguile her brother into giving her when he happened to be at home. Later she took up Greek, and with her younger sister Anna found great interest in unravelling Plato's thoughts, hampered as they both were by the unfamiliar language. Something of the same delight in tough nuts to crack made Browning a favourite poet with her; she would say "I feel like a squirrel; I like to have something hard to get my teeth into".

Although the mornings and the long winter afternoons before dinner were devoted to study, she keenly enjoyed the simple pleasures which the country afforded. She was fond of riding, and many a delightful afternoon was spent cantering over the turf in the beautiful park belonging to Lord Hill in company with his niece, our near neighbour. On fine warm days there were sketching expeditions; these met with great encouragement from my father, he used to say that drawing was a universal language, so he would have us all taught, however little talent we possessed. Beatrice had perhaps less than most of her sisters, but she conscientiously did her best and at the same time thoroughly enjoyed the many hours we spent among the copses where, with the pines overhead murmuring a soft accompaniment to the babble of talk and laughter that went on below, we made feeble efforts to reproduce the varying effects of light and shade.

Most afternoons were devoted to visiting the poor. From childhood our father taught us to make this a daily duty when not otherwise employed. Two of us together would be sent with broth in a little can made for the purpose, or with some dainty from the luncheon table to a sick person, and long before we were grown up he instructed us to sit by the bedside of the suffering and the infirm and read aloud a chapter from the Bible, choosing for us such as he thought would be most comforting. Beatrice's tender heart responded with ardour to this training. I recall one special case in those early days at Prees of her unremitting care and attention. A poor woman in a cottage about half a mile from the Vicarage was dying of cancer on the lungs. She had no one to attend to her, the children were small and the husband was at work all day. She lay helpless on a miserable wooden bedstead, with some sacks of chaff by way of mattress under her, in a corner of the kitchen. So long as she lived Beatrice, or one of her sisters, went every day to wash her, make her bed, and dress her sores.

Margaret, who was senior to Beatrice by a couple of years, was the first of the group of sisters to leave home for definite philanthropic work. About twelve months before the period of which I have been writing she had felt called to work in a London hospital. At that time great facility for such work was afforded by the arrangements made to receive ladies by the St. John's Sisters, who had charge of the nursing in Charing Cross and in King's College Hospital. Margaret worked under them in both places and for a time in Galignani's Hospital at Paris, which was also under their care, and though never a professed sister was for a time an associate.

While she was at King's College Hospital Beatrice, still in the exuberance of youth and enjoyment, writes to her :—

“PREES, 5th December, 1872.

“MY DEAREST MARGARET,

“ . . . We cannot spare you to be at St. John's altogether. You must still be much more our sister than the St. John's. . . . You must just think of all of us at home, longing to have you and grabbing at every word you send us about yourself and what you are doing and thinking all day and any day. . . . Yesterday Anna and I rode to Whitchurch in the morning. It was beautifully fine and very jolly ! Sir Roger's back is all right now we have got a numbner for him ; on the heath he first kicked off my hat ; that, however, I managed to catch in its descent. The incident had nevertheless so disarranged my hair that before the end of the next canter my puff, my real tortoise-shell comb, my new net, and those black ball pins, were all scattered on the ground and my hair was streaming down my back *à l'enfant*. I managed by means of two lingering hairpins to screw it up in some sort of classical bob, and in that state I entered Whitchurch. As ill luck would have it we met Mr. and Mrs. H. and the two K. girls walking ! The Whitchurch ball is on the 22nd of January, and we are going to ask A. B. and his sister I believe. I hope the latter won't come without the former.

“We had only nine men in the night school last night, so they are quite easy to teach for Anna and me. But I am sorry they don't come more. R. C., the pupil teacher, means to go out as a missionary; is it not pious of him? I hope he will be a bishop some day!

“Ever your very affectionate

“BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

When Beatrice was about three and twenty a book fell into her hands which made a great sensation at the time of its publication; it was entitled *Modern Christianity, Civilised Heathenism*. She was profoundly affected by its sternly literal view of our Lord's words in the Sermon on the Mount and in other parts of the Gospels. She took her own life to task in the aspect of His teaching which this book set forth, and made up her mind that it was wanting, that she was, in fact, “lukewarm, neither cold nor hot”. With that singleness of eye and directness of purpose, which was in after life so striking a characteristic and so great a help to others, she resolved upon a life of whole surrender.

During the following summer Mrs. G., the eldest sister of the riding companion before mentioned, came to Prees Hall to stay with her father. This lady had lately been attending the services at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where the vicar, the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, now Primus of the Scottish Church, was stirring the very heart of fashionable London by his inspired utterances. Under the influence of that powerful teaching, which those who experienced it can never forget, and for which so many have cause to thank God, Mrs. G. had given her heart to the best Master, and when she came to the Hall was full of the lessons which had brought her so much happiness and longed to share them. She invited one of the younger members of our family to take a walk with her one Sunday afternoon, and the girl was so much impressed by their conversation that she spent the evening alone in her room. Beatrice noticed this; if there was help to be had she desired to

share in it. On the first opportunity she sought Mrs. G. "I want you to talk to me as you did to my sister," she said, and Mrs. G. very simply related the history of her own conversion and lent her some of Mr. Wilkinson's books. This introduction to his teaching marks an epoch in my sister's spiritual life. She determined at all costs to be whole-hearted. She must renounce the world. Every pleasure that ministered to vanity, or cost money that might be more profitably spent, must be given up.

A visit was in prospect; she and one of her sisters were to go to a pleasant country house for a few days to attend a ball in the neighbourhood. Beatrice had chosen her dress for the occasion, a black net trimmed with broad pale blue ribbons was prepared, but her sister must go without her, her mind was made up she would never dance again nor take part in anything that involved a useless expenditure of time or money, except in so far as duty to others made it necessary. It has been said that her conversion resembled that of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry in this respect; it may be so, it was certainly whole-hearted, but she made no outward change in dress or manner, she was as bright an element in the home party as ever, and charmed the friends who came to the house by her affectionate, considerate ways, quick sympathy, and responsive vigorous mind.

The following spring she refused an invitation to stay in Upper Brook Street with congenial and delightful friends, that her younger sister might take her place and enjoy the pleasures of the London season which she now wished to avoid; for this reason also she stayed at home in the country with my father when my mother, accompanied by her other daughters, made her yearly expedition in June to town for a few weeks' enjoyment of its gaieties.

I should like to attempt some description of her personal appearance at this time. The eyes were very striking. I used to think they were like windows to her soul, very large, wide-opened, and of a clear shining grey, fringed with long black

lashes and set hollow under clearly pencilled and finely arched eyebrows. Her forehead was beautifully shaped, and in early life tiny soft rings would escape upon it from her dark brown hair which was naturally curly but brushed rigorously back from her temples. The upper part of her face was much the handsomer, the nose was short, the cheeks rounded and the mouth large but full of character, the strong white teeth quickly visible in her ready smile. She was about the middle height, and so long as she was in health stout in figure, but with small bones as could be seen by her beautiful hands and taper fingers.

Two other sisters had followed Margaret's example and had put themselves under the St. John's Sisters for training in King's College Hospital; in the autumn of 1874 Beatrice did the same. She writes in the following spring to Margaret:—

“ KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL,
“ 8th February, 1875.

“ MY DEAREST MARGARET,

“ Thank you very much for your letters and the interesting account of the M.s' visit. I hope you will not have talked it out by the time I come, as I want to hear every detail of that and all other events when I come home. . . . I am very happy in the Wigram Ward now; to-day I have been so light-hearted I have felt as if nothing could put me out. There is plenty to do as a rule; indeed I went from the Tuesday till the Friday week following without being able to get an afternoon off. I cannot make any appointment to go and see any one as I cannot reckon on a day out beforehand; but I do not mind, as of course one did not come here to go visiting. . . .

“ Your loving sister,
“ B. J. ALLEN.”

Her devotion to her patients and the skill and ability which showed itself in everything she put her hand to, made her much valued by the St. John's Sisters and great pressure was brought

to bear on her to join them altogether. She was, however, summoned to what appeared at first less congenial work.

My eldest sister May had been for some years working at Scarborough as head of a convalescent home for ladies with limited means. In the summer of 1875 Bishop Steere came to England and made the stirring appeal, which many will remember, for workers among the released slaves at Zanzibar. May heard and her heart responded. It was the height of the season at Scarborough and the home was full of ladies, many of them overworked governesses who were benefiting by the chance it afforded them of enjoying the fresh sea breezes. The committee were unwilling to part with May on this account as well as because they valued her services, and they asked her if she felt bound to go at least to find some one to take her place. She suggested her sister Beatrice.

Thirty years ago it was not so common as it is now to place young people in positions of authority over their seniors; but some members of the committee had already made Beatrice's acquaintance when on a visit to her sister. They thankfully accepted the suggestion and she was unanimously appointed. It was, however, with no little reluctance that she brought herself to accept the proposal. To keep house for a large establishment and to arrange for the comfort generally of some fifteen more or less invalid ladies, to cheer the spirits and soothe the irritable nerves of those who had been overstrained by hard work or ill health, such tasks were scarcely likely to be attractive to a young and ardent spirit. But after some consideration, having made up her mind that it was her duty to set her sister free to go out into the mission field, she went to Scarborough.

The home, for which a commodious house has since been built, was then only two houses in a terrace thrown into one. It was impossible to accommodate all the ladies who applied for admission, and during the summer months many had to be refused. When school work began again the numbers were

greatly diminished, but the home was kept open for the few that were still able to come through the autumn, and it generally filled up again during the Christmas holidays, after which it was closed for nearly six months.

During the slack time Beatrice writes to Margaret:—

“21 ALBION ROAD, SCARBOROUGH,
“22nd November, 1875.

“DEAREST MARGIE,

“Many many happy returns of your birthday and may you and I be a little more together in the coming year than we have been in the past. I hope that is not a lazy, selfish wish, for it certainly is generally work that separates us; still, it is rather sad to think that you and I have only been together about a week for more than a year. I cannot help being glad that you have not gone to Malta yet, and as it is only five weeks to-day till I hope to come home I have a good hope of finding you there. . . . I don't think I have much to tell about myself. There are only three convalescent ladies in the home, but what with pottering after the sailor boys, and night-school girls, paying calls, and reading and writing, I never find the time hang heavy on my hands. . . . I don't believe I have ever properly thanked you for offering to take my place here at Christmas. After all I hope I shall be at home for two or three days at Christmas time and see you all, and the thought of it will make my Christmas Day here quite happy, much more than if I felt I was neglecting my duty. . . .

“Ever your very loving sister,
“BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

The sailor lads mentioned in this letter were a great delight to her. Archdeacon Blunt was at that time Vicar of Scarborough, and it was with his approbation that she gathered them for a Bible class and visited them in their homes. She never forgot them. Twenty years later, when on going out to

Japan she paid me a farewell visit at St. Ives in Cornwall, the sight of the sea brought back their perilous lives to her mind and she spoke much of them. Her work indoors was at the same time well and efficiently done; her accounts were in excellent order; the ladies looked on her with respect and affection, and with much tact and consideration she dealt bravely with the unavoidable difficulties and perplexities of her position; but a friend told her that she "scamped her work". Willingness to submit to correction was a striking feature of her character. "How do I scamp it?" she asked, and her friend replied "You do your work in the home, you leave nothing undone, but your heart is with the sailor lads of your Sunday class". Beatrice did not give up her class nor her visits to the lads in their homes, but Miss N.'s remonstrance was not unheeded. She made a resolution and carried it out with earnest prayer that she would show herself, so far as possible, desirous of becoming a personal friend to every lady old or young who came to the home. From that time she never failed to secure some opportunity for private talk on spiritual matters with each during her stay. Not a few have borne testimony to the blessing which this intercourse brought to their souls.

In 1879, after four years of bright, happy, successful work at Scarborough, her brother asked her to come to London to keep house for him. His request was warmly supported by her parents and she consented; remaining with him until his marriage in 1894.

It has been well said that one of life's axioms should be, "In whatever boat you find yourself take an oar". Beatrice never failed to act upon it. The cry of the great city sounded in her ears, and an endeavour, though a very imperfect one, will be made in the next chapter to show how she responded to it.

CHAPTER III.

WORK IN LONDON.

IN the year 1880 Miss Ellice Hopkins came to Lichfield by the invitation of Mrs. Maclagan, and gave an address to women at the palace at which I was present. Being wont to share with Beatrice most things that greatly moved me, I wrote to her giving so far as I was able a résumé of Miss Hopkins' address and forwarding some of the leaflets which she had distributed.

It has been said that "words have hands," and in Beatrice's case those of Miss Hopkins' laid hold. She wrote to her father telling him of the longing that had been aroused in her to help the fallen and asking for his sanction to her undertaking the work. He wrote back that he could not withhold his consent, for "the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost".

From that time she set herself to seek opportunities for rescuing the outcasts of society. Such opportunities were not at first easy to find and she made several unsuccessful attempts to join hands with some one engaged in the work. The history of the rebuffs she met with, were I at liberty to give it, would be both instructive and pathetic; but she was not to be daunted; many waters cannot quench love. At last she heard of a lady who, filled with the same divine thirst for souls, was carrying on her work among the poor of Whitechapel with a faith and energy that may well compare with that of St. Theresa. We know the old story; Theresa, determined on great things

she meant to do, having only three halfpence to call her own, and when scornfully asked how she purposed to carry out her plans with such a paltry sum she replied, "Theresa and three halfpence can—it is true—do little, but God and Theresa and three halfpence can do much". Surely it has been so with Miss Steer of the Bridge of Hope Mission. When Beatrice first made her acquaintance she was working in one room in the East-end, where she cooked her own food over a little stove and spent the whole day, ready to receive any who might turn in for help. She welcomed Beatrice—who went regularly twice a week and as much oftener as she could, to the little room to take Miss Steer's place there while she visited some of the dens of infamy in the neighbourhood, or in her turn went out while the latter kept open the door of welcome. From that one little room Miss Steer moved to a small house, which she secured by her father guaranteeing one-half of the rent and a friend the other. One window beside the door, and two above, and two above again in the dingy front, stared out on one of the deserted graveyards of the great city. A peaceful outlook away from the noisy thoroughfares, and perhaps a not unfitting shelter for the cowering, half-yielding souls with whom Miss Steer was daily pleading; at any rate it afforded room for the immediate reception of those who were willing to forsake their evil life, and she was able to keep them for a few days under her care until they could be passed on to more permanent homes. It was here that I first saw Miss Steer, having accompanied Beatrice on one of her frequent visits of help to the little refuge. When next I saw her she had collected funds and built the spacious Home known as the "Bridge of Hope". Here, with her faithful friend and companion, Miss Jones, she was carrying on her work with over eighty girls under her care, some employed in laundry work, others in machine knitting, others in dressmaking, etc., according to their capacities. She had bought the site of a huge public-house that had occupied nearly the whole length of a street in Ratcliffe Highway, and

what had once been the dancing saloon was now a mission hall; what had been the bar she made her prayer-room. Best of all perhaps was the open door, over which a lamp was lighted as soon as it grew dusk, and where a loving welcome night and day awaited any poor wanderer who might turn in.

But before this triumph of faith and devotion, as the "Bridge of Hope Mission" may truly be called, was reached there had been long years of strenuous effort, and through them all Beatrice had with unflagging zeal bent her energies to strengthen Miss Steer's hands. At the latter's suggestion she gathered in a Bible Class the rough girls of Whitechapel, who were growing up instructed in every phase of evil and without the knowledge of Him who is mighty to save from it. Other days each week were devoted to visiting the haunts of vice and pleading with the unhappy inmates. When she was appointed Secretary to the Pimlico Ladies' Association she never allowed the clerical work—which that post involved—to interfere with her personal work among the lost sheep after which she yearned; unknown to many of her closest friends it was carried on through it all, though it often entailed sitting up half the night to direct envelopes and send out notices of meetings because her days had been given to active service. When there was an extra pressure of work I have known her sit up the whole night.

On rare occasions it has been my privilege to accompany her on her errands of mercy to the lowest haunts. Her plan generally was to engage a small room where she would prepare a meal of tea and buns and where she could have some quiet talk with those who would come. Then she would go out and invite one and another. Many were invited, but few came. Some were glib with promises which were never kept, others did not even pretend that they would come.

It is not for me in these pages to describe what she had to endure, for she never alluded to it herself; words were spoken

which it is impossible to think of without a shudder, many and bitter were the disappointments of promises made only to be broken, but with untiring patience she persevered, toiling round the filthy courts, stumbling up the dark staircases, pleading with unfailing gentleness with those she found there. And here and there one was touched and the promise of coming to the quiet room for tea was kept, and when the slight repast was over and a hymn had been sung, then indeed one saw the love of Christ shining out of the clear grey eyes that were dimmed with tears as she told the little company of unhappy women about Him who, with pierced hands outstretched, still pleads with the weary and heavy-laden to come to Him and find rest.

Her labour was not in vain in the Lord. Souls are not won in masses, or at any rate even such devotion as hers could not win them in crowds from such a pit as those I speak of had fallen into. But many *were* won to a life of righteousness, as the numbers of grateful letters testified which she received year after year from respectable household servants, who could never forget her who had been to them God's messenger to lift them out of the mire and clay and set their feet on a rock and order their goings.

In thinking over this side of her work, in which I was occasionally an eye-witness of what seemed to me more than human patience and tenderness, I can only echo the words of a friend: "I do not think I ever knew any one who gave me a stronger impression of the reality of the love of God and of Christ than she did on the one or two occasions when it was called forth in my presence".

Those I have mentioned were certainly such occasions, but her efforts were not limited to them; though she felt it due to her brother, with whom she lived, to spend her evenings with him, when, as happened occasionally, he was out of town she did not fail to take the opportunity thus afforded of going out into the midnight streets in further efforts to reclaim the fallen. On

one such occasion she was standing at night under a lamp-post in the pouring rain waiting for a poor girl who failed to keep her appointment, and when the bitter disappointment of the broken promise at last brought the tears streaming down her face some of the poor wanderers seeing her were touched. "Oh! lady, do not stand there," they pleaded. "It does not matter for us; we are used to it, but do go home, you will catch your death of cold." It may indeed be that the seeds of the tuberculous complaint of which she died were sown at such times, for her own health was never considered for a moment, nor as long as she could crawl about did she ever allow it to interfere with her work.

It was in connection with visiting the infirmary wards and following up the cases afterwards that Beatrice spoke to me of the importance of training others to work, however difficult the task might be. She told me of one lady in particular who was willing to work, but who seemed so devoid of judgment that she had again and again to rectify her mistakes and set her in the right direction, until she almost despaired of her ever being able to be of any real use, but in time this lady learned wisdom and proved an extremely efficient worker, having very special gifts for winning the poor girls who were the objects of her care.

This love of the work rather than of her own share in it was very remarkable in Beatrice. "I never knew any one who was so little dazzled by her own work," a friend once said of her, which expressed that in her which is as rare as it is precious. No doubt it was this single eye to God's glory, this willingness to be nothing, "only to lie at His feet," which made her work so lasting. My father often used to say to us, "It is best to be last, safest to be least, and happiest to be nothing," and one at least of his hearers learnt the hard but blessed lesson.

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, supplies the following recollections of Beatrice and of her work as Secretary to the Pimlico

Ladies' Association, of which Society her Grace is now the President:—

“It was in 1882 that I first knew Beatrice Allen. In the spring of that year Miss Ellice Hopkins gave an address in St. Barnabas Parsonage, Pimlico, at the invitation of the vicar, the Rev. Alfred Gurney, which made a deep and lasting impression on those who heard it. It is probably true to say that a large proportion of the audience heard for the first time any connected and well-considered presentation of the whole subject of fallen womanhood, and the responsibilities and claims which arise out of the sorest evil of the civilised world. Miss E. Hopkins' powerful appeal to educated women not only to assist in the restoration of the fallen, but to raise the whole tone of public opinion on the subject, led to the formation of the 'Pimlico Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls,' which, in common with many other associations working on similar lines, initiated by the same fearless and thoughtful mind, has since that time expanded into an important and powerful organisation with numerous ramifications both for preventive and rescue work.

“At the time of which I am speaking the field was entirely unknown and untried. Penitentiaries were known to be in existence, but were regarded as entirely apart from all recognised action or effort, shrouded in a gloom which it was not useful to dissipate or inquire into. The notion that educated women were in any way called upon to consider the subject of the care of the fallen, still more to concern themselves with the moral question in any sense, was little short of revolutionary, and opinion was generally divided on the advisability of taking action in the matter.

“A few ladies, encouraged by the approval and countenance of the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square (now Primus of the Scottish Church), met to consider the question, and a small committee was formed. Lady Harriet Ashley (afterwards Countess of Shaftesbury) was elected President of

the Ladies' Committee, and her strong common sense and warm advocacy of the cause gave courage to others to come forward. Beatrice Allen was chosen Hon. Secretary. The first step was to open a little refuge, then to organise some visiting, in a tentative way, of workhouses, hospitals and other places frequented by those whom we sought to help. Miss Hopkins was at that period deeply interested in the question of the introduction of an amendment into a Bill then before Parliament, by which children found in houses of ill-fame might be removed to certified industrial schools, and the first effort of the new Association was directed towards providing such a school for these unhappy little ones. As far as I remember the amendment was not passed, but it was practically certain that it would pass, if sufficient pressure was brought to bear, by means of reliable evidence, on members of Parliament. Miss Hopkins had information that a number of these children were to be found in certain houses in St. George's-in-the-East, a district in which Miss Steer had opened a little mission room and was at work with some faithful helpers.¹ She begged me to visit this district, and judge for myself of the need of rescue workers and the pitiful condition of the little girls growing up in these dens of infamy, and, with a very trembling heart, I promised her I would go. I can recall, as it were yesterday, the beautiful spring morning on which I set forth from my house in Chesham Place to join your sister at the mission room in Betts Street. As the hansom threaded its way through the sordid and narrow streets, my heart sank with fear, and yet the thought of the children, and the hope of—in some way—setting them free never for a moment deserted me. On arriving at my destination, I found a few women gathered together in prayer in the small room which seemed somehow like a frail bark tossing on an ocean of misery and degradation, but kept in safety by the faith and courage of its occupants. We set forth on our quest

¹ This little seed has grown into the grand work well-known under the name of the "Bridge of Hope Mission".

—your sister and I—she, displaying considerable acquaintance with the character of the houses and the best mode of approaching the inmates; I, almost bewildered by the strange new scenes, but gaining confidence as the tremendous need for action forced itself upon my mind. We had come to plead with the landlady of a bad house to release a little girl who was growing up under the worst influences, and Beatrice went with her into the room, while I remained kneeling on the narrow stairs, praying that the woman's heart might be touched. Eventually I think all the children were removed to industrial schools.

“At this time Beatrice was as a tower of strength to all who worked with her. Her whole being glowed with love and zeal; her countenance radiated with the inward joy of her soul; and, though her strong personality impressed itself on others and almost *drew* them with her, she was very tender and thoughtful in all her relations with her fellow-workers. As the work she loved grew, she gave herself to it with a generous self-surrender which I have never seen equalled.

“At the time of the mission in 1885, the arrangements for the rescue work of the Association fell, to some extent, to my share, and a number of evening meetings were fixed at different centres. Beatrice, who was then keeping house for her brother, told me that, to her deep regret, she felt unable to take part in them, as she could not allow him to spend his evenings alone after the day's work, and it was evident that the sacrifice cost her not a little. To others, it may be said without reproach, the prospect of these meetings (involving preliminary work in the streets, late hours in the cold evenings and, above all, contact with the poor women themselves) was somewhat unalluring; to her they were a rare and precious chance of seeking the lost. The mission lasted ten days, and she was with me at every possible moment to cheer, to encourage or to suggest. We learned to understand each other as we could scarcely have done under other conditions, and by degrees the

brave little band of workers emerged and joined together, which, thank God, is still engaged to this day in the same arduous contest with evil.

“For the next eight years we struggled on collecting funds, organising work, considering methods. The work Beatrice cared for most was, I think, that which was connected with mothers and infants. I cannot forget how her whole face was suffused with tenderness as she pleaded for a Home for mothers who had fallen more than once, or who were drawn from the work-house or the streets. It seemed as if her pity was inexhaustible. But, much as she loved the work itself, she was content to do the routine business of writing minutes, issuing notices, composing reports. Many a day she tramped after some poor wayward girl, following her to the worst haunts, and pleading with her as a sister, and many a night she sat up writing, so that no business matter should fail to receive due attention. Her ardent spirit was fretted sometimes by conventionalities, which nevertheless have their place, and are at any rate characteristic of equally good workers, but she was never betrayed into irritation. Those eight years were good years as I look back on them—we all worked together and got to know each other, and we were cheered by good words from good men, by generous monetary support and by the fruits granted to our labours. We went to the Lock Hospital and to the houses of the fallen and held little teas and meetings in the lowest lodging-houses, and Beatrice was everywhere, the strong white teeth gleaming as she smiled, and the kind eyes looking right into their hearts, as she said, ‘Now, my girl, listen to me’. They listened—they could not help it—and many, if they could speak this day, would rise up and bless your sister’s name.

“The little meetings for workers were a source of joy to her. She was ever in her place, praying and singing and leading us all on by word and example. When she was about to leave us I gave, at one of these meetings, a short farewell address on

1 Sam. xxiii. 16, for I felt that she had indeed 'strengthened our hand in God'.

"In 1893 some changes came. I was overshadowed by the deep sorrow of widowhood, and I need not say how your sister sustained me by her ever-thoughtful care.

"She would come in the morning and read the Greek Testament with me, striving to interest me in the study of the language, bringing with her the volume of Plato she intended to read with Miss Julia Wedgewood, of whom she was a devoted disciple. Her knowledge of Latin was, I believe, considerable, and when for a short time we took a couple of seats next each other in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, I observed she used a Latin Book of Common Prayer. Her demeanour during the service often struck me deeply. It spoke of the deep joy of her spirit in Christ, and reminded one of the invitation to the devotions of the Lord's Day which flowed from the heart of a holy man of old:—

"Behold the Angels assembled in their Quires
And the blessed Saints ready with their Hymns
Behold the Church prepares her solemn offices
And summons all her children to bring in their praises.

"In the summer of 1894 she first told me of her desire to go abroad as a missionary. She said the inward call had been long ago made and accepted, the immediate occasion was her brother's marriage, which set her free from any pressing home claims. She was anxious to go as soon as we could make arrangements to fill her place, but the preliminaries in connection with the appointment by the Church Missionary Society took a longer time than we expected, and she did not set forth till the following spring. In the meanwhile a most happy week at the Keswick Convention had cheered and strengthened our spirits, and, having made arrangements for her successor, I went to Italy in February, 1895.

"I was in Rome at this time, and Beatrice had arranged to

pass through on her way to Brindisi and bid me good-bye. When she arrived I saw by her countenance what the agony of parting with her loved ones, and especially with the aged mother whom she loved with intense devotion, had been. When the last evening came and but one hour was left before the train started, she begged that we might spend it in prayer. She was herself too much overcome to speak, but we laid all our needs before the All-loving and All-merciful Father, and full peace and courage was granted to her as she said the good-bye which might have been the last of all.

“It was not, however, so ordered, for in 1899 an attack of illness brought her back from Japan to undergo treatment and take a complete rest. Her studies of the Japanese language had been very arduous, and when she arrived at my home in Chenies I thought her much changed. At a meeting of church army officers held in my garden she gave an interesting address full of energy and point.

“The malady having been subdued, she set forth once more, this time certain that the parting with her mother was final. Her letters from Japan came two or three times a year; latterly she complained of great pressure on her time, or, as I interpreted it, on her strength. She had attended conventions of Christian workers which greatly cheered her, and she wrote of them and of the constant and glorious progress of the Gospel in the land she had learned to love. Her spirit seemed to grow more and more unearthly; there was a manifest preparation for the coming glory. In looking back I think I can see that the words she spoke, when she first unfolded her hope in regard to the life of a missionary, were in a sense the keynote of her being.

“‘I have always interpreted Matt. xxviii. 19,’ she said, ‘to mean that any Christian without special home or other duties was claimed by Christ as one who was free to take the Gospel to the heathen, and so there could be no question about obedience to His command.’

“The entire simplicity and directness of her spirit, together

with intense personal love to her Saviour, were the characteristics of this happy and holy soul, blessed and favoured alike in life or death, she passes from our sight but not from our hearts.

“In the well-known Christmas hymn, ‘Adeste fidelis,’ these words are to be found in a verse which does not appear in our translations :—

“Sic nos amantem, quis non redamarst ?⁸

⁸ “Having thus loved us, who would not love Him in return ?”

She would have replied that a life’s offering was small and a heart’s devotion feeble, but she could give both, and to do so was the only possible answer to the question.”

In the year 1893 a General Church Mission was held in Manchester from 28th January to 7th February, and Beatrice was asked to undertake the organisation of the rescue part of the mission. A small band of ladies accompanied her from London, and having gathered together and interested beforehand some of the residents in the city, she planned and carried out a scheme of visiting during the day, followed by meetings at night. Great care was taken to make these meetings as attractive as possible; they were modelled on those she had found to be most successful in London, first tea brightly set out and with willing helpers to welcome and wait on those who came; the meal was followed by a Mission service of hymns, prayers and addresses.

Great was the strain imposed on those who took part; the meetings began late, after the other Mission services were over, and were carried on far into the night long after the closing of the public-houses. But the labour of those devoted women was not in vain; souls were won from the power of darkness, as is shown by the letters overflowing with thankfulness which some of those who were rescued during that Mission wrote in

after life. Other results followed, some of the ladies who helped during the Mission organised themselves into a permanent band of workers, which took shape in "The Manchester and Salford Church Rescue and Preventive Society," which is doing so noble a work to-day. The following from the first report issued by the Society gives an official statement of Beatrice's connection with it.

"At a meeting of the General Committee of the Manchester and Salford Church Mission of 1893 a sub-committee was appointed to organise and supervise rescue work. . . .

"At the request of this committee Miss Beatrice Allen of London, well known for her experience and ability, kindly consented to take temporarily the responsible management of this work. She, with a staff of ladies accompanying her from London, and aided by other ladies in Manchester who offered themselves, laboured devotedly during the Mission, at the conclusion of which Miss Allen earnestly appealed to the people of Manchester to carry on what had been initiated. With this view a committee was formed, and the Manchester ladies, who had gained experience under Miss Allen, have been voluntarily working in such districts as Deansgate, Angel Meadow, Hulme and Oxford Road."

In a short account of the work during the Mission, which was printed for private circulation, I find a quotation from Beatrice's own words. She writes "We began work, all of us, both Manchester and London workers, knowing scarcely any of the girls, perhaps half a dozen, and left off having made acquaintance with and learned names and addresses of between 200 and 300. Some of them were received at the St. John's Parade Refuge, also at a temporary shelter established by the Committee, and thence passed on to homes. . . . It is such a happiness that the work is going to be carried on. It was only just *begun* in the Mission time."

Mrs. Edge, one of the Committee, has kindly let me see a number of Beatrice's letters arranging before the Mission began

every smallest detail that would be needed for the work, both for the accommodation of the ladies she was bringing with her and also for the evening meetings. In one of these she writes: "My dear Mrs. Edge, you do not know how grateful I am to you for writing so constantly as you do. I am ashamed of myself for not answering more quickly, but you see how it is, my London work keeps me busy *all* day and Manchester comes in at midnight." Yes and past, for this letter is dated 19th January, 2.15 A.M. I have also before me not a few of those which she wrote afterwards, showing how true was the interest she took in the work that was being carried on and in the individual cases which Mrs. Edge consulted her about or cheered her with a favourable account of.

It is noticeable that Mrs. Maclure, wife of the Dean of Manchester, the first President of the Society which was inaugurated in the way I have described, passed to her rest in October, 1905, the same month as Beatrice. *They went together.*

Mrs. Knox, the wife of the Bishop of Manchester, is now acting as President of the Society. It is affiliated to St. George's Association, and there is each year a united service in the Cathedral followed by a conference of members of both Societies.

But though Beatrice gave so much of her heart to rescue work it did not absorb her whole attention. She undertook at one time a district in a distant part of London, where the Vicar had appealed for help, having an immense population under his care—all poor people; there was no one of any education residing in the parish. But she found that the time which was taken up in getting to and from so remote a part swallowed nearly all she had to spare, so she sought work nearer home.

My brother had sittings in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and she asked the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson for a district in the poor part of his great parish. One was assigned to her and she worked in it diligently for years. The intercourse into which the work

brought her with the Vicar was the source of much happiness and of refreshment to her soul.

In passing from the account of Beatrice's London work I will add the words of two friends who were intimate with her during that time.

Miss Julia Wedgewood writes of her: "What few opportunities we had of intercourse were greatly prized by me, and I remember with thankfulness that I made the most of them.

"We read Greek together and I was vividly impressed by her superior achievement with much inferior leisure and opportunities. . . . I felt she had so much power of scholarship and cast it all aside not from any want of value for it, but from her supreme value for something else—something set so clearly on a height by that measure."

The other friend (Miss Agnes G. Ward) writes that the impression Beatrice made on her was "Of absolute selflessness, absolute truth and purity, absolute love and faith and trust in all that is good and noble and lovely, absolute and entire devotion to our Lord Christ; an infinite restraint and patience and a mighty courage to bear and endure; an individuality merged into the personality of the nature of God and so becoming 'all things'. She was intensely *womanly*, full of a quiet strong affection for all who suffered, and she had a way of *doing* help as well as merely *saying* it. She lived an almost Spartan existence as far as her own comfort was concerned. She was always ready to sit in uncomfortable chairs and to go without food. I used to laugh at her sometimes and wonder why she liked to put her hair so tightly back, and to wear such dull clothes, and such unbecoming bonnets, but she only laughed at me again, and her dear face, full of Christliness and peace, seemed to answer for itself without the need of outward aids.

"If she had ever had any earthly longings, or any earthly hopes and desires, they were hidden in her secret heart, and had long ago been given into her Master's keeping, for her life

indeed was with Him, and in Him she moved and lived and had her being.

“I have had visions of her alone in her little room—such a curious little room, bare of a woman’s usual knick-knacks—wrestling with God into the far hours of the night, in prayer for some one she was working for. Giving up herself over and over again upon the altar of daily sacrifice ; rising in the morning at cock-crow to go out again, fasting, to His altar, and then holding out her strong hand to one of His weaker little ones. She was always longing to go out into the great world, as her [eldest] sister did, and tell His message from land to land ; but she had an immense patience, and she waited her Master’s time, restraining and calming herself to be ready when He should call, and doing what she could meanwhile to help her brother in their home, with a bright calm face and a ready heart. Everything she did she did with her whole soul, and her humbleness was a touching trait in her beautiful character. Blessed are the pure in heart for they *do* see God, was her experience.

“She longed for souls of men ; she longed to bring the whole world into the embrace of God ; she longed to crucify herself and give herself out to all humanity. When she went abroad I thanked God that He had made at least one of us so completely one with Himself, that in her work for Him her personal friends were not lost but merged into the Great Whole.”

In the year 1883 my Father, already much broken in health, gave up his country living and accepted the Mastership of St. John’s Hospital in Lichfield. Twelve old men occupy a building separated from the Master’s house by the part of his garden in which the chapel stands, and he is assisted in the care of them and in the Sunday services by a chaplain, two rooms being allotted to him in their building. My Father only lived three years in the rest and retirement of St. John’s. After his death my Mother moved to the small house in the Cathedral Close where the remainder of her life was spent.

During my brother's holidays Beatrice, giving as little time as might be to the many friends who pressed her with invitations, came home, and few who have witnessed those home-comings can easily forget the rapture expressed in the glitter of her eyes, her beaming smile and her loving greetings. But though at home for the holidays she did not come for enjoyment nor for much needed rest. Whether at Prees among the country lanes, or in the streets of Lichfield, she was constantly at work, visiting in the homes of the poor, tending the sick, gathering the ignorant in classes.

In September of the year 1887 a mission was held in the parish of St. Mary's, Lichfield, by the diocesan lay missionary, Mr. Colvile. Beatrice was at home at the time and threw herself heart and soul into the work. She and her sisters visited the different public-houses in the town between the hours of 6 and 8 P.M., when the mission service began, to persuade those they found there to come to it. One man, a noted poacher and prize-fighter, has given the following quaint account of her efforts, which in his case resulted in a complete change of life :—

“I first saw Miss Beatrice Allen in a public-house, and her asked us to come to the mission, and there was a lot of us in, but we promised her. However, we went into the next public-house and her came after us there, and asked us to go again. It was very good of her. We had all had a lot of beer. But we promised her, and on the Sunday we went and a lot of good it did us. Every one knew what Miss Beatrice was. Her was very good at all points. Her was a soul-winner.”

When visiting the cottages in Lichfield she found a poor sinful woman dying of some black fever. The neighbours were afraid and had deserted her. Beatrice washed her and cared for her, going constantly to minister to her as long as she lived.

If, during her short holidays, she accompanied her Mother and sisters to the seaside, she would seek to make friends with the lodging-house servants, speaking to them of the things be-

longing to the Kingdom and praying with them. The little ones playing on the beach were the objects of her loving solicitude; her heart always went out with a passionate tenderness towards children, and she would go down to the shore and win them to herself that she might point them to Christ.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING TO JAPAN THE FIRST TIME.

IN 1887 Beatrice was able to satisfy her great wish to attend the Convention held every summer at Keswick. The longings of her whole being were after the "perfecting of holiness," and the teaching which she listened to at the meetings seemed to point to it. Yet she could not feel that she had attained to the heights after which she yearned. The speaker at the Convention who helped her most was Dr. Moule, the present Bishop of Durham. She therefore sought an interview with him.

"How are we to know that we have completely surrendered our wills to God?" she asked.

"Give them up to Him so far as we do know in every particular and then leave the rest to Him, being content that He knows more about us than we do about ourselves. Here we can only know in part.

"Faith is the only grace for which no ability is needed, for it is only giving in.

"Faith does not have to climb a height, but sinks into a valley.

"All you have to do is to have done with negations. Leave off saying 'No' to Jesus; He longs to come in more, far more, than you long to have Him; you *are* His. You have not got to say 'Yes' to Him, or anything, only to leave off saying 'No'."

These words of Dr. Moule's satisfied her hungry soul, for the time at any rate; she came away from Keswick in a glow of radiant spiritual happiness which I truly believe, though it may

have been sometimes shadowed in the years to come, never wholly faded. Shortly afterwards, when she was enjoying a few weeks of delightful summer holiday with her Mother and sisters at Oxford, she was called away suddenly to attend to a friend whose state of mind was causing considerable alarm. She cheerfully obeyed the summons to a wearying period of several weeks of constant anxiety and care; and when I spoke some words of sympathy as to what I judged must be a disappointment, she exclaimed "Oh! do not say so. It was a real happiness to be called on to give up something for the Master. It gave me a sense of His proprietorship. I felt as if it were just the touch of His hand claiming something and it filled my soul with joy!"

It was not until the summer of 1903 that Beatrice had again the happiness of going to Keswick for the Convention, and this time I had the privilege of being her companion. We met at Crewe. She had been at work all night getting everything straight before she left town and providing, so far as possible, for emergencies. But though she had not slept she was bright and eager, full of a joyful anticipation of the blessing which she believed was awaiting us.

As we entered the beautiful Lake Country and the carriage became more and more full of travellers bound for the same destination as ourselves, she whispered in my ear: "Do not you feel the Keswick spirit already?" There was indeed a bright look of expectation on most faces, and a gentleness and consideration for others in the behaviour of our fellow travellers, which seemed to betoken some common interest, and drew out one's heart to these perfect strangers.

There is no need to describe the ten days that followed. There were the prayer-meetings before breakfast, which Beatrice never failed to attend, the mornings in the tent listening to the Bible readings and expositions of Scripture, the afternoon walks by the Lake where we were often joined by friends who had come for the Convention, and then the evenings in the tent

again with the beautiful addresses and the solemn after Meetings. If I were to try to sum up the teaching pressed that year at Keswick I should say it was the blessedness of a whole surrender of body, soul and spirit to the will of God. This was, as has been said, the very keynote of Beatrice's life; what wonder that her whole heart responded with a glad assent. Also it seemed to me that the fruit of this teaching was manifested in a very remarkable manner at the Missionary Meeting on the Saturday afternoon with which the Convention closed. Beatrice had many years before solemnly dedicated herself to missionary work whenever the opportunity for going abroad should come, yet I feel that that week of the Convention and the Meeting with which it ended was a sort of consecration to her purpose, which from that time was kept definitely before her mind. Henceforth she spoke to me freely of it and always mentioned Japan as the special field to which she longed to devote herself.

She had some talk with Mr. Eugene Stock at the Keswick station when we were coming away, but she was unable to arrange anything definitely, as nothing was as yet settled about my brother's marriage and she could not leave him until that took place.

During the course of the following summer all was happily arranged, and he was married on the 16th of August, 1894, to a very dear friend of Beatrice's whom she had known and loved for years. In her first letter to my Mother after the engagement was announced, she speaks of her great love for the bride and adds: "The wedding is likely to be soon. . . . That brings me to a word about myself; the way seems to be open in God's good providence now for me to be a missionary. For twenty years I have consecrated myself inwardly to the work and now the time seems come. What the *parting* will be from you, my dearest, dearest Mother, I dare not think; but I *know* you will not hold me back, if God should so honour unworthy me as to *allow* me to be His messenger to the

heathen in far-off lands! You *have* given me up for many years to His service, first at Scarborough and then in London, and though I know a foreign land seems very far away, yet it will not divide us in heart, and the time is not far distant for us all now, when it will not be some *here* and some *there*; but by the infinite mercy of the Saviour it will be one everlasting *HERE* in the presence of the Lord. . . .

“Your ever tenderly loving and dutiful daughter,

“BEATRICE J. ALLEN.”

The happy news of her son's engagement and the shock of learning that Beatrice desired to go abroad, produced such conflicting emotions in my Mother's heart as to upset her health, for she was far advanced in years, and she did not at once reply. Beatrice writes again:—

“5 DURHAM PLACE, CHELSEA, S.W.,

“11th July, 1894.

“MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

“I feel so grieved to hear of your being weak and poorly, but one cannot wonder at it after all the agitating letters you have had this week. Do not think of trying to answer mine till you feel ‘quite better’ as the children say. I feel I know by intuition what your dear loving mother's heart will say. I *know* I shall have your love, your blessing, and your prayers, and I shall *treasure* your letter when I get it; but I can wait for it quite patiently. . . . Hoping soon to hear a better account of you,

“I am,

“Your loving and dutiful daughter,

“B. ALLEN.”

The next letter is evidently in answer to what was so eagerly and yet so patiently waited for.

"5 DURHAM PLACE, CHELSEA, S.W.,

"16th July, 1894.

"MY OWN, MY DARLING MOTHER,

"I *could* not answer your beautiful, tender, most deeply moving letter, in the bustle of the daytime, with people coming in and out, but waited till night, when I could write to you, alone with God.

"Your loving words *wring my heart*, and yet I *feel* as if 'I had opened my mouth to the Lord and *dared* not go back'. 'Is this so?' I ask myself. 'Am I right in what I believe to be God's call?' or 'Am I mistaken?' I can only put myself and *you*, my precious Mother, in God's hands, and humbly ask Him to give *us both* clear light as to His blessed will, which now and always must be 'our Peace'. At any rate we have the great strong comfort that we are both *at one* in this matter; you in being ready to give me up, I (oh! how dare I say it?) in being ready to go, if it be His will.

"Your loving words about offering me every facility for remaining in London to carry on my P. L. A. work gives us both a *reprieve*. I had a long talk with the Duchess of Bedford on Saturday, and though she said she would not *ask* me to give up the missionary vocation if I felt it to be from God, yet she pointed out very clearly that it would be practically impossible to throw up everything in this work [at once]. . . ."

The remainder of this letter cannot be found, but the result of the conversation mentioned in it was that Beatrice remained in London in lodgings during the winter months to wind up the affairs of the Pimlico Ladies' Association and other charitable organisations with which she was actively connected. At the same time she set herself to learn Japanese with a teacher, labouring with such energy that scarcely any time was left for food or rest, to the extent of not going to bed some nights at all.

Before starting for Japan she came down to St. Ives in Cornwall, where I was spending^t the winter in a house kindly lent to

me by the late Sir Leslie Stephen. It overlooked the sea and there was a most enchanting view of the bay from the windows, which greatly delighted Beatrice, and the fine air seemed to refresh her after her arduous work in London.

She went with me to the little stone shelter on the shore, where it was my custom to gather some of the fishermen on Sunday afternoons for a few words of Bible teaching, and she spoke to them with a tender persuasiveness that I cannot but think touched their hearts, for that little Meeting grew and prospered until the men themselves procured for me the use of a sail-loft where, with extempore plank benches and the sound of the waves thundering against the walls, we met for Bible reading on Sunday afternoons when she was far away.

Her farewell was like St. Paul's, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?" She begged me not to grieve as we stood on the platform of the little railway station. She was going, she said, to a blessed and a happy work, and she leant, smiling and waving her hand, from the carriage window as the train steamed off until she and it were blotted from my sight by tears. No thought of self or of what lay before her ever seemed able to daunt that brave spirit. "I have never known one hour of loneliness," she wrote to me afterwards, "since I stepped on board and put my hand in His."

The account of her parting from the loved ones at Lichfield shall be given in my sister Anna's words who was present and who also accompanied her to Rome on her way to Brindisi, from which port she sailed for Japan.

"Her Mother was so overpowered with grief at the prospect of parting with her that on the last day of her stay she was too ill to leave her bed. Beatrice nursed her assiduously all day, and it was only after her Mother had fallen asleep at night that she went to her room to make preparation for her journey and did not go to rest until three o'clock in the morning.

"A special celebration in St. John's Chapel at 8 A.M. had been arranged by Bishop Anson, who was full of sympathy with her

missionary enterprise. Many of the poor people from all parts of the city communicated with her. The Bishop gave a short address from the altar steps, quoting the following from a letter written by Beatrice's Father thirty years earlier to his eldest daughter, May Allen, when she gave herself to mission work in Zanzibar under Bishop Steer: 'I earnestly hope and pray that your being led to give yourself to this work may help me to give myself more entirely to the service of our most loving Master, and that it may stir up us all in this neighbourhood to take more interest in missionary work'. And again in 1877 he wrote: 'Blessed be God you have our Lord by your side, and you know that He is all-sufficient for cleansing, for healing, for guidance, for support. And by lightening (by His help) the sorrows of the world, you have the assurance that a cup of cold water only given in His Name will not lose its reward. May God's best blessings ever be with you. May we be stirred up to be earnest and more earnest in prayer for the holding up of your hands as Aaron and Hur did those of Moses.

"I have been writing for next Sunday a sermon on the second lesson "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God," etc., and I hope I have impressed it more and more on my thoughts, may it be on my practical convictions, that it is only in acts of love that we find our evidence of our being really in our Lord. And if we are in our Lord we are one with Him, and one with all the saints, and when our earthly course is finished we may humbly hope, because of His merits, that we shall ever be with the Lord. . . . [Then speaking of one of her converts]: Surely it must be a great subject for thankfulness that you have been in any degree, in God's hands, the means of bringing a fellow-sinner to know and love our Lord, showing love by keeping His commandments.'

"Two hours after Beatrice left the chapel she said farewell, with great tenderness, but unwavering firmness, to the Mother she loved better than all else on earth. When Mrs. Allen said with tears: 'I shall never see you again,' she replied:

We must leave that in God's hands ; if it is His will I shall see your face here again, and if not, we shall meet in heaven'.

“She travelled to Rome, without stopping, third class, to save expense. A friend had provided her with a travelling cushion, but this she insisted on putting under the head of the sister who accompanied her.”

The sisters spent one happy week together, visiting, so far as possible, what was most interesting and beautiful there ; then they parted, Beatrice leaving by a train which reached Brindisi only just in time to catch the steamer which took her to Japan.

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS, 1895.

NEARLY all the following letters, except those to my Mother, were written in a shorthand which is now so little used that it is almost a cypher employed by our own family and by that of Miss Stephen, who taught it to us. They have all the frankness which this shelter gave them, added to the full outpouring which is proverbially characteristic of letters from a far country. Those to myself I have given almost in full; in many cases not suppressing even the loving expressions which exhibit her character on an important side—next to her devotion to her Lord, love for her family was Beatrice's most absorbing passion. The sacrifice of her missionary life cannot be appreciated unless this be in some measure understood.

I have followed the same plan with all letters of which the whole reached me, but of some I have only had extracts.

My Husband used to say of her that he had never before met any one who combined so much common sense with such burning zeal. Her letters seem to me to illustrate this rare combination in a very remarkable manner.

SELECTIONS FROM B. J. ALLEN'S LETTERS, 1895.

The first journey out to Japan.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ON BOARD S.S. BALLARAT,

“Easter Sunday, 1895.

“As I cannot get letters I must read over again your long and most interesting one, especially about Selwyn's confir-

mation. I thought of him this morning when we were having the Holy Communion (which was an unexpected privilege on board ship), and wondered if as Easter falls so late this year he would be at home receiving it first after his confirmation with you. I *hope* so, as I know what a comfort it would be to your widowed heart to have his loving arm to lean on as you went up to the Resurrection Feast to-day. Oh! what a day of joy and thanksgiving Easter is! How it tells of victory! of victory over the grave that can no longer hold our loved ones! Victory over sin—yes, the risen Lord can give even *us* power to triumph; indeed it seems *all* victory through the power of His life.

“I cannot tell you how full of blessing these days at sea have been to me. As far as material things go we have *every* comfort, though we are second-class passengers, and the voyage has been one of the most prosperous on record, thank God. But there is something much deeper than that; there is a sense of the nearness of God’s presence, of being in the hollow of His hand as we go on day and night ploughing through the fathomless waters, that I cannot describe. The very separation from all one loves on earth seems only to bind one closer to Him, with whom there is no near nor far. Literally the many many prayers that are so constantly being offered up by you, darling, and many others at home, are being answered exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

“I have obtained leave from the captain, to my great joy, to speak to the Asiatic seamen. Of course it is a most feeble, floundering effort as they do not understand English, and I can only do it through an interpreter, one of themselves, who can speak English. Happily I have some Bible pictures with me, and six or eight of them will generally come round me with their dark eager faces and gleaming white teeth and listen and smile when I go among them. The exceeding difficulty of such a mode of communicating with them makes one realise more vividly than ever the wisdom of the C. M. S. in laying such stress on learning the language. It makes one feel almost as if

one's heart would burst, it is so full! To see them there in the same ship with one day after day, courteously inclined, too, and willing to listen (many of them now always pass me with a smile and a greeting of 'salaam'), and yet to have this all but impassable barrier of the unknown tongue between us. I know, darling, that you will add it to your prayers for me that the message conveyed even in this blundering fashion may at any rate pave the way for the sowing of the good seed by some more capable messenger.

We had no service on Good Friday; nothing to mark the day except cross-buns! and, I am glad to say, the *absence* of rowdy comic songs with which we are generally regaled every night. We have a very rackety set of between twenty and thirty young men for the bulk of our fellow-passengers. But I never spent a happier time than in my cabin, which is a very comfortable and airy one, from twelve to four that day. To-day we have had morning prayer, read by a clergyman who is a passenger on board, and we had the Easter anthem and beautiful Easter hymns. There is something strangely moving in a service at sea, the wide expanse of sea and sky make one feel somehow, more than any church, however beautiful, that one is in the presence of the Almighty Eternal God. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"20th May, 1895.

"MY OWN DEAREST GRACE,

"I cannot let the first mail after my arrival go without some words to you, my own darling, though the time is short and I have already been writing much. There is nothing but thankfulness to record for God's great mercies, most of all I think in allowing me to come here, where the need is *so great*. Nagasaki is a town of 33,000 inhabitants, and until last year the C. M. S. was working single-handed, though there is an American Methodist Mission and a Roman Catholic School

and sisterhood, both of which considerably outnumber the little band of about 125 Church of England Christians. Every one is most kind to me. I am staying just for the present with Mrs. Evington, the Bishop's wife, but in a few days I shall go to the above address, which will in all human probability be my home so long as I am in Japan. It is a large house built for a school, very like an ordinary English house, one storey high, only that it has a large verandah in front, both upstairs and down. It is quite strong and substantially built, and has fireplaces and everything very like a house in England. Schools are not much wanted now in Japan, the Government education is so good, but when this house was built things were different. I shall live when I am by myself entirely on the top floor and all the ground floor will be used for classes, meetings, etc. I am already *hard* at work learning the language with a very nice intelligent teacher, a native Christian, who is most courteous, kind and encouraging. I enjoy the study keenly; no words can describe the longing to be able to speak to the people when I look at them and remember that almost *every one* of them is a heathen.

"The place is lovely, a beautiful bay full of shipping with low green hills all round coming almost to the water's edge. . . . I go to Japanese services, Sunday school and prayer-meetings. There will be the Holy Communion in Japanese on Ascension Day, which I am intensely looking forward to; my first communion in this far-off land; the last was on Easter Sunday at sea. Oh! my darling, we shall meet in spirit then. No need to ask you to pray for me; I know you do again and again, and God hears and answers your prayers abundantly; I am more blessed than words can say! You and Dorothea and Selwyn *must come* some day, the need is so great, the labourers so few. I am sending this to Lichfield, as I do not know where you are now; write to me as often as ever you can. You do not know how I hunger for news from you; specially tell me about the cross and what was finally put on it by the Committee.

“To think that I do not know where you are living nor what you are doing, my own treasure! But I shall hear soon.

“Until then and always your loving

“BEATRICE.”

The above letter illustrates the eager enthusiasm and the strong faith which took her so far from home, and at the same time betrays the clinging tenderness of affection which bound her so closely to us all.

The allusion to “the cross” refers to a very beautiful churchyard cross which was erected by many friends to the memory of my Husband in the centre of the new burial-ground at Hednesford. When dying he expressed a wish that if anything were done in memory of him a cross might be placed there, and he added, “Let these words be put on it, ‘Richard Macgregor Grier. The unworthy parish-priest of Hednesford from,’”—he paused, not being able to remember the date, and I added “from 1888 to” — and I also stopped. “Yes,” he said, “let them put that and *nothing else*.”

I was anxious that his wishes should be literally carried out, but not unnaturally his friends could not bring themselves to consent, so other words were inscribed.

Beatrice’s expressions as to her uncertainty about my whereabouts refer to the time which elapsed after my leaving Cornwall and before I settled at Cannock. Those months were spent in Lichfield, and it was there, in the cathedral, that my only daughter, Beatrice’s Godchild, was confirmed on the 30th May. To this she refers in the following letter.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“11 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“2nd June, 1895.

“Your two most deeply interesting letters, dated respectively 9th and 16th April, came by the same Vancouver mail on 30th May in time, as Nagasaki time is before England by

about nine and a quarter hours, for me most earnestly to pray for tenfold blessings on my darling Godchild's head, the very day and I think the very hour (for it was when I was retiring to rest at night) when she was offering her young life, body, soul and spirit, to the service of the best of Masters, and He in His infinite love was taking that precious jewel into His own safe keeping. Dear Dorothy's is so sweet, so loving, so true, so unselfish a nature that one hardly knows what to pray *for her* in one sense, only that He who has carried her in His arms from her cradle until now may ever guard and shield her and that she may ever grow more and more closely into union with Him, and if it be His will, be used abundantly to win souls for the Kingdom. Your account of dear Selwyn, too, is beautiful. Oh! how blessed that Easter communion must have been with its glorious message of resurrection and life everlasting when this short, short time of conflict and parting and separation is over! I, too, was at an early celebration on Easter morning. It is true, dearest, what you say, love grows stronger, deeper, truer when every outward circumstance and setting as it were, is removed. Then one realises that it is part of the very fibre of one's inmost being and that, as Kingsley said, 'if I could not know and love my wife and she me, in the world to come, she would no longer be she, nor I, I'. . . . It was very lovely your little Meeting of fishermen gathering and increasing. I hope they came up to Talland House when you could no longer have the sail-loft, I expect they did. I am getting very hungry for something of the kind here. I had one very hearty Meeting with some sailors at Hong-Kong. A Miss Johnson, who has lived there twenty-one years as a missionary, encourages the English sailors to come to her when they are in port, and she asked me to come and speak to them, which I was most thankful to do. Some of the men gave very moving testimonies afterwards. They seemed such fine fellows, British men-of-war. I *hope* something may be done here in that way this winter, but at present I am too newly come to be able to venture on

anything for myself, and the lady who is in charge here is leaving at the end of July for work elsewhere, so she does not feel inclined to take up much beyond what she has in hand. . . .”

TO HER YOUNGEST SISTER OCTAVIA, NOW MRS. COOPER.

“I feel as if I could not thank God enough for the blessings He daily showers upon me. Even the being parted from you all does not seem like separation, I feel as if your love was close and warm around me, as dear Mother says, ‘we are always thinking of you’. I know I am of you, so that in spirit we are close together . . . I like learning the language immensely. I always was fond of languages and study, as you know, and Japanese is a very interesting language, and to have a teacher all to oneself who takes the utmost pains to teach you is delightful. Also, of course, there is a motive for learning such as I never could have had before. I cannot tell you how I *long* to speak to the people; when I try my one or two little phrases and they answer me back I get hopelessly mixed and stick fast. I dare not speak to them on religious subjects yet for fear of teaching them quite wrongly, but how one longs to be able to. There is a *great* need of more workers, especially women workers, out here, so Tavie you must make haste and get strong and then see how you can get through the C. M. S. Medical Board interviews. It would be lovely to have you out here and I could coach you in the language well by that time. They say Japan and Palestine are almost the two best climates they send missionaries to, so there would be a chance for you to pass. Yet I am bound to say that two out of the three ladies I have come to live with, have broken down in health through the climate.”

On the 14th July she writes to me the first of the letters of tender sympathy which never failed to reach me between 19th and 27th August, the week which was the anniversary of my Husband's last short illness. During the ten years that she

was in Japan, notwithstanding the many claims she had on her time and her thoughts, she never failed to look forward and so to arrange the despatch of her letters that one should reach me some time in that week.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ 11 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
“ 14th July, 1895.

“. . . This letter will reach you in that week *full* of such precious and yet such agonising recollections, when the desire of your eyes and the light of your life was taken from you almost at a stroke! I *know*, both from my own experience and from entering in a measure into yours, how through all the anguish the close, wrapt sense of the Divine upholding makes such hours the most sacred, the most precious, in one sense, of one's life. Ah! we love our Father's smile in our hours of joy and sunshine, but I am sure it is not until our very heart's blood is wrung from us that we can know what His sustaining, upholding power can be. . . . As Julia Wedgewood said, to have known men like Richard and Father 'is to have seen the blessed upholding power of God's grace'. What one witnessed when they were called away was a living demonstration of what Christ can be to the believing soul, that would make it easier to doubt anything in the whole world than to doubt God.

“What I have written above reads like an absurdity, but you know what I mean, when people talk about the difficulties of Revelation, or the perplexities of life, or the apparent triumph of evil. I can only say when *one has known and seen* what I have, such problems are not difficult at all, the Light shines so bright *that there is no darkness at all*. . . .”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ 11 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
“ 28th July, 1895.

“. . . I do not know whether you will see my letters to Mother this month, so I must tell you again about a

subject that just now is much filling my heart, namely, that I have at last been allowed to do a tiny bit of real missionary work in English. Three Japanese Custom House officers came and asked to join Miss H. B.'s Bible class, saying at the same time that they wished to learn English. She could not take them with her other men so asked me to have them, which I was only too thankful to do. We began last week; we read the Bible in English, which they can do quite well, and look at the Japanese Bible for the meaning. Then they ask questions and I explain in English. Here comes in the difficulty. Their knowledge of English is limited and I, of course, cannot speak to them in Japanese, I mean not on religious subjects. I can talk a little about everyday matters to the servants and when I am shopping, etc. So it is very difficult to know how much they really understand. They are educated men and have read about Darwin and evolution, etc., and they ask very intelligent questions, *e.g.*, Why is the plural pronoun used in Gen. i. 26? Are there many gods? What does it mean by man being made in God's image? etc. You can fancy how full my heart is as I *try* to explain, and I know you will pray with me that the teaching may be blessed and that I may indeed be taught of God what to say to them and how to say it. Though they come avowedly to learn English they are interested in the Bible study, and it is a most blessed opportunity if by God's grace one is enabled to use it aright."

In the next letter she speaks of a Convention which is to be held at Kobe, for which Mr. Buxton is chiefly responsible, and she and Miss H. B. hope to attend it. She says: "It is about forty-eight hours' sail from here . . . the journey will be very lovely if it is fine weather through the inland sea. It is reckoned one of the most beautiful trips in the world. . . . I think it will be very helpful to meet with one's fellow Christians for prayer-meetings, addresses, etc. Here all the services are in Japanese, and alas! I am far yet from being able to understand the sermons. . . ."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"KOBE, 8th September, 1895.

"Your most sweet and loving letter touched me beyond words. Fancy your praying that I might 'not be lonely'! No, thank God, I have never felt *that* for a single moment, so your prayer has indeed been most abundantly answered! Indeed all your dear, loving prayers are, I am sure, like an army of angels round me, my life seems to be so full of blessing, so rich, so happy! I do *not* feel as if I were far away. I do not try to realise how long it is since what you write to me about happened, nor how much longer it must be before you get my answer; I just read your, and Mother's, and all the dear sisters' letters over, and feel full of joy and overflowing thankfulness for all the love that I so little deserve. I seem to be with you all still in heart and spirit as much as ever. It is very happy for me in one way, and perhaps has been part of God's training for the missionary life, that I have for many years spent so large a part of my life without my sister's daily companionship, and have become accustomed to having my real heart intercourse by letter; it seems in many ways just the same as it always was. There is something, too, in the way in which all one's life now is planned and directed avowedly to one end—the evangelisation of the heathen—that makes it seem so calm and harmonious, so in accordance with the mind of God, that it gives a joy and a zest to every detail of life that truly I can only say I have never experienced before. Of course I do not for a moment mean that a missionary's life is the only one that is in accordance with God's will, yet I know you will understand the feeling of solemn joy and whole-hearted abandonment to God's good will and pleasure, that the sense that you are all alone with Him in a strange land just waiting to know where He will send you and what He would have you do, must give. It is to me one of the sweetest rewards of missionary life. It came to me

first when, as I said, I stepped out alone hand in hand with Him on board the ship at Brindisi. Next comes the unspeakable delight, of which I have so far only been given a taste, of telling of God's love and full salvation to those who have never heard. I have told some of you in my former letters about the four men from the Customs who come so constantly to read the Bible. I cannot tell you what it is to read the glorious promises of the Bible to them for the first time, and to see them ponder them over and over again. Of course all I say to them has to be in English at present, and I am afraid they only partially understand, but at any rate one can point them to the verses in the Japanese Bible, and it is most blessed to see their eagerness to come and their thoughtful, attentive faces, and to hear their reverent questions. They have bought both Japanese Bibles and English Testaments for themselves, and I pray constantly, and I know you will too, that God will use their desire to learn English to bring them to Christ for the true water of life. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"ASAKA, 15th September, 1895.

". . . The Convention last week was a very blessed but a very solemn time. The avowed object of it was to pray for the cleansing of our hearts and the filling with the Holy Spirit. The speakers dwelt much on the promise of the Lord Jesus that the Holy Spirit should be poured out, not only on the Church generally, but on the disciples individually, to endue them with God's power for service, God's cleansing and keeping from sin. Mr. Buxton spoke of it most solemnly as a blessed experience. It filled one with indescribable longing and yearning for this great gift of God, which one can see plainly described in the Bible and also with one's own eyes in the lives of the saints. Three times over our Saviour definitely promises this gift to *those who ask in faith* (St. John iv. 10; vii. 37-39; St. Luke xi. 13); then there are the three

verses in Gal. iii. 2, 5, 14, which seem to say plainly that God does indeed give this unspeakable gift simply to those who ask in faith. I cannot tell you how last night, my birthday night, I went over those words again and again on my knees, longing yet hardly daring to believe it could be for such as me! Sometimes I say to myself, 'Yes, I will, I do, take God at His word; He must long to give even more than I long to receive'; and at other times I tremble and doubt. Oh! my darling, it will be *weeks* before you can read these lines, but pray for me that I may not stagger at the promises of God through unbelief. He has been and is so much to me that I wonder at myself that I cannot trust Him more absolutely, and yet when one reads in the Bible what that baptism of the Holy Ghost meant to those who received it, it does seem indeed all but impossible. . . ." [The remainder of this letter is unfortunately lost.]

TO THE SAME.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"10th December, 1895.

". . . The more I see of the Japanese the more attractive I find them and the more I *long* to be able to converse freely with them, especially on Divine subjects. The Christians are very touching and sweet in their confidence and respectful friendliness. A young man, O. T. San, whom I only know slightly, but who would like to be a Catechist if his health would admit of it, called the other day to say good-bye, though he was only going away for four days. He asked me in the nicest way to give him some verse out of the Bible as a helpful thought in parting. My teacher, N. San, also comes to me for help in choosing suitable verses from the Bible for New Year good wishes. It is a custom among the Japanese to send congratulations and good wishes to all their friends at the New Year, and he said quite of his own accord that he thought Christians should do something more than that, and that he

would like to send a beautiful verse from the Bible to his Christian friends. Part of my course of study for the second examination is to transpose the Book of Isaiah from the *book* language in which it is written into the common colloquial style which every one understands, but which it would be considered most unsuitable to write the Bible or indeed any serious book in. N. has never read Isaiah; he is quite a recent convert, only baptised this year, and his interest and delight in it is most refreshing; the poetry of it as well as the grandeur of its teaching delights him; he asks constant questions about the different metaphors and the historic allusions.

“*N.B.*—I have not passed my first examination yet, but I hope to do so soon, and as I have gone through the books required for that I have begun this week some of the second year’s course.

“The Custom House men are my great happiness; they listen so eagerly and thank God do take in what one teaches them. Oh! pray for them darling, that they may each one be brought to yield themselves body and soul, to God.

“Ever, with much love,

“Your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

It may be well to insert here what her Japanese teacher, N. San, of whom frequent mention is made in the foregoing letters, says of her diligence in study, and his other recollections of her. He says:—

“When Miss Allen first came to Japan I became her teacher, and may say confidently that I was her first Japanese friend. . . . The way in which she set herself to master the language was wonderful. She worked with me for six hours a day. As at first I was not much interested in teaching Japanese and also thought that she must find it very tiring, I often suggested that four hours would be quite enough for one day (especially as I lived a mile away and had to come

morning, afternoon and evening !), but she was firm in spite of weariness and so made rapid progress with her study.

“I had heard that up to this time the missionaries had as a rule wanted more than a year in which to prepare for the first examination . . . but Miss Allen, within eight months, presented herself for examination. The examining board had a good deal of discussion as to whether such a digression from the rules was permissible. Miss Allen urged that such a strict adherence to rules and customs when it entailed a hindrance to God’s work was not right. Finally the examiners acceded to her request and the examination took place. Contrary to all expectations the results were very good. At the end of another six months she took the second language examination, and in this case too the results were excellent ; and so she passed both her examinations nearly a year sooner than is usual. I have taught Japanese to about thirteen missionaries, men and women, but have not found one who worked so hard as did Miss Allen. There was no shortening of study hours, and if I came five or ten minutes late it had always to be made up afterwards. Studying in this way she became proficient sooner than do most missionaries ; but from the first, whilst still only a beginner, she would go out and try to do some street preaching. . . . Besides this street work she did a good deal of house-to-house visiting. Being as yet only a newcomer she knew very few of the people, but she asked to be introduced to all my friends, and visited them, and so after a while there was not one of my Nagasaki friends who had not heard the Gospel message. These few words will serve to show how earnestly she worked even in those early days.

“One day she called me and began to talk to me about the work. What a great work it is and how important. She went on to speak of the small number of workers and asked me whether I would not give up my life to God and His service. Ah ! when she said this her face was like that of a tender angel of God, and her words seemed to me as a call from God which

I could not disobey. They came to me as an inspiration and I who had never thought of such a thing before, made up my mind then to give myself to God for His service. Thus God called me through her words and she became the mother in Christ to me who am the least of His workers. Her faith and earnestness were wonderful ; day and night she worked for her Lord, often forgetting in the daily stress and rush to eat, drink and rest! As she had been when a student of the language so she was to the end a faithful soldier and servant of Jesus Christ.

“The mirror-like purity and holiness of her life influenced all among whom she lived. And now having left us she sleeps peacefully in Christ, but her work remaineth and is being richly blessed of God. As for me, when I think of her life I can only confess sadly my own want of faith and earnestness, my unfaithfulness to my Lord, and the poorness and impurity of my work.”

TO HER SISTER, MRS. DAY.

“ 11 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI.

“ MY DEAREST LUSIA,

“. . . I get plenty of change, though I do not feel I need it I am so happy in my work, that is the study of the language and my evening Bible Class with men from the Custom House who speak English, that pleasant as it is to meet friends I almost grudge the time away from the work. The Custom House men are most deeply interesting to teach ; they are heathen, but very intelligent and most courteous and respectful in manner ; they ask endless questions, some of which are impossible to answer, *e.g.*, Why God made such a dangerous tree as the tree of knowledge of good and evil? Why God allows the devil to tempt mankind? etc. I do believe some of them *really* want to understand and believe ; they all say they have been brought up without any religion, Buddhist or otherwise, and some of them evidently feel the

need of something beyond this life. Pray for them and for me, too, dearest, that they may indeed be brought to the knowledge of the Saviour. With much love.

“ I am ever yours,

“ Very affectionately,

“ BEATRICE J. ALLEN.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ 11 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“ 30th December, 1895.

“. . . Nagasaki is a very civilised and also they say a very healthy place, so I am very thankful to be here and shall hope and pray that God will open out doors of access to the people that I do not know of at present, now that I have got to the stage when I can make the people understand me fairly well, though I believe I speak very badly and upside down as it were. My great difficulty is that I cannot understand them. Just a few that I get accustomed to or that know how to talk to foreigners I can understand, but the majority I can hardly understand at all, and that makes anything like attempting to teach them so very difficult because if they ask me a question I cannot answer them, for I do not know what they have said. But please God that will come in time.

“ I had a very busy and a very happy Christmas week. On Christmas Day we had the Holy Communion in the Japanese church and then I went on to the English Church service. After that I had early dinner with Bishop and Mrs. Evington, who are always most kind to me. From 2.30 to 6.30 there was a large gathering of all the Japanese Christians here. I had nothing to do with it besides lending them the house, which of course is not mine but the mission's. They began with singing a hymn and having a Bible reading and prayer. They always do that at all their social gatherings, whether it be a picnic, or a wedding feast, or whatever it is. Then they had

games and Japanese songs and conjuring tricks and wound up with the Bishop showing them his magic-lantern slides of views of London, etc. We all had a Japanese meal, consisting of cold rice and fish and vegetables prepared in various ways, little bits of each steeped in vinegar or some kind of sauce which you had to eat with chop sticks. I could not get half through mine, but you are expected to carry your meal home with you so it is not considered right to be unable to eat it. Friday and Saturday I gave two children's parties; the first to the children of the C. M. S. Mission School here, ten very nicely brought up little Japanese girls; I also asked five little English children and gave them a Christmas tree. The same tree with different presents served next day for the Sunday school treat, when I had forty-two children. It is very easy providing them with a tea you want no chairs or tables or plates or spoons, etc. They all squat or rather kneel on the floor and you give them each a paper packet of about thirteen small cakes and two oranges at the cost of a halfpenny per head; they have also small cups of green tea which they drink without milk or sugar. They were very good and played happily at blindman's-buff, oranges and lemons, tirza, etc. The Japanese are tremendous people for giving presents varying in quality and amount from really very nice flower vases to a few oranges. I had over twenty presents this year many of them articles of food which seem to be quite the proper thing to give. . . .

"Ever your very very loving sister,

"BEATRICE."

To these letters written during her first year in Japan I will add Mr. Fuller's account of her during the same period and of her work in the years that followed.

As Secretary of the C. M. S. in the diocese of Kiushiu it was his duty to meet missionaries on their first landing. He says:—

“My acquaintance with Miss Allen began in Nagasaki harbour on board the steamer which had brought her from England in the year 1895.

“The ship had made its appearance unexpectedly early and thus I was not able to be alongside as the anchor was cast. When I reached the deck it was to see Miss Allen seated on one of her boxes patiently waiting to be met. Friends at home who knew her keen sense of humour will understand that the representation of this scene in after days called forth many a hearty peal of laughter. She was always bright, always brilliant, always human, and brimful of kindliness.

“Our earliest impressions concerning her were that a worker possessing great mental gifts, strength of character, definiteness of purpose, zeal and wisdom, had come into our midst. Our early impressions were borne out on further acquaintance. Not only did European missionaries ungrudgingly award her a position of pre-eminence, but Japanese too by word and action acclaimed her great.

“I have said that we were conscious of Miss Allen’s mental strength from the beginning of our acquaintance with her. This possession was of immense value when she addressed herself to the work of acquiring the Japanese language. It is well known that it is among the most difficult languages in the world, even surpassing in difficulty the Chinese tongue.

“A far Eastern language is not readily acquired even at an age when the mind is normally impressionable and for any one approaching middle age, unless mentally strong, an impossible task. Miss Allen was not daunted; she set to work with method, backed up by vigour and persistence. In eight months she had acquired that degree of knowledge which enabled her to pass, what is a difficult test, the first of the two examinations imposed by the C. M. S., for which a full year is allowed. In due course the second examination was passed, with results suggesting marked linguistic ability, and then she was able to use the instrument thus become her own for telling forth to her

brothers and sisters in Nagasaki and the adjacent country the message of Redeeming Love.

“The general desire for learning in Japan affords the new missionary occasional relief from a study, which is apt to become monotonous even for the most language-loving person, in the shape of teaching English to those Japanese who wish to add to their knowledge of that language. Miss Allen took advantage of this opening, and in some way unknown to myself attracted some gentlemen of position, and not only gave them valuable help in perfecting their English, but gradually introducing the subject of Christianity was ultimately the instrument for bringing some of them to the acceptance of God’s love in Christ Jesus.

“Miss Allen was peculiarly fitted to deal with these men who were an intellectual set. Her mental gifts enabled her to appreciate and to deal with their difficulties, and her strength of character would appeal to such men and would be for them a compelling force of no mean strength. Her personality and age made possible for her a work which could not fitly be undertaken by the average lady worker.

“She continued this work during the whole of her first period in Japan, but not to the detriment of the work which falls peculiarly and of necessity to the lady worker—I mean work among women and young people. Work among the latter is done mainly in the daytime, and thus the men’s class filled up, as she used to say, her spare time.

“It might be thought that one who could by mental strength cope with the intellectual Japanese man would scarcely be fitted to deal with children. Such, however, was not the case. On the contrary, the children loved her. She was so overflowing with love herself that no one of whatever age could fail to be attracted by her loving personality.

“The Sunday school was for some years held in her house. Household arrangements were made to give way to whatever extent necessary for the work. She had so taken the little ones

into her large heart that it was somewhat of a disappointment to her when an effort was made to associate the Sunday school with the Japanese Presbyter and the school was removed to the church, and yet she acquiesced because of the principle involved. Women too attracted her and were attracted by her. Indefatigable was she in holding classes in her house for the religious instruction of women. These classes were largely the result of her visits to the houses of the people.

"She was not content with efforts among the people of Nagasaki, but felt impelled to visit places beyond. In the town of Shimabara, and in many villages in the peninsular, she would spend the whole day visiting and teaching in the homes of the people, and so compelling a power did she possess that at night, when she would give lectures illustrated either with the lantern or with picture scrolls, great numbers of both men, women and children would come to see and hear. To the multitudinous work sketched above both in Nagasaki and in Kokura she added the responsible duty of instructing a number of women with a view to their becoming Bible women. It is well-nigh impossible to give an adequate idea of her unceasing exertions.

"When women's Conferences were inaugurated in Japan by the C. M. S. she was chosen the President of the Kiushiu Women's Conference, and it is not too much to say that largely by her wisdom, developed by great experience, the Conference is becoming an effective instrument for developing work among women on good lines in the diocese.

"Her influence, however, reached beyond the limits of the diocese, for during the holidays necessitated by the trying hot season her presence was felt at the resorts of missionaries.

"And again at general Conferences of the C. M. S., both by her voice and by her pen her wisdom and zeal added to the profitableness of the occasion.

"It is scarcely credible that during the greater part of the time when the work indicated above was being done Miss Allen was suffering from the disease which indirectly caused her death.

Frequently it seemed as if the spirit completely conquered the weakness of the body and compelled it to be its instrument of service. This was but in keeping with the spirit which dominated her whole life. Let me illustrate. An inquirer coming in just when a meal had commenced caused the meal to be postponed and often to be entirely forgotten. It was as if she had proposed to herself the Saviour's example when He acted on the words 'My meat and drink is to do the will of Him that sent Me'.

"The wisdom of man in unduly ignoring the needs of the body is open to doubt. But perhaps the more earnest souls will question it least. Be this as it may, her zeal has not existed in vain—many a fire has been kindled thereby.

"This zeal was the outcome of love to her Lord and thus every talent was laid at His feet.

"A. R. FULLER."

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS, 1896.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
“26th *January*, 1896.

“. . . You ask about my classes, darling. There are nine or ten men from the Custom House, who understand English very fairly, who come to me alternately when they are off duty, four nights a week, from 6.30 to 8 or 8.30. Sometimes, but not very often, they come on Sunday afternoons at 4.15, that is after Sunday school, for an hour as well. They are all heathen, but have no particular religion. They most of them say they have never been taught any; they think it is good for a man to have a religion, so they want to hear what Christianity is like. Some say they want to lead a good life and they think the Christian religion can help them. Most of them have heard something about it before they come to me, either from a preaching place or from some other missionary. They are very intelligent and very respectful and courteous too; they are most delightful to teach.

“I began with the creation and the fall and then took them straight to the Gospel, and, after reading about our Saviour's miraculous birth, we are now going through St. John. They read it verse by verse first in English and then in Japanese, and then I expound in English and they ask questions. I have thought very much, you may be sure, about the best way to teach them, and I think this is best on the whole. We do

not look out many references as almost every verse in the Bible requires some explanation, *e.g.*, who David is, or Solomon; they know none of the things of course that we are familiar with from infancy, and though they are, as I said, very intelligent and remember wonderfully, I think it very important not to confuse their minds with too many details, but to keep them mainly to one or two great points, *e.g.*, that our Lord is truly God, that there is only one true God, that we are all sinners, that God alone can take away our sins and that He is ready and willing to do it. That much I think most of them understand now fairly well, but they do not all follow it. One doubts whether what the Bible says about one true God is true or not; another is not at all sure that our souls are immortal, he thinks that they die with our bodies; at any rate he sees no proof that they do not; one or two find it very difficult to believe that our Lord is God, and two say they believe it all, *but* they cannot quite make up their minds to break with all their past and all their friends. It is of course a tremendous step to take and they hesitate.

“Then I have five or six lads, one of whom is a Christian and brings the others, who are all Catechumens, that is preparing to be baptised, who come to me on Saturday afternoons and read St. Matthew’s Gospel. It was their own choice. They know all the main facts of Christianity and believe them, they simply want instruction and to read the Bible in English and Japanese; but they do not understand English, and I have to give all the teaching in Japanese, which is very difficult and hampers me a good deal, but I prepare what I want to say very carefully first with my teacher and they say they understand. I think they must or they would not come. Two of them have asked me only this last week to visit their heathen Mothers, and you can fancy how joyfully I went. The Mothers both received me very politely and listened while I explained to them about God creating the world, which is what I always begin with, and the fact that we have a soul. The sons, too, both begged

me to come again, which I shall certainly do, and I know you will pray God earnestly to help me to explain things to them so that they may believe and understand. The Mother of one, T. San is her name, had been at one time bitterly opposed to Christianity and had even turned her son out of doors because he was a Christian; but she has been less bitter of late, having met with kindness from various Christians, and the first time I spoke to her about God her son followed me out of the house trembling with excitement, saying what a happy day it was for him. It was the first time in her life that his Mother had ever listened willingly to the things of God. All this has made me more happy and thankful than I can find words to say, but yet it fills one with a perfect trembling anxiety, the responsibility is so great. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“19th January, 1896.

“. . . I can sometimes hardly believe it is ‘me’ to whom God has allowed such joy as to be the bearer of His message to the heathen and those too who, thank God, are so ready to hear. I feel sometimes that my heart is so *full* I know not how to contain it! But thank God I need not, I can always pour it out in prayer. It is true, most true, what one of the speakers said at Keswick, there is joy in the Master’s service *anywhere*—abundant joy; a joy that to those who taste it is so great that no other joy seems worth living for in comparison; but certainly I can truly say that joy has been doubled, trebled, since I had the honour of being allowed to serve in the Mission field. Oh! if only people knew what they are missing when they stay at home through timidity, or through reluctance to give up the happy, useful work in which they are engaged, they would come out by hundreds! And I believe they *will*; God is answering the prayer of His Church; the day of Intercession for Missions has not been in vain, and everywhere you hear of fresh

signs that the conscience of the Church in this matter is at last becoming awake. Is it not too a blessed witness to the power of God's truth that African chief Khama, such a noble Christian, gaining such a victory for the temperance cause, is being allowed to keep at least one little spot of earth free from that deadly curse of drink? Talk of heredity in the helpless, faithless way some people do! Here is a man, the descendant of *centuries* of savages, so to speak, whose own father was a most bloodthirsty villain, and he is acknowledged by friends and foes alike to be a king and warrior and statesman and gentleman, and all *because* he is a Christian. . . . My life here, by God's goodness, grows in blessed opportunities of work. I have now seven or eight classes every week, sometimes only a single scholar at the class, but that does not matter so long as I can speak to him or her about God. I sometimes think one can do most with one alone. Besides that I have two or three houses where I have been asked to go and visit the heathen Mothers by the lads who come to one class I have on Saturday afternoons for Christian youths. These are in addition to the places I go to with the [native] Bible woman where she has already an entrance by God's goodness and takes me with her as a sort of appendage; that is very useful as training for me, and if I pray, as I ought and can, it must be a blessing to the visit.

"The class to-day was a deeply interesting one to me, two medical students, one who had come for the first time and one who had been once before. They are called S. and N. S. I hear is very wild, given to drink and I fear other evils as well. I do not know why he comes, it may be only to learn English; at any rate he reads the Bible with great interest and eagerness to understand, and asks most earnestly 'Where does the soul go to when it leaves the body if it does not die?' 'If any one reads the Bible are they delivered from sin?' etc. He was introduced to me by one of the Custom House officers and brought his friend N. to-day which was a great encouragement to me. There are scores of students at the Medical

School here, so it will be very blessed to get a connection among them and have them come to read God's word; no words can say what blessing may spring from that, if only the seed sown is watered by prayer. Each *one* seems to need so much thought and care and prayer and time. One cries out from the depth of one's heart, ' *Who* is sufficient for these things?' but you know the answer.

"Work in Japan seems so full of joy and satisfaction and so free from hardship or trial compared with other parts of the Mission Field that I often tremble almost to think I chose it so eagerly, and yet I could hardly help it, the desire in my heart was so great to come here of all spheres in the world. I cannot help hoping and believing that He who has led me so graciously all my life Himself inspired it, and will bless it even yet more abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

"Ever your own most loving sister,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

TO THE SAME.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI.

"I have had again an anxious time with my Custom House men not coming regularly. But February they keep as a second New Year. It is a new year according to the old Chinese way of reckoning, and I think that means a good deal of social gatherings, etc., so I hope and pray they will soon come back. Some of them *really* seem to care, and it would be bitterly sad if they gave up, though as you say the seed sown does bear fruit afterwards. Most of those who come to me now have heard something about Christ and it has left a hunger to hear more. Some medical students—five—have taken to come lately. They are very eager in their questions, but I feel sometimes as if it were more for the eagerness of arguing than real desire for the truth, though sometimes there is a flash on the face of one or two as they say that they *do* desire to know

God that gives me hope. They are young fellows, about nineteen or twenty apparently, and full of such deep, metaphysical questions about free will, and original sin, God's providence as shown in the government of this world, and all sorts of things. The hour or two which I spend with them three times a week is most deeply, absorbingly interesting; it seems my very life! . . .

"I feel as if I must tell you some of the truth about myself, because, my darling, you idealise me so utterly wide of the truth. My first examination was a great snare to me. I dreaded it and yet wanted terribly to do it well, and took it, as I think I told you, in about half the usual time allowed. It was conducted in rather an uncomfortable way, having the written papers sent from Osaka and the *viva voce* was held here by the Bishop and another lady, who were most kind and anxious I should do well, and so without meaning to do wrong they gave me much higher marks for the easiest part of the examination, saying some texts of Scripture perfectly, than the Osaka examiners allow, *viz.*, 100 instead of 20. This made my *viva voce* first class. But after waiting six weeks I heard from Osaka that though my written papers were first class the *viva voce* was fully twenty short of the minimum standard for first class and so I should be only second; at least they did not explain this, but simply cut down the marks. It seems dreadful that one should care! But I did so very much and wrote to remonstrate with them. Then they explained the reason very kindly and I saw that it was just. But the disappointment I felt for some hours about such a paltry, vainglorious thing showed me bitterly the state of my soul before God. Oh, my darling, darling, pray for me that I may be made humble at whatever cost. God cannot use me till I am. I read those words (Phil. ii. 7): 'Made Himself of no reputation,' and I feel I cannot even *wish* to be of no reputation. I can only pray God to change my heart against my will as it were.

Do not try, darling, to think I have exaggerated; I have only

told you the mere outline of the truth, and I do thank God for letting me see it a little, though it has been a bitter lesson.

“ Ever your most loving

“ BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“ 11 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“ 3rd March, 1896.

“ Thank you very very much for your dear, constant, loving letters. I cannot tell you how precious they are to me, and though the *idealising* love makes me ashamed almost every time I read them, yet I think I could hardly bear for you to know me as I really am; *your* love has been so unspeakably precious to me from my childhood that I cannot imagine life without it, and thank God I know I need not try.

You ask me how I spend my day. I begin with breakfast at 7, then from 7.30 to 8.30 is my quiet hour. At 8.30 we have Japanese prayers and short exposition in the bishop's chapel till 9. At 9 I order dinner and speak to the servants about things, but next week I shall, I hope, give up the housekeeping, which I do not like and do not do well, to Miss K., the new lady from England, who is to live with me for the present. At 9.30 comes a teacher who understands English and corrects my translation. We have to do very difficult translation for the examination from any English book, *e.g.*, Ruskin they like to give us, and have to translate this English at sight into two different kinds of Japanese, *viz.*, the book language and the colloquial style. Not only are all the verbs and adjectives conjugated and declined quite differently in the two styles, but the prepositions and conjunctions and most of the nouns are also quite different, so that it is almost like learning two languages. It is therefore a great help to have a teacher who understands English even moderately for that, as when the sentences are at all involved or have fine shades of meaning it is almost impossible to make a teacher who knows *no* English

whatever understand what it is you want to translate. From 10.30 to 12 I have my Japanese teacher, N. San, a very nice man ; very intelligent, and an earnest Christian. He will probably go to the Theological School at Osaka in the autumn to be trained as a Catechist. I shall miss him dreadfully when he goes as he is a real friend to me ; but of course I am delighted to think he has such a good wish in his heart, and I trust God will make him a very real help to his fellow countrymen. From 12 to 12.15, that is for fifteen minutes, I give him a little lesson in English every day, which he much values. He is learning to read an easy English book such as the infant-school children read at home.

“At 12.15 we go into the bishop’s chapel for fifteen minutes’ intercessory prayer, mostly for missionary work, but some other general subjects. At 12.30 we have dinner. Hitherto at 1, I have seen the cook again and taken the day’s accounts, as she does all the marketing, but I shall be relieved of that soon. About 1.30, if I am not stopped by visitors, I go out. Mondays I go with the Bible woman to a house where she is preparing the Mother and daughters for baptism. Tuesdays we have a Japanese women’s Meeting, at which the Japanese Pastor expounds the Bible, we each reading a verse in turn. We are going through the Epistle to the Romans. Wednesday I go to read the Bible with an English lady here, a Mrs. W., who expressed a great wish for a lady’s Bible Class as she said she knew she was very ignorant of the Bible. I feel this a very solemn opportunity as she is perfectly open and frank with me and has, I fancy, a very earnest, right-minded soul. But she has had great sorrow . . . and she cannot feel either the justice or the love of God. I know you will pray for her and for me.

“Thursday and Friday I have nothing fixed for the early afternoon, so when I can I try to visit one or two of the Japanese heathen women’s houses ; but it is very difficult, as they often say they are out or refuse to admit you, etc. At 4.15 I come in and have afternoon tea with a Japanese girl from the C. M. S.

Mission School, who is supposed to teach me to talk like a woman. At my examination they said I spoke too much like a man from mainly having had a man teacher. The men and women use somewhat different expressions, so that it is important to get into a thoroughly womanly way of talking. At 4.45 P.M. I have N. San again till 6.15, then high tea. After that four nights a week I generally have my Custom House men (different ones come different nights when they are off duty). Wednesday night I go to a Japanese service about two miles off, and Saturday night we have a Prayer-Meeting in Japanese.

“Saturday afternoon I have no teacher, but I sometimes have a girl come to me from 1 to 2.30 for English reading and a Bible lesson in Japanese, and at 4.30 I have a class of catechumens who belong really to the Presbyterian Church, but who have come, through one of their number, T. San, whom I know very well, to ask me to read the Bible with them. I think they do it partly for the sake of the English, as they read it in English first and Japanese afterwards; but they do not understand English, so I have to expound in Japanese. I prepare this lesson very carefully with my teacher and I think they understand what I say. Saturday evening after the Prayer-Meeting two or three more men come to read the Bible with me in the same way. I think perhaps I shall try to put the two classes together, as I should like to have Saturday afternoon after 2.30 free if I could, but I must think about it carefully. One man is much older than the rest, and I should not like to discourage his coming by putting him in a class with lads if he did not like it. I must tell you about Sunday in my next letter; it is getting late, so I must say good-night. I go out to tea or to luncheon sometimes for a change, but I have just given you the routine of work when nothing happens, which of course there often does, to make a change. . . .

“Your loving sister,

“BEATRICE.

“We have prayers at 9 P.M. and I can go to bed as soon after as I like.”

TO THE SAME.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“16th March, 1896.

“. . . Sunday used to be my great day for letters and I could write six or seven every week, but now going both to the Japanese and English services takes up the whole morning, and after dinner I have to prepare for the Sunday school, choose and practise the hymns, etc. Then comes the Sunday school from 3 to 4. Then at 4.15, and often earlier, come my pupils, either from the Custom House or Medical School. Then high tea, then half an hour's walk to the preaching place where I play the concertina, and I am not home until after 9 P.M., when we have Japanese prayers and supper, and *then* I write to Mother, and one or more of my dear, dear, sisters, till I am so sleepy I give in and go to bed. . . .

“To-day as you see it is not Sunday and yet I have time to write. But it is an exceptional occasion when I am rather forward with my preparation for my teacher, who comes twice every day except Saturday. You ask such loving questions about every detail of my daily life that I have no hesitation in sending you a record of the day. Last time I wrote I think I described all the days of the week except Sunday. Now you ask as to the house I live in. It is a very large one as it was built for a school, but is not used as such now, as the Japanese have very good Government schools answering very closely to our Board Schools, in which they give an excellent secular education. The religion that is taught in them is according to the will of the Governor of the province. I have been told that there are Government schools in which Christianity is taught by order of the Governor, but I do not know if that is so.

“One wing of this house is the Bishop's library and chapel, and there are two large rooms above, which they talk of using

for the theological students some day. The Japanese Bible woman lives in one room of the house, so we have not much more room than we want. Upstairs there are three large rooms. Miss Keen and I each have one, which is a bedroom and sitting-room combined. Then there is the drawing-room, which is about 30 feet long by 21 broad. All these rooms look out on to a verandah back and front, and the house is so contrived that, though in winter the sun shines right into the rooms, in the summer it never comes farther than the edge of the verandah, which is a delightful place looking right down the bay, with a most lovely view both by night, when the harbour and ships' lights make it look like fairyland, and by day with the ever-changing lights upon the surrounding green hills.

“My food is very like English food, except that you can seldom get meat except beef. You can get hares, chickens, pheasants, pigeons, etc., but we look on them as luxuries for when we have company. Vegetables are very much the same as in England, and we get very decent butter now in tubs from America. We can buy flour and bake our own bread and make our own cakes, that is, the cook does all these things quite well; so that we live plainly but in perfect comfort and *much* cheaper than we could in England. But then of course the C. M. S. allowance is proportioned to the expense of the locality in which you reside. If one were wholly dependent on the C. M. S. you would be allowed while living here a house, rent free and about £5 10s. a month. In addition they provide you with a teacher and pay your doctor's bill if you are ill, your travelling expenses if you are sent anywhere on missionary duty, and about £2 5s. towards your holiday expenses in the summer. But then you pay all the rest of your expenses—your clothes, food, washing, stamps, pocket-money, servants, everything—yourself. You also have to furnish your own house completely, but when you first come out they allow you about £17 for that. I had so many kind presents of money given me when I left England that I am glad to say I was able to furnish

this house without receiving the furniture grant from the Society. I also only draw £2 5s. a month from the C. M. S. instead of £5 10s., because the money Mother sends me is sufficient for all my personal expenses except actual food, and of course one does not want to use one penny more of missionary money than one is obliged. These are very prosy details I am afraid, but I know your loving heart likes to understand my circumstances financially and otherwise exactly, so I send them without scruple. . . ."

Beatrice never took any salary from the C. M. S., and the above letter describes her financial relations with the Society during some years. Latterly, my mother thought she could not help the C. M. S. better than by making her daughter entirely independent of them for support, so she increased the allowance she made her so as to make it unnecessary for her to draw upon missionary funds for anything except the long journeys to and from Japan, which the Society paid to the last, as also her doctor's expenses, which in her last illness were heavy.

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI,
"March, 1896.

"Miss Keen, the lady who has been appointed to live with me, is a very pleasant, helpful companion. She has undertaken all the care of the housekeeping, personally superintending the turning out of the house for spring-cleaning, etc. To-day the teacher of the infant class in the Sunday school did not come, as two of her own children were ill, so I made my first attempt at teaching the little children. It was rather difficult as I did not know beforehand, so had no time to prepare. But they understood that the true God lives in heaven and that they must not pray to idols. But I wanted to teach them about their souls and I could not make them understand, though I said the right word that grown-up people all understand; those little trots had apparently never heard of such a

thing, and looked at me with the most innocent expression of non-understanding and bewilderment. However, it was very sweet to find that they were not at all shy but clustered round me on the floor and were as good as gold. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“NAGASAKI,
“*March*, 1896.

“We had a very solemn service to-day, namely, the Ordination of a Missionary—the Rev. G. C. N., who has been at work among the Ainu tribe, a strange, barbarous people, who live in the most northern island of Japan called Hokkaido. He was ordained priest by Bishop Evington; he came out as deacon fifteen months ago. He was ordained in the English Church at Nagasaki. The service was very beautiful and reverent; we had a processional and recessional hymn, ‘The Church’s one foundation,’ and ‘Onward, Christian soldiers’. I have often seen Ordinations before, but this one was the most impressive that I ever witnessed. Though the very plain little church and harmonium were a poor exchange for the architectural beauty of Lichfield Cathedral, with its splendid organ, yet I never felt the service so solemn and so impressive. The fact of there being only one man ordained and all those heart-searching exhortations being addressed pointedly to him in the singular number, also the sense of the surrounding thousands of heathen, and the feeling that in giving oneself to missionary work one had received, so far as a woman can, the same call and the same awful responsibility of the care of souls, brought it home to one as never before in one’s life. All work for God in dealing with souls is intensely solemn and important, but when it is to heathen, who literally know nothing of God except what one tells them, the responsibility is so great that it is almost more than I can bear, and yet it is so great a joy to be allowed to be the bearer of such a message, that I do not think there is any joy like it on earth.”

TO THE SAME.

“NAGASAKI,
“8th March, 1896.

“We are settling down now after the bustle of the Conference and I am very glad to be quietly at work again with my Japanese teacher in the day and the Custom House clerks who come for instruction at night. I feel more and more as time goes on the intense responsibility of teaching them. The Japanese are wonderfully quick at apprehending Divine truths *intellectually*, and they also have a natural appreciation of the beauty and holiness of our Saviour’s life and teaching, but there it seems to stop with a good many. To come out bravely on the side of Christ and to break with their old friends, their old way of life and their national traditions and customs, seems to them very hard indeed, and, but for the grace of God, impossible. The men give me beautiful answers sometimes about the love of God and the Saviour’s work of redemption, but it seems more like an interesting study that they are pleased to have understood than a matter of life and death to their own souls. I know that you will pray earnestly both for them and for me that the power of God may really lay hold of their hearts and that I may be given wisdom so to teach them that the message may go home to their hearts and not only to their heads.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
“3rd May, 1896.

“I have been reading over again your dear, dear, loving letters. They are most inexpressibly sweet to me, and yet they fill me with a sense of shame, and almost of longing that you could see me as I am really! and yet no! Your idealising love is so precious to me that I do not think I could bear to part with it even for you to know me as I really am! Only darling, indeed there is nothing, nothing, wonderful about me.

The honour and joy of being allowed to speak to even a *few* heathen is indeed wonderful and blessed, but it is the *privilege* that is wonderful and *that* it has always been. St. Paul himself felt it when he said: 'To me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ'.

My medical students with one exception have not been since their examination. I still hope and pray that they may come back, but I do not know. It is now six or eight weeks since they came. One lad still comes occasionally, and to my great joy he came to the church this morning. He said so touchingly the last time he came, 'I am always thinking about it all day long, but I cannot find God'. He has a very metaphysical, and I suppose sceptical, mind. He asked me the other day to define 'love,' and on another occasion 'religion,' and another time 'sin'. And yet I am sure he does not do it for mere quibble. He has a delicate fair complexion which flushes quite pink with his earnestness when he expresses his desire and longing to know God. His name is S. San. I want you to pray especially for him.

Some of my most faithful Custom House men have left too and gone right away from Nagasaki. One came last Sunday night to bid me good-bye and brought me a beautiful china plate as a farewell present. His name is S. San. He has studied the Bible very earnestly and would sometimes come and spend two hours at a stretch going over the difficult passages he had marked as needing explanation. I begged him to pray to God the night he came to say good-bye, and he said it was of no use because God would not forgive *him* for he knew what was right and what he ought to do, *viz.*, to return to his Father who wanted him, but that he did not like living at home and so could not make up his mind. I was thankful he had the honesty to see plainly what was amiss in his own conduct, and you can fancy I urged him all I could to follow the voice of his conscience, and perhaps he may do so yet, but he would make no promise. He seemed very loth to

go poor fellow, and stayed until after 10.30 P.M., saying sadly: 'To-morrow I shall not see you'. I feel he *knows* much, but the yielding of the will is so difficult with him as with so many. He has promised to write to me. I hope I shall be able to read his letter, but the Japanese writing is exceedingly difficult to read; I begged him to write it as plainly and as like print as he could. . . .

The two heathen women's houses, into which I got introductions are now alas! both closed to me. The women utterly refuse to see me and say 'Not at home' whenever I call. I can only wait and pray. I am still too clumsy with the language to *seek* for openings among the heathen; I fear to do harm. But I go whenever there seems an open door among the Christians or inquirers, and hope some day to get a real command of the language so that I may know the force and weight as well as the mere dictionary meaning of the words I use and also, which I find most difficult, understand what the people say to me. I still almost dread their asking me a question on a religious subject as I can so seldom tell what they really mean and it is so dreadful in those matters to answer wrong."

TO THE SAME.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
"21st June, 1896.

". . . I do not work nearly so hard nor at such exhausting work as I did in London. The study of a language, which is still my principal occupation, as you know was always my holiday recreation at home, and Japanese is no harder than Greek, and I have the advantage of a teacher to explain difficulties so that the learning is a real enjoyment to me. The teaching the Custom House and Post-Office men at night, though I do it mostly in English, is of course responsible and in a sense work that takes it out of you; but I do not know that it is much more so than the same work is in England; one would always wish to spend all the strength God had given one

in such work as that, but that is only for a small part of the day and of course much the happiest. So, my own darling, *please* do not be anxious about me; indeed I could not be better in health or have an easier time of it to be doing my duty, than I have. *Of course* every hour of the day is occupied, but it would be a sin and a shame if it were not with heathendom all around just waiting to be taught. . . .

I have had my ups and downs about my Bible Class men as usual. Several of the Custom House men have left Nagasaki for work elsewhere, and I fear the medical students have quite given up coming they have not been for some months; it is true poor fellows they are working very hard for the final examination of their medical course, but where there is a will there is a way and we *can* make time for what we are really bent upon doing. I have, however, some very nice young men from the Post-Office now who come; one or two of them seem really in earnest, and two or three of the Custom House men are faithful and come whenever they can. One of the Post-Office men, I. San by name, said after reading St. John iii. 16 that there was one thing in that verse he could not understand and that was *why* God should love the world; if it had been God loved the believer he could have understood, but why *should* God love the world? He said this quite earnestly. You can fancy what a joy it was to me to speak to him of 'the love of Christ which passeth all understanding'! That is the great joy of a Missionary's work—one has such glorious news to tell. I had the happiness of standing God-mother to-day to two women and four children who were baptised; they had begun to prepare for baptism before I came to Japan and had been taught by the Bible woman so I had nothing personal to do with their conversion but I rejoiced greatly to see them brought into the fold; their Husbands had both been Christian some time so one hopes very much they will be true.

"Ever your very loving sister,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI.

". . . In the country districts you can neither get bread, butter, meat, fish, vegetables, nor milk; scarcely anything but rice and eggs, with curious sorts of pickled roots and things that are simply uneatable to Europeans. Here in Nagasaki it is quite different so far as food and comforts go, you have much the same as in England.

"Last Sunday two men strayed in from hearing the sound of the singing in the Sunday school. They went to church that evening for the first time in their lives I believe, and came again the next day to hear more, bringing two friends with them. I asked my teacher, N. San, to explain Christianity to them as he is a very earnest Christian and could do it of course twenty times better than I could, and they listened with the greatest eagerness and said they had often heard bad things about Christianity but the truth showed it to them in quite a different light and they were so glad to have heard it. One of those men came again two days after, bringing three friends with him to hear about Christianity. I talked to them myself that time as my teacher was not present, and they stayed and listened for nearly two hours. It was such a joy to speak to them of the great love of God. They were all going to Formosa to look for work so I may never see them again, but they may meet with Christians there. . . ."

In a letter dated 12th July, 1896, Beatrice asks me to forward one she encloses to Archdeacon Wilson, adding: "I have ventured to write to him to ask him for a pamphlet of his I read about eighteen years ago at Scarborough, of which I can only remember the subject not the name. It was about a drop of water, and how its marvellous adaptability to all the functions it is required to fill in Nature was a proof of the existence of a Creator. I think it would be a help to my telegraph clerks."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI,
“18th July, 1896.

“I gave N. San your message and he was deeply gratified. He asked for your name, both Christian and surname, that he might write it in his diary that he might always remember he had had such an honoured message from you. He entered most fully into the thought of the invisible bond of union by prayer. He is such a very nice refined high-minded man, I cannot tell you how sorry I shall be to part with him when he goes to the Divinity School at Osaka in September. He has been a real friend to me as well as a most skilful and painstaking teacher.

“Our little Bible woman, O. San, is just engaged to be married to a Catechist at Osaka, who they say is a very nice man ; only is it not strange she has never spoken to him in her life, and probably will not until the wedding-day? She remembers seeing him at Osaka at the school and I suppose he remembers seeing her, but they have not interchanged a word. The proposal was made as it always is in Japan by a middleman as he is called ; in this case a Japanese clergyman who knows them both. He acts as ‘go-between,’ and makes all the arrangements. O. San’s father is a heathen and for some time refused his consent as he did not like her to marry a Christian, but as it is considered a disgrace in Japan to have a daughter still unmarried when she is twenty-four years old, and there was no other objection, he had at last consented. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“NAGASAKI,
“26th July, 1896.

“The week before last I had a rather interesting experience of a Japanese theatre. Of course as a rule here Christians do not go to theatres. . . . This theatre was quite exceptional being got up by all the leading people of the town

—including Buddhists, Roman Catholics, and the leading Japanese Christians—on behalf of the sufferers by the great tidal wave in the North. The actors were all amateurs drawn from the most respectable families in the town and of course the performance was strictly proper, Japanese music and dancing. The dancing is very curious the swinging of their heads and bodies and the measured movement of their hands being considered more important than their feet. The dancing with them too is slow and measured, something like a minuet. The theatre too was curious. The seats consist of low square pens in which the Japanese sit on their heels on the matting, the stage is made to revolve round on a pivot so that the music players would be wheeled out of sight while still playing and the dancing or whatever came on would be wheeled round in their place. The whole structure is most primitive, bare boards like a barn. . . .”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
“ 2nd August, 1896.

“. . . I am deeply interested in all you say about S. San and prayer to God even *before* we have resolved to give up the thing that we know is keeping us back from Him. What you say is most utterly true we shall never get right of ourselves away from God. He alone can transform our discordant being into harmony with Himself, *whatever* the cause of discord or dislocation may be. We so often think, I do even now, in a sort of half-unconscious way that we want something to bring us to God, whereas it is He Himself all the while who is calling and stretching out His hands even though it be ‘to a disobedient and gainsaying people’. It is the *only* thing to do, the all-sufficient thing to do, *to go straight to God*. Yet alas! how backward am I, who have been a Christian all my life and have proved His goodness a thousand times, to do it. I cannot wonder at the hesitation of a man who has all his self-

will still strong within him and has so far never known God at all, being slow to stretch out his hand into what *seems to him* the dark and the unknown. He has written to me one very short but quaint letter from Vladivostock asking me to give him my ideas about 'punishment from God'. I have written back to him about the *love of God* as well as I can but the language is still a great difficulty in intercourse whether by letter or by word of mouth; but thank God, that difficulty does not apply to prayer! . . .

I had such a nice time yesterday with my teacher, N. San. He is a young Christian having only been baptised last February twelve months; but he is very bright and earnest and was confirmed last Christmas and is now preparing for the entrance examination to the Divinity College for Japanese at Osaka to be trained as a Catechist. He and I are very great friends; we are so used to each other that the language difficulty between him and me has I may say quite disappeared; I can say just anything to him I want to and have scarcely any difficulty in understanding what he says to me. He talks out his heart and his ideas on all sorts of subjects to me and is very interesting, so right-minded and earnest and refined in his ideas. Yesterday however he came very much depressed. His wife was ill and the two children troublesome he had not been able to study for three days; he thought he should never be able to pass his examination, etc.; perhaps it was not God's will that he should be a Catechist at all. I showed him 2 Cor. vi. 1-10, and talked to him for a bit on difficulties being just what we must expect in trying earnestly to do God's work; and he responded so sympathetically. Then we had a prayer together and I cannot tell you how moved I was to hear him with broken voice and even tears asking God to forgive him for his want of faith. When we rose from prayer his face was radiant and he said he should go home to read that chapter to his wife. It has made me very happy; spiritual intercourse like this with the native

Christians is as you can imagine more refreshing than words can say, it is one of the joys of missionary life that was quite unexpected by me.

“Your most loving sister,
“BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
“22nd August, 1896.

[After speaking of various home interests she says:]
“Dearly, dearly as I love a missionary’s life which I think the happiest and most honoured this world can give, yet if I did not revel in the wealth of home love that I do life here would wear a very different aspect to me.

Did I tell you about the Post-Office clerk, K. San? He told me this day week that he knew now that he was a sinner because he had not loved or served God. He said: ‘You have told me many times that I was a sinner, but I could not see it. I have been dutiful to my parents, faithful to my wife and kind to my child, but I have not served God to whom I owe everything. I did not know Him or believe in Him before, but now I do and I see my sin.’ I trust he will come out and be a true Christian. He is a very nice man; when first he came to read the Bible he did not believe there was a God at all but thought the world had made itself by evolution. I think it was simply for the sake of the English that he came, but he has seemed so different lately. I have not seen him for a week because he has had extra duty at the Post-Office, but oh! I trust he is really in earnest though at present I suppose he very little understands what being a Christian means. The Custom House men have sadly fallen off in their attendance of late. I do not know if it is the hot weather makes them want the cool evenings for exercise or what but they come most irregularly, which is very sad. Three or four of the nicest of them have been sent away to other stations and one the most regular of all, M. San, has been very ill for three months. I

was told it was not proper for me to go and call on him as he is a single man, so I have only sent occasional little presents of beef-tea, milk puddings, etc., to inquire. Last week he came to see me to thank me for my kindness. He looked so ill and white, poor fellow. I believe this was the first house he called at. Their courtesy and gratitude is most touching for the most trifling acts of kindness or attention shown to them. He told me that he believed in God and had been trying to pray to Him in his illness, which made me very thankful. But he did not seem to understand much about the Atonement, though he has read the Bible with me a great deal; but I have always talked English to him and perhaps he did not quite take things in. I tried last time to tell it him in Japanese and showed him passages in the Bible about it and I think he understood."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI,
"22nd August, 1896.

". . . You ask affectionately after my progress in the language. It is difficult to describe it. I can talk and I can teach, but alas! I do both very imperfectly. I give the Bible expositions every evening to the servants at family prayers. I teach two classes every week, one of young girls in Mrs. Harvey's school, and one of lads who have been coming to me, though rather irregularly, ever since October.

"A young Japanese woman is staying here till September, when she goes to Osaka to be trained as a Bible woman. She and I have a Bible reading every morning in Japanese; also when the Bible woman went home for her holiday I was able in part to carry on her work of preparing candidates for baptism; all this is in Japanese, and yet I grow more and more conscious every day of my own blunders and clumsy way of expressing things. I feel it almost wrong to speak of God's great love and our great needs in bald disjointed sen-

tences, thus running the risk of making the hearers think it is something dull and tiresome which they cannot hope to understand. With the Christians I don't feel so much afraid as they know the truth is precious, however feebly it may be expressed."

TO THE SAME.

"NAGASAKI,
"30th August, 1896.

". . . To-day we had a large influx of heathen children about twenty mostly big boys, to our Sunday school. It was very nice to see them come in and they behaved on the whole wonderfully well, though they were rather inclined to laugh and be noisy at first. As the teacher of the elder children did not come it was very difficult for our little Bible woman, for with the exception of the infants she had the whole school on her hands, *i.e.*, between thirty and forty children, half of whom were the children of Christians or else regular attendants and so fairly well instructed, and the rest these big boys who knew nothing and who had to be taught the very foundation of truth—that there is only one God. But she has a gift for teaching and managed wonderfully. I earnestly hope and pray that the strange children may remember what they heard and come again."

TO THE SAME.

"NAGASAKI,
"14th September, 1896.

". . . I have again been spending a most blessed week at Kobe listening to the Convention addresses given by Mr. Buxton, and thank God the lesson He Himself has taught me is just to resolve to believe what He says because He says it and for no other reason. I mean that it seems to me now that faith is just this, resolving to believe God's blessed promises are every one of them true for me, no matter what I

feel or do not feel. Rom. iv. 17-24 expresses it, 'Abraham staggered not at the promises of God through unbelief'; that it seems to me is both the rest and energy of faith. And we can believe what God says if we choose to do so. I cannot tell you what joy this has brought to my heart. The Bible is such a storehouse of riches if only we would just accept all that God is ready and longing to give."

TO THE SAME.

"NAGASAKI,

"20th September, 1896.

". . . I had a new experience of Japanese life last week travelling on board a Japanese boat. I was the only foreigner in the second class and shared exactly the same as the Japanese. We had no beds but a carpeted floor under cover where we lay down in our clothes and slept peacefully. I had a cushion with me for a pillow and a cloak for a covering, so I managed very well. Our food at each meal consisted of a little bowl of soup, unlimited rice, and various sorts of roots and beans pickled in different ways, with very strong-tasting, but not disagreeable, sauces to flavour the rice, we had pale Japanese green tea without milk or sugar to drink with it. The Japanese were very courteous to me and came round me in little groups of six or eight at a time again and again both days to hear about the one true God. It was very happy to find that I could by God's grace make them understand."

TO THE SAME.

"NAGASAKI,

"27th September, 1896.

". . . I have got safely back to Nagasaki after my little trip and very glad I am to be here again, though I enjoyed my outing very much. I went to Osaka and saw some of my fellow Missionaries there — Miss T. and Miss F. and a very nice bright young girl daughter of the C. M. S. Honorary

Secretary who came out last Christmas, and various other friends. All the C. M. S. Missionaries whom I have met are so kind and loving to each other it is a great pleasure to go amongst them. They welcome you and press you to stay with them, turning out of their own rooms to make it comfortable for you, and they do everything they can to make you feel happy and at home.

“The floods have done terrible damage in some parts of Japan. Whole districts have been for weeks under water and the rice harvest which is the poor people’s chief dependence is simply swamped, the water being mostly up to the first-floor stories of the houses.

“After staying at Osaka I spent a few days at Fukuoka where some more C. M. S. Missionaries are stationed. I stayed with two girls, Miss S. and Miss F. There is also a Mr. H. in charge of the station and a Mr. H. who lives in Fukuoka, but spends his time in itinerating work in the villages round. Miss S. has been out nearly three years and has passed nearly all her examinations, but it is a very responsible position for a young girl like her—she is twenty-eight—to have charge of all the work among the women and children in a large town like Fukuoka. She has a Bible woman to help her and the Christians are at present a very small community; however that in one way makes it more difficult as she finds it hard to get any one to help in the Sunday school.

“I came back with a Miss H. B., my first fellow worker here, in a Japanese boat and had again thank God opportunities all day of speaking to our fellow-passengers about God. Two of them have already been to call on me here since we came home, which was only three days ago. One was a Christian of eleven years’ standing, a very nice man; the other at present knows very little but he seems anxious to learn and he has brought four of his relations here to listen too. Praise be to God! . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“NAGASAKI,
“4th October, 1896.

“Thank you very much for your loving wish to send me a birthday present, I shall love to have one from you. I have been thinking that best of all I should like Schnorr’s Scripture prints. I believe you can get them for 30s. I find you can hardly have too many pictures here for teaching the Sunday school children and for interesting the grown-up people, and they are much more useful in loose sheets than bound in a book.

“I gave my teacher, N. San, your message and he was very much touched by your remembrance of him. I think I explained in one of my former letters that he is a Christian baptised and confirmed, and that he is now studying to enter the Divinity College at Osaka to be trained as a Catechist; I hope he will make a very good and earnest one some day. He begged me specially to ask for your photograph and he said he should be proud to send you one of his in return. He wants a recent one of you, and he also earnestly begs that you will write a verse of Scripture or some good words in English at the back. He especially asked that it might be your handwriting and no one else’s; he said he should value it more than he could express, so I do hope you will send him one as he has been so good to me.

“I am trying now to go out into the town of an afternoon visiting a little, and I am thankful to find that I can make myself understood pretty well. People all say that it is very difficult to get into the houses of those who are not Christians especially in Nagasaki, which is famous for its worship and zeal for idols. I have got introductions to one or two places however by means of children who come to the preaching place here and I must try my best, and I know that God can open doors to His own message however feebly delivered, and in Him is our trust.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

"NAGASAKI,

"14th October, 1896.

". . . I have not much time for reading at present, as I spend literally *all* my time in studying Japanese when I am not engaged teaching or receiving visitors, but I think I should be glad of a commentary; only I do not know what would be a good one to get. Commentaries are very disappointing things; they never seem to tell you what you really want to know. I do not think I want a devotional commentary particularly because I like to get my own spiritual food in that way best by prayer and meditation, but a commentary that gives information and explanations would be useful perhaps. It is useless to expect to get a nice one on the whole Bible, but a commentary on some of the prophets in which there is so much that is difficult to understand would be very useful, only I am ashamed to let you pour out your generosity on me in this way. . . .

I heard last Saturday from the Conference that next spring I am to be sent to a place called Oita in the more northern part of Kiushiu. I do not know much about it except that it is the most remote of the C. M. S. stations in this island; not on the way to or from anywhere. It is by the sea, but no foreigners live there except the Missionaries of whom there are at present two with their wives. One a Mr. B., a C. M. S. Missionary, under whom I should work. I have only seen him once. He is a young man, about thirty I suppose, who has been educated at the C. M. S. College at Islington and then sent out here as soon as he was ordained. I believe he is very good and earnest but has some peculiar ideas; among others they say he does not like to have a lady Missionary to work in his district but thinks it is unavoidable as C. M. S. now sends lady Missionaries pretty well everywhere, and as he *must* have some one he has done me the honour (?) to ask the Conference to let him have me! I am very glad to have gained his good opinion so far and only hope I may be able to keep it as he will be my lord and master! and

if he takes against me it might be rather uncomfortable. The other Missionary is an American Nonconformist, I have not heard his name.

"I should of course be very sorry to leave Nagasaki, it is such a beautiful place and I have now many friends here both among the foreigners and the Japanese. Also its being a Treaty Port often gives one a chance of seeing people as they pass through, whereas Oita is a place that no one but a Missionary would ever go to from one year's end to the other. But then I am glad to be sent more to the front as it were; here, though there are thousands literally untouched and who have never heard anything of the Gospel, yet the people whom one comes in contact with mostly know some other Missionary and *could* go to them if they wanted really to learn, but out there one will be in very truth alone among the heathen. However I am not to go until the spring when I have passed my final examination so letters can be sent to me here as usual up to the 1st March, and by then I shall be able to tell you my new address properly I hope.

"I had a very stirring time last week. There was a great idol festival here in honour of the patron hero of the city O. Sawa San, who is some ancient mythological Japanese hero who is now worshipped as a god. For days the people hardly do any work but parade the streets with banners and lanterns and dressed-up dolls and dancing-girls. There is one particular place where they carry three idols and leave them there for a few days and then carry them back again to the temple, and the people assemble there in great crowds. So I went there and took some tracts to give to the people. They were very nice and took the tracts eagerly but were not at all rude or pushing. A policeman came presently and told me to move on, so I went about a dozen yards farther and then gave away more tracts—in fact all I had with me, and then because the people still stood and listened I began to talk to them and tell them of the one true God who loved them. They listened very atten-

tively and courteously, and at last a man came and said I was preventing the people from buying at the street stalls by distracting their attention and that I must go away. By that time my voice and my Japanese words were pretty well exhausted so I gave in and came home. It made me shake all over from the strain, but, oh! it was blessed to be able to stand there in front of that idol shrine and tell them of the one true God. After that for the remaining days of the festival we had meetings in this garden and a number of people came. The Japanese Bible woman and the Catechist spoke to them and I stood at the gate and invited them in and gave them tracts.

“It is very, very happy now to find that one can really make oneself understood when one tells the glad tidings, and I mean to try and go out among the people every afternoon if possible. But I must still study hard, not only on account of the examination though that is pretty stiff and requires a great deal of book work, but also because I still express myself very stumblingly and imperfectly in Japanese, and one longs to tell the glorious news in as acceptable and persuasive a way as possible.

“Ever, my darling,

“Your own most loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“8th November, 1896.

“. . . I think I must have told you my *great* happiness in one of the men, K. San, a telegraph clerk, who has been coming to Bible reading since May, and who now thank God is an earnest Christian. He is to be baptised please God next month. It is oh! so happy to see his earnestness and *humility*. He came last night to the Prayer-Meeting for the first time and when the others had all prayed, while we were still on our knees he asked Kō San, the Japanese clergyman, in the most simple way if he might pray too. Kō San of course said ‘Yes,’ and then

he made a most simple prayer just speaking out his heart to God, about his thankfulness at being there and asking God especially *never* to let him wander from this happy way. He had given up a very special invitation to a farewell party of one of his fellow clerks to come to this Prayer-Meeting, and to-day although it was his day of work at the Post-Office, he made special arrangements with a fellow clerk to take his duty for a short time in order that he might not miss the Bible reading we usually have on Sunday together. Best of all he is earnest in trying to get his fellow clerks to believe too.

“It is most wonderful the change in him. When he came first last May he believed in nothing and was most supercilious. But now he accepts everything that he finds in the Bible just like a little child. He says it was just reading God’s word that wrought the change. He was impressed by the goodness and the love of God and that showed him his own sin in having though all unwittingly so long neglected to serve so good a God.

“Forgive me for only sending half a sheet to-night, my darling. I want to write to *all* my dear sisters and many others by this Christmas mail.

“Ever your loving

“BEATRICE.

“*P.S.*—I had *such* a kind letter from Archdeacon Wilson sending me a present of one of his books with the lecture on water that I wanted and three other little pamphlets besides.”

TO THE SAME.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“22nd November, 1896.

“The beautiful photograph of dear Richard’s grave came quite safely. It is lovely, I can fancy just how it would look standing up clear and grand against the sky, a landmark and witness to all the far countryside of the noble life that was indeed such a pillar of truth and righteousness in this time-

erving, easy-going, accommodating, generation. . . . The telegraph clerk K. San that I told you about, who is preparing for baptism, is a source of unspeakable joy and happiness to me. He seems so evidently growing in grace in faith in humility and earnestness almost from day to day. The whole expression of his face has changed, it was supercilious and rather hard, now it is bright eager happy and yet so humble. He never misses an opportunity of coming to the Bible reading if he can possibly help it, and on Sunday afternoons when I am always at home from three o'clock to six (that is after Sunday school) for talk about Christianity and Bible reading only in Japanese (I do not do any English as I want it to be wholly spiritual work that day), he makes a special point of coming. Every other Sunday when by rights he is on duty at the Post-Office he will change duties with a fellow clerk rather than miss the time. He takes the greatest interest too in the other men who come to the Bible reading. He will go and look them up if they are irregular; and if some of them do not understand what I say he helps me with explanations in the most engaging way. Best of all he is earnest in prayer, and while he keeps to that I do not fear his falling off or growing cold, as alas! too many of these vivacious impressionable Japanese do. The Custom House men get more and more slack in their attendance I grieve to say. They understand fairly well now what being a Christian means but I fear at present they have no real desire to be one but rather the contrary. But one hopes and prays."

TO THE SAME.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
"6th December, 1896.

". . . I seem to be able to be with you almost in all you are thinking doing and feeling and it is only sometimes, like when I heard of your being ill and felt that sort of impossible longing to fly at once to your side, that I realise how gra.

the distance is that divides us ; and yet I ought not to use that word divide because it is not really so at all ! We are close, close to one another, and your dear loving sympathy is as close and fresh as ever for all that I tell you.

Last Sunday I had the great joy of standing sponsor to K. San, the telegraph clerk I wrote to you about. It is very beautiful to see how by God's goodness his faith and humility have grown ; and also his earnestness in trying to help others. He prays constantly that God will bless the Bible-reading class and make more and more come to it, and indeed his prayers have been heard for within the last three weeks three new members have joined. One a very interesting man, a teacher of Japanese classics in the Normal School established by Government for the training of their public elementary school teachers. There are about ninety young men and sixty young women under training in that school. The Government gives them their training free and then they are pledged to teach in the Government schools for a varying term of from five to seven years, according to the length of the training they have had themselves. But they get a good salary and have not very heavy work while they are teaching in the Government schools, so that it is a great advantage to them in every way. This man, A. San, is very interesting. He is very courteous and cultivated. He told me frankly that he wished to study the Bible as a classic, and that he worshipped his ancestors and lived a life in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience so that he was quite satisfied as he was. He acknowledged though that there is a Supreme Being, and the other night he came alone and we had a talk about sin and that sins of omission were sins as well as of commission. He was very doubtful about that and said he had never thought about that before and asked me to show him that in the Bible. I showed him the first and great commandment. He read it very, very thoughtfully many times. Oh ! I do so pray that God's word may indeed work in him to convince him of sin ;

it was that that brought K. San to seek God. And the word of God is quick and powerful; God grant that it may go right home to his heart. He has brought a friend with him this last week to the reading. The friend at present does not speak as he cannot talk English and will not talk Japanese, but perhaps he will in time. His name is O. San and his looks are not attractive; he is fat and flat-headed, but he too is a soul for whom Christ died. . . . I fully agree with you that it is most dangerous not to believe in the existence of the devil; it leads to all sorts of heresies and calling evil good in disguise, etc.

"One of the Custom House men came to me alone this afternoon and said that the difficulty he had in accepting Christianity was the divinity of our Lord; he believed in one God, but he could not believe that our Lord was God. I showed him that it was plainly written in the Bible, and he agreed to that but then asked: 'How do I know that what this Book says is true?' That is indeed a difficult question to answer with the very limited means of communication either in English or in Japanese, and I am afraid my explanation did not satisfy him. But he says he really wishes to believe in our Lord, and so prayer is as in everything the great resource. His name is Y. San. You too will pray for him I know.

"Last week I had a very interesting time visiting. I had been to one or two houses in the same street and then a woman who had watched me asked me when I came out what I was going round for. That was of course a lovely opportunity, so I began to tell her in the street and soon there was quite a crowd of fifteen or twenty listening, besides a lot of children. It was a comparatively quiet street where there is not much traffic. I cannot tell you how these unexpected occasions thrill one! The opportunity is so great and one's own inefficiency so all but overwhelming, it makes one tremble all over. When my powers of speaking were exhausted I gave to them each a tract I had in my bag and begged them to come to the preaching place. Two of the ladies did so to-night and

behaved most reverently and to my great joy went in with the Catechist after the service was over to his house to hear more. . . .

It is quite cold now and we have fires and warm clothing everywhere. The magic lantern¹ Herbert so kindly sent to me was in a ship that sank in the Suez Canal so it has never come; I was so looking forward to having it, it sounded such a beauty."

¹Her nephew, Herbert Allen Day of Woodhurst, Norwich. He most kindly sent out another in place of the lost one, which proved of the greatest assistance in teaching the Japanese.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS, 1897.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“*January*, 1897.

“I was calling last week on the wife of the head of the Water Police here; for eight or nine months I have gone now and then when I was not afraid of being troublesome but for a long time she only listened with rather bored acquiescence; for the last two or three months there has seemed a difference she has sent her children to the Sunday school and welcomed us more, and the last time I went she said she really did want to learn and to believe if only she knew how. So then of course I talked to her a great deal more and specially spoke to her about prayer (I had done so once before), and this last time I asked her if she ever tried to pray. ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘since you told me about it last time I have prayed to the true God every morning, and I have had great peace of heart in consequence,’ and then she added quite simply, ‘I pray to my Father and Mother too because they are both dead and I was brought up away from home and had never an opportunity of showing filial piety but to pray to them’. Of course I was obliged to tell her one could not do that, but it shows how slowly they take things in and how hard it is for them really to understand. Please God, E. San will become a Christian in course of time, but it will be some time yet.

Of course when one says there is only one Missionary to seventy thousand women, it does not mean that any one woman could literally visit and teach seventy thousand if only she had the time and strength. Among the ten thousand of heathen one lives among one only gains access *at all* to comparatively few; but even *these few* as I have been saying need so much patient individual teaching that you long to multiply the workers a thousandfold. The Christians themselves too need so much teaching and building up in the faith, *e.g.*, my teacher, N. San, who is a very intelligent man and has been baptised nearly two years, now he is confirmed and a communicant and means soon to go to Osaka to be trained in the Theological College there to be a Catechist, yet he had never read the fifty-first Psalm until the other day and knew nothing of the story of David's fall. He and I often have very happy spiritual talks which spring quite naturally out of our studies together which of course are very often on Bible subjects, *e.g.*, he helps me to prepare my Bible lessons and his refreshing interest in the subject is often quite a detriment to the lesson (much as I delight in it), for I can hardly get him to correct my Japanese mistakes he is so keenly interested in hearing the expositions. . . .

“ Ever your loving sister,

“ BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“ TO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“ 17th January, 1897.

“. . . You ask about the climate, on the whole it is very delightful. In the autumn especially there are weeks of lovely weather, brilliant sunshine but yet not too hot. There are three or four months in the summer, from May to September, when it is too hot to be pleasant often 86° in the shade and very little cooler in the night. In the winter it is some-

times quite cold ; I had ice in my bedroom more than once last year, but that does not last long. I think the least pleasant part of the weather is the violent storms of wind and rain of which we get plenty except in the autumn which is generally pretty fine. All this is Nagasaki climate which is exceptionally favourable ; other parts are much much colder in the winter, weeks and weeks of thick ice and snow, and in some places it is a good deal hotter than it is here where we generally have a nice sea breeze.

“It is uncertain when I may have to go to Oita certainly not before May and perhaps not then as the Missionary Mr. B. says he cannot find a house for me and also there is a difficulty about my passport. Foreigners who live in the interior, *i.e.*, not in a Treaty Port, usually have to have a passport stating that they are employed by some Japanese in the capacity of a teacher or secretary or something ; of course we Missionaries do not want wages, all we want is the right to live, so we generally try to get some friendly Japanese to give us some nominal employment, *i.e.*, one hour of English teaching a week or something of that kind ; but sometimes it is a little difficult to arrange.

“I have just received a most magnificent present from Herbert of a magic lantern and eighty beautiful Scripture slides almost all taken from sacred pictures in the National Gallery. I am so looking forward to using it, it is so good of him sending it, it cost I am sure no end of money.

“Next month I am to go for my first itinerating tour with a Japanese Catechist in a very out-of-the-way country part where an English[woman] has I believe only once been before. We shall be away for nine or ten days I expect, and have a meeting with the magic lantern and the concertina if possible every night. I shall not give any public address as I do not speak Japanese well enough, but of course one will have plenty of opportunity of talking to the people. We shall live in Japanese inns on Japanese food and not speak a word

of English probably the whole time we are away. It will be deeply interesting work. I know I shall have your loving prayers.

“ Ever, dearest, your loving

“ BEATRICE.”

TO ANNA O. ALLEN.

“ NAGASAKI,

“ 6th March, 1897.

“ I cannot tell you what a happiness and yet what a responsibility I feel my class of Post-Office men to be. Most of those who attend it come at first simply with the desire of improving their English. K. San, who is now such an earnest Christian certainly did ; but as night after night they read God’s word the power of it seems to enter into their very souls. Yet there are enormous difficulties to be overcome before they can stand forth and become Christians ; it is a difficulty to them in the first place to acknowledge that they are sinners. The teaching of Confucius upon which they are brought up is wonderfully like Christianity, and full of the highest moral teaching. It is Christianity without Christ. They are taught that man’s nature is essentially good because it is given him from *Heaven* (they do not speak of God) and that all evil in man is the result of some external bad influence upon him, *e.g.*, they use this as a parable, ‘ The rain naturally falls straight from heaven but it is driven crooked by the adverse force of the wind ’.

“ How much they live up to this high teaching it is impossible for an outsider to judge, but I believe that many do lead honest industrious lives and are dutiful to their parents careful of their children kind to one another and loyal to their country. My Bible Class is very small six or seven is a good attendance yet it is an opportunity of having spiritual intercourse with the men that one cannot prize too highly. Some

of them are very deeply stirred by the teaching they find in the Bible, they ponder and ponder over the words and ask the most searching questions about them. A. San is very much exercised in his mind about the Bible teaching with regard to sin. Sins of commission he at present *thinks* he does not commit; but the sins of omission are being more and more brought home to his conscience by God's grace.

"He asked me the other day whether it were true that Christians prayed to God and believed in Him in order to reach heaven for he said he did not think that was the highest motive, and when I explained to him that God's gifts come first and that our devotion such as it is is our very inadequate return for them, he seemed quite satisfied and said 'Yes, I see, the service is the result not the cause of salvation'.

"K. San is still the mainstay of the class. He comes most regularly and often brings me a new pupil, and best of all sometimes when through the reading I have a specially interesting personal talk with one of them I am sure from his bowed head and clasped hands that he is inwardly praying for God's blessing on the spoken word.

"After all it has been settled that I am not to go to Oita. A Japanese gentleman who was at one time connected with the Post-Office, heard the clerks who attend the Bible Class talking about it and saying they hoped it would not be given up, and as Mr. S. is an earnest Christian he was much troubled to think it would be. He went home and discussed the matter with his wife who is an American doctor, and they agreed that she should come and make a formal request to the Bishop that he would not send me away. The Bishop was much struck with this request coming from an outsider (for Mr. S. is a member of the Methodist Church here), and has accordingly so arranged his staff that I am to remain here. I am very glad for though I was quite willing and ready to go wherever the work needed me most, yet it is a great happiness

not to have to leave Nagasaki where I have so many kind friends, and where more than that I have such deeply interesting and blessed opportunities of helping those who we trust are really seekers after God."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"14th March, 1897.

". . . I certainly would not exchange my life for anything this world could offer me, with its ever-increasing opportunities of individually pleading with souls and telling over and over again to those who know it not the story of God's love. As far as I can see work under the C. M. S. gives you special opportunities for this most blessed work; I had a sort of instinct that it would be so and that made me so intensely anxious to come out under them rather than work with any one else, although they were so unwilling to have me. I may of course be mistaken but I do think so; I mean I think C. M. S. press more the direct personal evangelisation work of their Missionaries than any other church society. I remember reading a passage in Bishop ——'s life, which great and noble as he was I could not agree with, namely that weighing out rice and seeing that the stores were not wasted was just as important and as much part of a Missionary's duty as preaching the Gospel. I never can and never shall agree to that teaching. I know of course that rice must be weighed and it *may* be that the Missionary is the only person who can do it, but that is a subject of great regret and ought not to be tolerated a day longer than can be helped, as the Apostles said 'It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables'. Also Bishop —— spoke rather contemptuously of the men who thought 'a Missionary's life was all sitting under a palm-tree talking to a native'. I think that the more we make that sitting under a palm-tree or kneeling on the floor so long as we *are* talking to a native about his soul, *the* busi-

ness of our lives and count everything else an interruption, except of course waiting upon God in prayer, in that proportion we shall find the opportunities given to us, and not allow our selves to be deluded by Satan into thinking we are very busy and hard at work when really we are doing such things as have little or no concern with the one thing needful, the one thing we have left home and friends and all we love to try to do.

“Darling, I read your loving most helpful message to K. San, and I cannot tell you how unspeakably touched I was by the way he received it. ‘What!’ he said, ‘Has one whom I have never seen sent a message all the way from England to me? Oh that is kind! that is good!’ Then he listened with clasped hands and bowed head to every word in an attitude of the deepest respect and attention, and as soon as I had finished reading it he said ‘Oh! let us pray and give thanks to God’. His heart was too full to find vent in any other way; he knelt down and poured out his heart in a Japanese prayer which almost brought tears to my eyes! First thanking God most earnestly for having brought him to this knowledge and faith in Him and then confessing his own sins and shortcomings, then he said most touchingly ‘O God, Thou knowest I have often had intercourse with many foreigners in my work (he knows English pretty well and is one of the chief clerks in the foreign telegraph department) and they have often been very rude, but now I have received such a message of love and kindness from one I have never seen it shows O God the difference that faith in Thee and love makes in the hearts of ‘men,’ and much more of thankfulness and prayer that I cannot remember. He had *never* said to me that people were rude to him in the Post-Office, but I can quite fancy how ill-bred English and Americans too would march into the Post-Office and find fault with the regulations and abuse everything for being Japanese and not exactly what they were accustomed to at home, and it would wound the feelings of the Japanese to the quick who

are excessively sensitive as to the honour of their country and are always fancying that we foreigners look down upon them as half civilised. When K. San had finished his prayer I wrote out your words for him in long hand and at first he was full of messages of thanks but then he begged for your address and said he should write to you himself, so I expect you will get a letter from him soon. . . .

“Your very loving

“BEATRICE.

“*P.S.*—K. San said also in his prayer ‘O God, foreign countries and home countries are the same to Thee, but we cannot help feeling how far they are apart and it is so wonderful that one from a foreign country should have thought of me’.”

TO MRS. ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI,

“14th March.

“Last week we had our first experience of a Japanese dinner-party. Three of the Normal School teachers who come here to the Bible reading asked me and two of the other lady Missionaries to dine with them. They joined together to give us this entertainment. We were welcomed on our arrival by the three men and taken upstairs into a room absolutely devoid of furniture, except little square cushions to kneel upon and earthenware bowls containing charcoal for warmth and lamps on little low stands. There tea cake and oranges were quickly brought and presented to us by our host’s wife on her knees; we of course also kneeling made various polite salutations in return for her greeting. Then for about ten minutes our host entertained us by showing us pictures and talking about the view until we were told dinner was ready and we were taken downstairs. There three cushions were arranged on one side of the room for each of us to kneel on and three cushions on the other side for our three hosts and little trays containing all

sorts of dainty Japanese dishes were placed before us. We had soup, raw fish, vegetables, lobster, mushrooms, and other curious compounds quite indescribable, but all very nice and to be eaten with chop-sticks! There were fourteen or fifteen of these little dishes all most daintily and prettily served by two of our hosts' wives, Mrs. A. and Mrs. U. They did not presume to eat with us but kept bringing one dainty dish after another and presenting it on their knees! When the final course, *i.e.*, rice soup fried fish and separate dishes on one tray, was served, the hostesses came in and knelt meekly by the door and we were allowed to talk to them, but they did not taste a morsel of food in our presence all the evening. Dinner lasted a long time as it is customary to lay down your chop-sticks and talk at intervals and then begin again.

After dinner a blind woman brought the koto for our entertainment, it is an instrument on the plan of a violin, *i.e.*, with strings stretched on wood, but it is much larger than a violin and long and straight; it is placed on the floor in front of the performer and is played by ear; as a rule their tunes are never written down but taught by ear from one to another. At last after a great deal of persuasion Mrs. A. was induced to play a duet with the blind woman, and then one of our three hosts played a duet with his wife on some curious Chinese instruments, one a little like a banjo made of two strings fastened to something like a hammer!

No words can describe their courtesy and exceeding desire to make us comfortable and happy, and great was their distress when the time came for us to go home and they found that it was raining hard and all the kurumas (*i.e.*, those little hand carriages in which a man drags you along) had gone home. . . . They sent everywhere to try and procure kurumas for us and even asked us to stay the night! but we thought it would be more to our comfort as well as theirs if we came home (for the Japanese always sleep on wadded quilts something like duvets only not so soft spread on the floor!), so we tucked up our skirts and

came home. No wine was drunk at the party out of respect to our feelings, they asked us if we took it but said they had heard that Christians did not as a rule. It was a very interesting peep into their social life and customs and we all enjoyed it very much. I must not forget to mention that the cakes and oranges which were brought to us before dinner when we arrived about six o'clock were neatly wrapped up in paper and given to each of us to bring home."

TO ANNA ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI,
"27th March, 1897.

"It is wonderful what ways and means you find of understanding each other when you *must*, *e.g.*, my teacher N. San, could not speak a word of English when I first came to him as a pupil nor could I talk any Japanese, yet with the help of a dictionary signs and gesticulations and even drawing pictures, he somehow succeeded in making me understand what he meant. I shall never forget the scrawl he made to express 'analysis' and 'synthesis' (which words are not in our dictionary) but it was a successful scrawl!

"The Japanese follow their own customs of taking off their shoes and bowing their heads to the ground when they come to see me if I receive them in a room furnished Japanese fashion. We have one in this house with no chairs or tables only soft mats and little cushions on which to kneel, and here they behave just as they do when visiting a Japanese friend; but in our drawing-room which is furnished like an English room with chairs and tables and ordinary matting on a hard floor they do not kneel down but only bow very low as they would do if they met you in the street."

TO THE SAME.

"SHIMABARA,

"28th March, 1897.

"For the first time since I have been in Japan I am sending only a post-card in the place of my weekly letter. I am on my first missionary itinerating tour and I am having Meetings and talks with the people all day long. We go late to bed and start early in the morning so as to reach our next destination in good time.

"I am away entirely with Japanese friends nobody in our party speaks a word of English, but I have a very nice girl with me from Mrs. Harvey's school who sees that I want for nothing, and it is oh! so happy to find that I can talk to the people and to see them eagerly listening to what we have to tell them."

TO THE SAME.

"NAGASAKI,

"11th April, 1897.

"The one great disappointment of my missionary tour was that the Catechist who is a good nice young man and very kind had such a great idea of dignity and decorum and not making yourself cheap, that he would not hear of our holding any Meetings in the open-air; he said they were of the nature of wayside Meetings which things were much despised in Japan! He is supposed to be a man of good family. I had gathered a few people together the first afternoon we set out while he was resting and had shown them Scripture pictures and talked to them, but he came to my room afterwards and entreated me never to do such a thing again; he said the proper way for me to behave was to be dignified and retiring and to keep in my own room and then people would want to come and see *me*, for we were not to make the Christian religion too cheap! I was bitterly disappointed because I felt

this curtailed my opportunities of missionary work. It was dreadful to be in a place perhaps only once in your life and not to be allowed to speak of what your heart was full; indeed the very thing you had come from the other side of the world to tell them of! But as it was my first tour and as the Catechist was the one in charge I thought I ought to refrain from holding anything that could be considered a wayside Meeting although I could not think he was right. So at the next two places we had very scanty attendances. But the day after I took care to go out and make the magic lantern known and consequently though it poured with rain we had crowded Meetings! But Kojoro (the first place where I showed the pictures) was our best place after all, for we had a great number of the gentry at our Meeting, and it was the only place where the people came spontaneously the morning after the Meeting to call upon me and to inquire further about Christianity. I have had a very happy Sunday evening to-night for K. San has been confirmed to-day, with that old Widow who was so full of joy at the New Year. She cannot read and does not know much Christian doctrine but she knows what trust in God means and is very, very happy."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"10 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"12th April, 1897.

"Your dear loving unfailing regular letters are the greatest delight to me. I seem to be with you week by week in spirit. It is beautiful the account you give of the missionary day in Cannock and the heart-stirring addresses. Oh! if people only knew what a blessed and happy life a Missionary's is they would thankfully and joyfully come out. Of course I know that my lot has fallen to me in exceptionally pleasant easy places here in this beautiful Nagasaki, with nothing that could be called a hardship and kind friends all round me,

but even if there were hardships, and I know there are many to be borne in some parts of the field, the joy of telling the good news I am sure would compensate for all.

“I have just been my first missionary journey, a little trip of ten days round some little country towns quite away from all foreigners. I certainly did not see one the whole time I was away. One had to live without chairs, tables, beds, knife, fork or spoon. The food was principally boiled rice which is served in plenty at every meal with eggs and a little very curious sort of fish, in one place it was like small sea-snails but they had eggs and a sort of soup everywhere and in some places really good fish and chopped ‘poultry’—it was too ancient to be called chicken, it was all eaten with chop-sticks, and one never saw bread, butter, cheese, or ordinary meat; but the joy of the *work* made everything else immaterial! Only it did seem dreadful when at place after place they would assemble to see the magic lantern and often stay on after it was over to hear more and then to have to go on to the next place the next day and leave them without a soul who knew God to tell them more about Him. I gave away several of your precious gift of Bibles and could have done so more if I had had more with me.

“The country inns were very quaint. In one on arriving rather late, *i.e.*, past 5 and the lantern Meeting was to begin at 7.30 on a very wet stormy night, we were told that the only inn which could take us in for miles and miles was full, all but one room, and in that a strange Japanese man was already in possession! I and a young girl I had brought with me from Mrs. Harvey’s school for a companion, O’H. San by name, and the Catechist U. San, were to make the best of what was left. (*N.B.*—‘San’ stands for Mr., Mrs. or Miss and is always written after the person’s name; everything is upside down in this country.) Well necessity is the mother of invention so a screen was put up to divide the room in half, but then one-half was said to belong entirely to the strange Japanese man who had come first, and we three were to have the other half

which was very small, for meals, unpacking, reading, writing, magic-lantern preparations, dressing and everything, except that the Catechist held out hopes that if he put it kindly to the stranger he would allow the Catechist at least *to sleep* his side of the screen, but everything else was to be in our one room. Washing I have not mentioned as that is not allowed to be done in your bedroom for fear of spoiling the tatami or soft thick grass matting with which every Japanese room is carpeted. The Japanese usually go out into a backyard to wash; indeed the poorer women frequently take their bath in the street by the front door, but in deference to foreigners' prejudices against performing their ablutions in public a small tub of water used to be placed for me in the wood and coal shed downstairs.

"The magic-lantern Meetings were almost always well attended and sometimes afterwards the people would stop on for nearly an hour listening and asking questions. Some of them very thoughtful and intelligent ones, *e.g.*, Where does the soul go to after death? Whether, even if there were as I said only one true God it would not be right, morning and evening at least, to give thanks to the famous men of antiquity for the good things they had done for us? Ancestor worship is a strong point in the religious life of Japan. The Japanese as a rule are very courteous very intelligent and very receptive, only they are so essentially tolerant and easily moved to admiration by any good sentiments that they are apt to think the Christian religion a very good thing and very excellent teaching but that it may be believed along with their other religions. Many of them for a long time have been both Shinto, which is ancestor worship, and Buddhist at the same time and they think they might as well hear all about Christianity as well. . . .

"Yours ever most lovingly,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI,
 “25th April, 1897.

“I told N. San of your loving remembrance of him and me in your morning and evening prayers, and he was greatly touched. He has gone now to Osaka and entered the Divinity School there for three years’ training as a Catechist. He taught Miss Keen and me almost up to the very time of his examination. These lessons with the walks to and fro took up most of his day, so he used to get up at five o’clock, even in the winter when it is quite dark and nearly as cold as in England, to study hard for his matriculation. They have all sorts of difficult subjects Chinese classics universal history and geography to be examined in before they can enter the Divinity School, so I was very thankful when I heard he had passed.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“12 THE CONCESSION, OSAKA,
 “27th May, 1897.

“. . . I have only just got through my second language examination at the end of the second year and felt it a tremendous strain and anxiety. Though the examiners have passed me I am thankful to say I shall still have to study hours and hours before I can be anything like really efficient. The Japanese are very kind and excuse your speaking badly and listen most patiently when they know you have only been a comparatively short time in the country, but you can understand yourself how if one did not improve and get really fluent in time they would think it a terrible bore to hear one give an address, or teach a class, or anything. One wants to get a real mastery of the language so as to be at home in it and be able to put things persuasively and be familiar with an illustration and modes of thought, etc., which I am very far from being able to do yet. . . .

[I had heard of one who had been a great opponent of Christianity being converted, and in reply to my questions about him, Beatrice says:] "The great opponent who was converted to Christianity is no other than my dear K. San, only I did not know until some months after he had been baptised that he had ever been an opponent, but it was one of the Americans who told the Bishop about it and that made the Committee decide not to send me to Oita. I was so thankful, for though of course one would be quite happy anywhere working for God yet it would have been a tremendous wrench to leave all that had begun so happily in Nagasaki. The work there is just brimful of vivid interest! I do not feel as if I could have work that I loved better anywhere in the world.

"I came up here for my examination and am now staying on for a few days with Miss Tristram, daughter of Canon Tristram of Durham; she is more good and clever and delightful than I can tell you! She is a B.A. of some English University. She is a splendid organiser and the successful head of a large school out here, but she is so simple and makes nothing of herself, as St. Paul says, 'In lowliness of mind esteeming others better than herself,' and she is so utterly sweet and unselfish and kind, I feel it is quite an education to be with her for a little time and to see something of her work. . . .

"I am going back by a little tour round the island of Kiushiu, that is the southern island of Japan, to visit the various Mission Stations there and see how every one works as much as possible. I feel there is so much to *learn* besides the language in setting to work among a people whose antecedents and ideas are so unknown to us as the Japanese.

"You ask lovingly after my health darling; it is always thank God so perfectly good that I forget to mention it in my letters, though I hope I do not forget to thank Him from whom it and all my many blessings flow. I see so many of my fellow-workers suffering with headaches, neuralgia, malaria, sleeplessness, nervousness, etc., that it does indeed make me wonder

and thank God who gives me continually so much much more than I deserve. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“11th July, 1897.

“. . . I am so sorry for M. feeling she still needs to study Arabic so much. I believe it is considered the most difficult language of any that a Missionary has to learn. But after being years in the field and in so many ways an experienced gifted Missionary, to have to still battle with the initial difficulty of the language must indeed be hard. She must be so busy with other work. Also the longer you are out the more ashamed you feel of making blunders which are natural and inevitable in a newcomer but which the Japanese, and I daresay other nations are like them, criticise pretty severely when they think you have been out long enough to know better. After once I got my English Bible Class of men and had an outlet for the side of one's nature that yearns to work for souls, I was eager to spend as much time as possible over the study of the language as I knew how intensely important it is to be able really to express what you want to say and also, which is far more difficult still, really to understand what they say to you.

“I have been having very happy times all this last week with young men coming daily to ask about Christianity and to study the Bible, entirely in Japanese; one values that so much because you feel it is genuine, not as in some cases a way of getting English lessons cheap.

“I had an unspeakably solemn time with two on Friday last. Their names are K. San and N. San, both teachers in the Japanese public elementary school. They only came first a week ago, but came every day and seemed very eager to understand. Last Friday we had a very earnest talk about sin and the utter impossibility of making our own hearts clean, and

then we knelt down and I said a few words of prayer, and when I finished they still knelt on literally about fifty minutes in silence wrestling in prayer and when they arose at last one of them said in the most heartfelt tone of voice 'I have indeed understood,' and the other asked earnestly if we prayed would all our sin disappear. It was one of the most solemn times I have ever had, kneeling beside them almost as it were *seeing* God work as their bowed heads and tightly clasped hands testified to the intense earnestness of their prayer. They have not been to see me to-day, the first time they have missed as I said for a whole week, but I trust and pray, oh! so earnestly, that the devil may not in any way dishearten them or drive them back. They know so little as yet; they have only read the first chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, so though of course I have explained the chief doctrines of Christianity and they have read tracts which explain the chief things they ought to know and believe, they are very young Christians yet. I am a little anxious, but keep hoping and praying that they may come soon.

"The mail is just going so I must conclude. Ah! my darling, you are constantly in my prayers you know, but will be so especially this next month.

"Your ever loving

"BEATRICE."

TO THE SAME.

". . . I have nothing special to tell you fresh about my work. I still study as a rule every morning early; my teacher comes at 7.30 A.M. for an hour and a half or two hours, the Japanese do not as a rule call so early as that and of course it is early to go and call on them so I gladly spend the time in study; for though I hold Meetings now, and practically talk about anything I want to, yet a great deal is still lacking in my talk both as regards correctness and elegance, and of course every month I might almost say every week one is in

the country now one gets more ashamed of one's blunders and more grieved at the barrier which the want of fully understanding what the Japanese say interposes between perfect freedom of intercourse. I have always found understanding what the people say to me harder than making them understand what I want to say to them. There are so many styles of talking in Japanese. The poor people speak in one fashion, the educated in another, women talk in one way, men in another, and though correct Japanese such as our teachers teach us is understood pretty well from one end of Japan to the other, yet the people themselves speak very different dialects according to the part of the country they come from and often cannot the least understand one another.

"In the afternoon I go visiting the women, but in the very hot weather such as we have had for the last two months now one cannot do much of that, for though I stand the heat very well the people themselves spend about two hours or more in the early afternoon in taking siestas, and then about five begin to prepare for the evening meal, so that I can rarely manage more than one or two visits in an afternoon. When I come in soon after five I generally find two or three young Japanese students waiting to read the Bible with me, and then after the high tea I have either a Meeting at the church to attend, or an English Bible Class at home, and then when that is over about a quarter or half-past nine I prepare for my teacher the next day and then go to bed.

"The ups and downs, the hopes and fears, about almost every one make the life intensely interesting and alternately full of joy and pain. But the joy is unspeakably great and the pain of disappointment though very keen is one that one prays may never grow less but rather deepen as one learns more to live in the mind of Christ and to thirst with Him for souls. My fond love to the children.

"Ever your very, very loving sister,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN,"

TO THE SAME.

“IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“3rd October, 1897.

“. . . You can get a New Testament here for three-pence in Japanese and I have given away several where I thought they would be valued. The last was to a very poor man who walks two or three miles whenever he can spare time from his work to study the Bible with our Bible woman, and his joy at having a New Testament of his own was very great. He does not know enough yet to ask for baptism, but they hope he will before long. He was ill a short time ago and he told the Bible woman that though he could not fully understand the Christian doctrine, yet the history of our Lord dying on the cross for us was to him the most beautiful and moving story he had ever heard, and that when he was ill and could not read he lay with the Bible on his forehead that he might feel he had it there, and prayed God to help him to understand it. I have not talked to him much myself as he has always come when I have been out, but the Bible woman thinks him very much in earnest and most anxious to learn.

“K. and N. San were here to-day for about two hours. First having tea and then Bible reading and then hymn singing. I do hope and believe they are true and in earnest, they seem very bright and happy about it. They have not yet asked to be baptised and I feel it is better not to hurry them about such an intensely important thing. They have changed their employment from that of schoolmaster to Custom House official. I am sorry as I felt a Christian schoolmaster would have such great opportunities for influence. In the Custom House the hours are shorter and the pay better, so no wonder they were glad to change. . . .

“God bless you, my precious, precious sister.

“Your very loving

“BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“. . . The work simply crowds and presses upon one, e.g., the night we had the woman's Meeting a very nice young Japanese doctor called on me bringing a friend to introduce for the first time. He has come often before at intervals when he has time and I think has a sort of hankering after Christianity in his heart though he will not say so openly else why should he come again and again in the way he does? He apologised of course for having come on a night when I was so busy (he could see the people assembling, etc.). The last time he came I was out at a Meeting so then he most politely asked when he could come again and find me at home. I simply could not tell him one half-hour (except the morning when he is busy at the hospital and cannot come) when he would be likely to find me at home and disengaged. From one week's end to the other it is straight from one bit of work to another every day from 1 P.M., when I try to start out on my visiting, till 8.30 or 9.30 P.M., when the last Meeting or Class is over. Of course if I knew he was coming beforehand I would stay in from my visiting to meet him, but alas! he cannot fix any time as he never knows when he will be detained at the hospital by some serious case or not, and yet it goes to my heart to have him come again and again as he does at intervals and either find me out or else with some Class or Meeting going on and unable to attend to him. I thought I should have more time after my examination was over but I have less than ever.

“Ever your most loving sister,

“BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

TO THE SAME.

“IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“19th December, 1897.

“. . . You ask very lovingly after my work in the hospital. I only went twice during a brief two days' visit to a place called Hiroshima where there are about three hundred

soldiers invalided from various depôts; they are not mostly very ill but able to be up and about, and they come most eagerly to listen to the talk and ask eagerly for the tracts. There is simply a limitless field of work there. One might spend the whole of every afternoon with profit I am sure either speaking to the groups of twenty or more that gather round one directly, or else going from bed to bed and having quiet individual talks with those who are not well enough to leave their beds. But wherever one goes one finds that it is 'open doors' on every side. The people are asking me to go in and have a chat again and again until I feel quite ashamed of having to refuse so often, and it cuts one to the heart to do it when you know it means perhaps their only chance of hearing the one way of salvation! But what are you to do when you know there is some one waiting for you at home to be taught who has come by appointment, or else it is too late after 9 P.M. and there is everything you ever do for yourself, study, letter-writing, mending clothes, *anything* has to be done then, when you get home after a long day's work of visiting and Meetings? I feel so exhausted as if I hardly *could* go into a house and start on the Gospel story then, but I *do* do it sometimes because it is such a solemn responsibility to refuse. But oh! the need of more labourers. I have only been really at *work* here and free from examinations a few months and yet when I go out as I say I am *asked* to go into so many houses that I sometimes take a circuit to avoid the pain of refusing over and over again, and when I stop in as I do generally Saturday and Sunday afternoon it is *one* succession often, as it was this afternoon, without a single minute's interval one set coming before the other leaves until I am obliged to send them away to get ready to go out to the evening Meeting.

"And they are all ready and willing to hear anything one can tell them about God. I had two this afternoon for the first time who had never heard anything; they had no idea how many gods the Christians believed in nor the most ele-

mentary things. They were here two and a half hours, and when they left there came immediately two pupils from the Normal School who had just graduated and are soon going into the country as teachers in the public elementary schools. What blessed opportunities they would have if they became Christians! They seem deeply interested, they have come often and ask most intelligent questions. But I find all the Japanese most charming to teach; their courtesy deference and intelligence is simply fascinating!

“. . . Much love to the dear children. I shall be thinking of you all this blessed holy Christmas time.”

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS, 1898.

TO ANNA ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI, JAPAN,
“11th January, 1898.

“MY DEAREST ANNA,

“We have had a Mission here for four nights and have had the church almost full each night, a sight I have never seen before in Japan. We invited the people by tickets, and they certainly listened with the deepest attention. The preacher was a Japanese Christian in full priest's orders an able eloquent man. Two or three years ago he volunteered to go to China with the army in the time of the war. On Sunday, when he dined with us, he told us what splendid opportunities he had of preaching to the soldiers every day. Now he has volunteered to go as a Missionary to Formosa, which is very noble of him as it is a bad climate and he had a comfortable home in his own country and work there.

“A Buddhist priest came each night to the Mission, and on Sunday came to see me. He found me reading with two Christian men and most politely asked if he might listen. On Sundays I always have Bible classes from one o'clock in the day until six when I play the harmonium in church, so I sent round to the Mission preacher's hotel and asked him to come and talk to the priest, and they had a long talk together and the preacher seemed much pleased with him and said he was sure he was a good man. It was an excellent sign that he

seemed eager to talk to the Japanese clergy for sometimes when they are very keen on being taught by foreigners there is a good deal of curiosity mixed up with their zeal. . . . I have been very anxious about one of my men who seemed most earnest, and lately has been very slack about coming to church. The excuse he makes is that his wife will not get up in time to prepare his breakfast ! I told him that if he would come once or twice without it his wife would be sure to get up afterwards she would have such reproaches of conscience. He has been every night through the Mission I am thankful to say."

TO ANNA ALLEN.

" JAPAN,
" 12th February, 1898.

" MY DEAREST ANNA,

" I *feel the responsibility* of what one teaches here more than ever ! The heathen listen to one's own words with far more attention than they do to the Bible. They think it is a good book and a book that ought to be studied, but it has not the authority with them that the words of a teacher whom they respect have. Chiefly too from the difficulty of quoting it correctly in Japanese, I find I use the Bible less in teaching them than I should do with English people though with the men, after a brief instruction that there is but one God Who made the world and all mankind and Who is Eternal Almighty and Omnipresent, I turn at once to the first chapter of Genesis and read it with them ; it never fails to interest them deeply. How different it is from the foolish Shinto fables that the world was evolved from the drops of water which fell from some ancient god's spear, or from the Buddhist theory that it made itself by a process of natural evolution. I had a visit from a Corean yesterday who spoke Japanese so well that I should not have known he was not a Japanese born. He wore as many of the men do about here shabby European clothes, and was very like a Japanese in face and manner. He

said he wanted to learn Christianity and to be baptised and asked how many years he must study and how many books he must read to become a Christian. He said he could send to Corea to get a Bible which he could read by post and he would bring it to me for explanations; he seemed in earnest, but he may think it will help him to get on in life to be a Christian; I cannot tell.

I have got several things with your kind present among others a rug for my sitting-room. The C. M. S. allow all their missionaries about £15 when they first come out for furnishing, but I had some money given me then by Lady Grimthorpe and other kind friends which I used for the purpose. I cannot bear to use missionary money for anything I can do without. I always think of Mary Fairfield living mostly on bread and tea and giving twopence a week to the 'Missionaries,' so I do not draw one penny from them more than I can help; I have never drawn more than one-third of what they allow their Missionaries ever since I came out.

"God is very gracious in giving one open doors and willing hearers far beyond what I ever hoped or thought, *e.g.*, to-day when I came back from Shimabara at 3.30, I had barely finished luncheon when that man came I told you about last year who had once done something very bad which was upon his conscience; this time he brought with him a young man who wanted to hear about God and before they had gone others came so that I had students and inquirers with me for five hours consecutively. It is indeed most blessed work and I thank God again and again for the opportunities given to me. Do pray that He may make me more worthy to be entrusted with them."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"26th April, 1898.

". . . I have been having very, very blessed times in the work lately. Another dear young fellow, R. San by name,

told me only last week that he wished to be a Christian and to be baptised. When I asked him what had led him to this blessed decision he said he was brought to faith in God by our Bible readings in Genesis together (I always love to go over that first chapter with them); he had followed out the notes of God's care and love for His creatures that I had tried to give him by pointing out the wonderful way in which air and water (two things on which the law of evolution can have produced no effect) are fitted for the part they are designed to serve in the economy of the universe, as a proof of the existence of a wise powerful and loving Creator, by applying these ideas to the formation of coal so necessary for man's comfort, and yet which must have been prepared in the bowels of the earth long before man appeared in the world. This train of thought brought him at last to belief in God, and now thank God he acknowledges that Christ is also God, and wishes to be baptised.

“Shimabara too seems to get fuller and fuller of blessing each time I go. The people (and that by no means the poorer ones only) just stand at the door and beg me to go in. I have not time to visit a quarter of them in the three days I am there, and besides this the people who are not yet Christians themselves but know a little, work hard to try and teach others. There is a woman there whose Husband lives in Nagasaki, on some business or other, and she lives by herself with two children and a servant in Shimabara. She simply begged me to have a Meeting in her house for women, and she has twice done her utmost to collect her neighbours. Then she visits the hospital which is just opposite her house quite of her own accord and takes tracts and gives them to the people; she asked me for the tracts for the people. There is also a man who was once well-to-do, and is of good family, I go there every month to teach his children, and he tries his utmost to get the neighbours in to hear. Last time he spent half the day in preparing the way to introduce me to a doctor friend of his, and afterwards when I got to his house there was a young girl

there about sixteen, who had heard about Christianity from an elder sister who was a Christian and had become a believer though she had no Bible and had never been baptised. Her joy and delight at meeting with a Christian and having a Bible lesson were beyond words. She was just brimming over. 'Oh!' she said, 'I have been praying and praying to God to send me a teacher and I knew He would hear my prayer though I am so ignorant and foolish.'

There was a poor old paralysed man there too, in another house I mean, I usually visit him every month but the time before his daughter-in-law said he was too poorly to see me. This last time when I went again and asked to see him she said he was no better but that he had been so disappointed at my being sent away last time that I must come in for he wanted to see me. You can imagine how gladly I went, and the poor old man dragged himself up and came out to see me in the drawing-room, though I begged to be allowed to go and see him in bed; but no, they thought that too impolite. He listened eagerly while I talked to him and sent for his spectacles that he might see the pictures better, and said again and again that he was not tired and would I please go on and talk more. It is so lovely when they *want* to hear like that.

"The next evening we had a lovely Meeting in the low part of the town where last year the Catechist said he did not think we could have a Meeting they were too rowdy they had mobbed the Presbyterian Catechist out of the place. But though we held the Meeting in the front room of the inn opening on to the street the people not only filled the room but stood and listened all across the street for an hour and a half, scarcely stirring, and they simply crowded for the tracts when we had done. Best of all, two young men from the country who were staying in the same hotel came and said they did so want to hear more; so we had them into our room and they stayed for an hour and more while the Catechist talked to them, and they said they never knew Christianity was like that

they had only heard the Buddhist priests speak ill of it and though they thought it could not be so bad as the priests said yet they had never had the opportunity of hearing what it really was, and they felt sure God had led them to the hotel that night. They took eagerly all the tracts and copies of the Gospel we could give them and said they would certainly come again. I never saw two young men more impressed with the first hearing; they did indeed seem taught of God.

“Your ever loving

“BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.

“*P.S.*—I am quite, quite well, and able to do my full work, so please do not be in the least anxious about me my own darling sister. I simply could not be in better health.”

TO THE SAME.

“IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“25th May, 1898.

“. . . I am deeply touched by what you say about dear, dear mother's failure of memory. I suppose that if I were given the great joy of seeing her again in this world I must expect to find her greatly changed. But I never let myself look forward to that or anything else in the future. The leaving her and you and all I loved so in England was just the one thing I had to give up for Christ. Nothing else is hard in a Missionary's life, and though that does wring one's heart through and through, so that I have to keep that door of my heart always *locked* as it were, yet still it is a joy to have something precious to give up for Him.

“Next I must tell you how deeply interested I was in all you told me about Bishop Selwyn's¹ death. It was very beautiful and *very* touching of P. telling you it all. I think it was lovely his thoughts going back to the Southern Cross; it showed

¹ The Right Rev. John Selwyn, Bishop of Melanesia and afterwards Principal of Selwyn College, Cambridge.

where the core of his life had been. . . . The awful need of the heathen world and in Japan at any rate the ready willingness to listen, can never be expressed in words ; it must be seen to be even dimly understood. *E.g.*, I have been staying for the last fortnight or more at Omatsuage, part of the time with the Buxtons and part of the time with one of their workers Nurse Evans, while on my way here I passed place after place where they had no teacher not a single Christian within miles of them. When we halted for the kuruma man to rest I would take out my Bible pictures and begin to talk to them and often had a crowd of thirty or forty in less than no time. One place I remember specially. There was an old, old woman standing in front of the little crowd and I addressed her especially as one who could not be very long in this world. Never shall I forget the trembling eagerness with which she stepped forward, and with true Japanese courtesy pulled off the handkerchief the very poor often twist round their head instead of a bonnet, to listen to the words of Eternal Life. It made one's heart just ache with longing to be able to stop there and teach her and all the rest. In the same crowd was a young man who asked practically the same question that the young ruler asked our Lord 'What shall I do to inherit Eternal Life?' only he expressed it in Buddhist phraseology 'I want to become a Divine being ; what must I do?' But how could one teach him in a few minutes' talk by the wayside !

"It is the same everywhere at least as far as my experience goes. Sheep without a Shepherd. Where are the reapers?
Where ?

"I do not know if I told you about the Meetings at Arima a beautiful place near Kobe where the triennial gathering of C. M. S. Missionaries was held this year. It is a great gathering of about seventy C. M. S. Missionaries from all parts of Japan and we had most blessed devotional Meetings morning and evening, the middle of the day being occupied mostly in very helpful papers and discussions on various methods of work,

in which one had the opportunity of gathering the experience of many excellent workers who have been long in the field. The great blessing I gained there was a deep conviction of my own sin and neglect of prayer. I do not mean of course that I do not pray, one could neither live nor work without it, but I mean the proportion between work and prayer had got so terribly reversed, the work so much and the prayer so little, that one could only wonder at God's goodness in not having left one altogether.

"I think now that what I long for more than anything else with a longing that no words can express is for 'the spirit of grace and of supplication,' and that too God has promised to give so that He surely will. The prayer of faith what limits are there to its power!

"Why I am staying at a Japanese hotel now is that Mr. Buxton has a farewell retreat for all his Japanese Catechists and workers. The Meetings are of course only conducted in Japanese, and though he gives the principal addresses all the Meetings are thrown open for prayer, and it is most deeply touching to hear many of the Catechists confessing their own shortcomings and unfaithfulness, and earnestly imploring God's pardon and cleansing power.

"At the Bible reading too in the morning which is on Romans v., all the Catechists expound freely as the spirit moves them and it is most blessed to hear how deeply taught of God these young men are, most of them I suppose Christians of only a few years' standing, and yet they have such real deep insight into the spiritual meaning of the Bible and power of comparing Scripture with Scripture that it is most refreshing and helpful to one's own soul. . . .

"Ah, darling whether I write or not you know I am always, always,

"Your most loving but unworthy

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

TO ANNA ALLEN.

"8th June, 1898.

" MY DEAREST ANNA,

" I have had a great joy since I came back from Shimabara, another of my dear boys has come out as a Christian. He is a young fellow employed in the water-works here and can only come occasionally to the Bible reading. But from the first he has taken a great delight in it, much preferring the Bible to the English part of the lesson which most of them come for at first. And he believes with all his heart as far as he knows and is going to be admitted a catechumen probably next Sunday! He asks all sorts of innocent, practical questions as to his duty as a Christian, *e.g.*, How does a Christian get married? What must he do when he goes to a great official dinner when everybody is supposed to drink healths? He hates wine and never willingly touches it, but it would be a dreadful breach of manners not to drink his chief's health so he asked if he might just raise his cup to his lips without tasting, etc.

" It is a great joy to me to have this beautiful spiritual fruit given to me directly on my return; it seems as if God Himself were saying to me 'Be not afraid. Only believe.' That Normal School teacher too about whom I was so anxious has come back the very first day the class was open and the newspaper editor came too. Two or three nice policemen have come too; they want to be taught separately they are too old and dignified to go in with the boys' Japanese and English class. I think I shall give them up to Mr. Fuller, sorry as I am to part with them. I have only had them twice. I quite realise I have too much on hand already only the difficulty always is to know whom to refuse you never know whether they might not be offended and not come again. But I must trust and pray about that as about everything else.

"One of our girl converts has just been having a very hard

time of it in the Normal School where she is a teacher. The girls she taught all knew she was a Christian, but the young men (they are just on the point of going out as teachers themselves) did not, but it came out through another Christian girl having a magazine sent her from a school where she had been taught Christianity. The young men took this and wrote insulting things all over it before they gave it to the girl to whom it was addressed, then they asked this other girl if she were not a Christian too and she bravely said 'Yes'. Whereupon they made a regular uproar in the school, demanding to have the hateful Christian teacher turned out, etc. But the Principal and some of the head-teachers were very kind to her and told her to stand to her guns. They said it was no business of the scholars what religion she professed as liberty of conscience is allowed by the Emperor. I am sorry to say that a man who has been to read with me often, and who seemed nearly persuaded, although he is the third in authority in the school, has not said one word to comfort her or as far as she knows to reprove the unruly conduct of the young men. Even the children declared they disliked being taught by a Christian, and they dress up mawkins on poles and stick up one in the room where she has her dinner and call it 'Christ'. The girl said very bravely that though they thought to insult her by doing this nothing could be happier for her than to have Christ in the room with her and she knew He was there though not in the way they meant. All this persecution has done the girl good, for before she was very naturally afraid of provoking an uproar and she scarcely ever came to church even when she was free from her duties which are very close at the school; every other day she is obliged to stay in the school all day and night to keep the house. It must be hard to do this with the whole school against her. It has made her cling closer to her Christian friends. I am afraid the only effect all this uproar would have upon my friend the head-teacher would be to make him think Christianity a bad thing for the country, which was what in

effect he said to me the last time we had any personal talk together.

My present Japanese teacher is nominally a Christian, *i.e.*, he was baptised four years ago, but he had a quarrel with one of the Missionaries and now never comes to church. He is of a good old Japanese family, and was originally a strong Confucian; their teaching is rather agnostic, they believe in an overruling Providence which Confucius called Heaven but they deem it profane to inquire into the nature of 'Heaven'. Man's duty is to follow the path of virtue, and in many ways their teaching and morality is very high and good. This man has the reputation of being a very proud hard man who quarrels with every one, but I have never become at all intimate with him as with my first teacher, though he has taught me now for about six months. He had a Christian daughter who died of consumption a very beautiful death some six years ago. She said she saw the Lord Jesus waiting to fetch her, and her old Father was much affected at the time, but I am sorry to say he has married his other daughter to a heathen Husband who never allows her to come to church. Yesterday however he told me he had been visiting a girl who was about the age of his daughter who died, who was also very ill of consumption, and this old man who seems so hard had been rubbing this girl's chest with creosote. It was touching his turning nurse in this way and I led him to talk about his own child though I did not like just then to refer to his own lapsed faith, though I have at other times spoken to him very plainly about it and he always says that he has still the faith in his heart though he has reasons for not wishing to go to church. If I can I shall get him to talk to this poor girl he is nursing about Christianity for she is a heathen. I think that would be the most effectual way of waking up his own dormant faith. He has been the teacher of several Missionaries and knows his Bible very well; it is hard to know how to approach a man like that and not do more harm than good. But there is certain power in prayer."

TO GRACE GRIER.

" II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI.

". . . To-day it is early in the afternoon, only 5.15 P.M., and I am writing very much at my ease on the verandah overlooking the bay in the most lovely sunshine, but with a fresh breeze blowing which makes it delightfully cool and pleasant. . . . Since I came back to Nagasaki I have had the great joy of another dear boy telling me he wishes to be a Christian. He is in the town water-works, his name is T. San. He is a very nice simple lad about eighteen or nineteen, he has no parents, which makes it easier for him to become a Christian as there is no one to oppose him; but he says he has the responsibility of keeping up the family line, so he asked me in the most innocent way what he must do about getting married if he became a Christian. I told him of course that he must marry a Christian wife and have a Christian service in church instead of the usual heathen ceremony of drinking wine together, but that in other respects all the other preliminary inquiries conducted by a 'go-between' as he is called were carried out just the same in the case of Christians as heathens. Of course it would be wrong to try to impose our foreign ideas in anything that is merely national custom and in no way sinful or idolatrous. . . .

I have lost my dear Japanese helper T. M. She was ill and obliged to go home, I miss her terribly she was such a devoted earnest worker and the people liked her so much. Japanese Bible women too are very difficult to get. Directly they get any age they marry so they are dreadfully scarce. We can get at least five men to every woman for the work. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

" IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

" 20th July, 1898.

". . . I am much interested in what you say about the reason why good men like Mr. S. and Mr. H. do not come

out as Missionaries. I do not think the thought of the language can in itself be such a very serious obstacle for some of the Indian and African languages are I believe comparatively easy to acquire; I think it is more the doubt whether they will be able 'to get on'. It is such a fresh venture, such an utterly untried path, and alas! many who have tried it have given up. I think it must be that kind of fear not expressed that keeps many back, I know I felt that very strongly. You read such histories of men labouring eleven and fourteen years and more without making a single convert, and you think to yourself 'Could I face such a life of failure as that?'

"I so to speak expected that to be my lot because I think one always instinctively prepares for the worst, and I thought of the story of the ants who deliberately walked into a stream of water by the hundred and were drowned to make a bridge for their comrades to cross by; and I thought there must be some Missionaries who work and see *no* fruit and I will be content if God should assign that lot to me. But oh! how merciful, how very, very loving and gracious He has been to me! I *know* it is in answer to your, and Mother's, and my dear sisters', and many loving friends' earnest and believing prayers. Mr. Colvile, God bless him, said there had scarcely been a day when he had not prayed for me specially by name since I left! Oh! what a rebuke that is to me for slackness and want of faith in prayer. But this has led me some way from the reason *why* whole-hearted earnest men do not go out as Missionaries. Another reason I think is it practically blocks all hope of what men call 'a career'. I do not mean that good men are consciously ambitious of anything beyond a large sphere of usefulness, but to be a Missionary means as a rule to work forgotten and to die unknown except by one's personal friends. There are of course great names like Selwyn, Patteson, Martyn and John Paton, but they are quite the exception.

"Also in a sense the sphere is narrow for though you live in the midst of countless thousands of heathen those you actually

come in personal contact with are comparatively few and generally among the less influential and cultivated classes. Now in England though a man may devote his life to working for the poor and the degraded yet on that very account he becomes naturally so to speak the friend of the noblest and highest English men and women like dear R. did; he did not seek them but they sought him. In a heathen country there are no such noble cultured Christian souls and the intellectually gifted and worldly great as a rule hardly know that such a person as a Missionary exists. Still I do not think any or all of these considerations and the many others, the parting from home friends and everything you love in the world, can be said to weigh a feather's weight when once you hear the Master's call! Only one response then is *possible*, you cannot feel that you have any choice in the matter; and this absolute certainty as to its being God's will is I think such a joy, it is so glorious to have something to *give* to Him who gives all, that the very pain of it all has a sweetness that one would not be without for anything this world can give.

"I am staying now for a short time in Mrs. Harvey's school taking care of her children. They are *very* good and so fond of her. I think the thing that strikes me almost most among them is their niceness to each other. I have only been here a few days so they are very shy with me as yet especially the little ones and they are perfectly gentle and obedient but you never hear an angry voice or sharp word among them whether at work or at play they always seem content kind and affectionate to one another. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
"10th September, 1898.

". . . We had a very happy day preaching the other side of the bay on Wednesday. There is a long and straggling town or village chiefly inhabited by dock labourers there, and

as far as I can make out no one else ever goes there to preach. We held two meetings the Bishop and the Catechist preaching I playing the concertina and also serving to help draw a crowd by the mere fact of my appearance. At the second place we had a most attentive audience and afterwards several asked where the Japanese preaching place was in Nagasaki and said they would like to hear more ; best of all one young man went and spoke to the Catechist, or rather theological student, and said that he was a Greek Church Christian but that living in that place away from all sight and sound of Christianity he had backslidden and given way to the devil, but that now he would repent and by God's grace make a fresh start."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI,
"30th September, 1898.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have just come back from Shimabara, a country place about eight or nine hours' distance from here, where I go once a month for two or three days' missionary work. I have had a most happy time. At a women's Meeting on Sunday morning the women listened with the most breathless attention as I told them the story of our Saviour's life, and when it came to the story of the Cross of which I showed them a picture the tears literally rolled down their cheeks, there was not a dry eye amongst them ! No words can tell what the joy of telling such blessed truth is to those who have never heard it before ; it must be experienced to be understood.

"There was a most touching grey-haired old woman whom I visited that afternoon, who said she was so afraid of dying. You can fancy what a joy it was to tell her of the Saviour who had died for her on purpose to take that fear away. She drank it in most eagerly and thanked me again and again and afterwards when I had been speaking to a large Meeting of women and children on the raising of the widow's son, this dear old

woman took another who had come in late and showed her the picture and explained it all to her. The old women in Japan are so retiring and ignorant as a rule that it must have cost her something to do this.

“Then last of all, and this I think gave me more joy and thankfulness than anything, last evening at the close of a Meeting in a low part of the town where at first the Catechist would not let me hold a meeting, because he said the people were too rough there, a shopkeeper’s wife sent in from a neighbouring house to say that eight or nine women had come to hear the preaching but had arrived too late and so were disappointed would I come and speak to them? You can fancy how thankfully I went and stayed with them until close on eleven o’clock at night while they listened with an eagerness and joy that I do not recollect ever to have seen before. I am tired to-day as you may suppose for that was my third Meeting that day besides visiting.”

TO ANNA ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI,
“30th September.

“MY DEAREST ANNA,

“I believe if only one lived near enough to God in one’s soul one could have quite clear guidance about all the smallest details of one’s life. I have found for many years thank God, ever since I first gave my heart to Him, that in all momentous decisions His voice was so clear that I could not doubt the way of His will; and now looking back over fully twenty-five years I still feel just as clearly as I did at the time of each decision that it was God that guided me, and on none of these occasions could I have asked advice for I felt then and feel now that God Himself spoke so distinctly to me that I had no choice but to obey. And yet there are many minor matters, especially as to the way that one spends one’s time and money, that I do not feel equally clear about. I ask for

guidance and I believe I have it in the main but I could not say as I have heard people do, 'I was led to pay that visit or to speak on such a subject'. Often I wonder whether I was right or wrong to say what I did at the moment I said it and pray to be forgiven. I just want the necessary closeness of touch for such immediate direction. We ought to be so near Christ that His slightest whisper reaches our ear, whereas I am afraid, with me self or hurry or something comes in and obstructs the sound of His voice.

"I had a little talk with A. San alone the other night, when he said that he did believe but that he had not told any one so. He said 'They think I come to read the Bible just for study, not because I believe it'. I had not time to ask him exactly what he believed, *i.e.*, whether he felt the Cross, the Atonement, everything to him; the divinity of our Lord is a great difficulty with many intellectual Japanese. God grant he may be braver and have courage to confess his faith. I know you pray for him. . . ."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
"6th October, 1898.

". . . How very delightful is what you say about Sir P. H.'s inner life being so holy! That kind of thing is a living witness of the power of God now to work miracles of grace which may well make our faint faithless hearts ashamed. I am *very* glad I. is going to write the life. Father used always to say good biographies were the best kind of books (of course the Gospels are the supreme type of the greatest biography that was ever written), and I quite agree with him. They help and raise people very much, especially the young.

"If you ever hear of any one kindly wishing to send me a book that would be helpful in my work, any short and simple biography of a good man—Lord Shaftesbury, General Gordon, George Müller, Hedley Vicars, Henry Martyn, or any one who

was an out-and-out Christian—would be very acceptable. The shorter and more simply it was written the better, *e.g.*, Mrs. Curteis' life of Bishop Selwyn would be very helpful. . . .

“—San, I am sorry to say I have had no news of for nearly three months. He had to leave Nagasaki to go and serve his time as a soldier, and though he promised to write he has never done so. I am very much afraid that in his new surroundings he may have found it much harder to confess Christ than he imagined and so have not kept firm. It may be only that he is a bad letter-writer; there is a great friend of his in Nagasaki who is not a Christian to whom also he has not written, at any rate for some time, and so perhaps it may be only casualness on his part. But you may be sure that I shall try to get into touch with him somehow if I can. We have a very good devoted Catechist, K. San, who will try to find out his address and write to him and then I trust we shall hear. . . .

“It is now 11th October, and since I began this letter we have had the most wonderful Mission time! It has been the three days of the great Nagasaki idol festival in honour of O. Suwa who was some ancient Japanese hero and there is a great temple here in his honour. This festival was first carried out in its present splendid fashion by order of the governor of the country Hideyoshi, in order to celebrate as he said the extinction of Christianity at the time of the great persecution. The city is divided into wards each of which in turn about once in seven or eight years, undertakes to provide dancing and shows free for the whole town and country. They spend simply thousands of dollars on the dresses and get-up of the show. This year it was a street close by which organised a mimic representation of the Japanese army with band and everything complete. Tiny children were dressed up as generals, privates, lieutenants and what not; they had all the horse's trappings and everything complete, and one little miniature general's get-up I hear cost over £70. Then the relics from the idol temple the sword, minor, and jewel, are carried in solemn procession

through the streets, with the priests and innumerable attendants riding or walking after them, and the people line the roads on either side and bow their heads and pray and offer some small coin besides. There are endless processions of these dressed-up children all over the city and constant dancing after their curious Japanese fashion in the streets. Nagasaki literally swarms and overflows with spectators from all the country round, so we had Gospel Meetings in the garden here for them all day during the three days of the festival from about eleven in the morning to eleven at night with intervals for dinner and supper. At least two thousand must have heard during those three days counting by the number of tracts we gave away; their quiet orderly behaviour was most wonderful, they would sit for two, or two and a half, hours at a stretch listening to one preacher after another with no other break than just a hymn between the addresses. It was lovely to watch!

“I have had four sailors in this afternoon for over two hours, who said that their comrades from the same man-of-war had heard at the time of the festival and thought the teaching so good that these four felt that they must come and hear it too. I cannot tell you how eagerly these men listened, and when I had been talking to them for some time, *i.e.*, about three-quarters of an hour, I said there was plenty more to tell but were they tired or had they any other engagement? as this was their last day in Nagasaki they said. They consulted and then said they had an hour and twenty minutes to spare before their next engagement and would like to listen all that time, and they did with the greatest reverence and when at last I knelt in prayer with them at the close one of them even took off his shoes (the sailors wear foreign clothes not Japanese) as well as his hat which of course they had all taken off long ago. They said they were going to Yokohama the next day but would certainly come again when they came back, and eagerly took the address of a Christian Missionary at Yokohama which I gave them, promising to go and hear his preaching. Oh! darling if I

were to write all night I could never tell you half the joy and blessing there is in the work! Why *every* one who can does not come out I simply cannot understand.

“Your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO ANNA ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI,

“16th October.

“MY DEAREST ANNA,

“One of the men I wrote about in my letter to Mother was first led to inquire into Christianity by reading the Sermon on the Mount published as a separate tract. He had often heard Christianity spoken against but knew nothing of its teaching until he read this when he said to himself there is certainly nothing bad in such teaching as this. So when in the spring of this year he came to Nagasaki he tried to find out something more about it and met first with a Roman Catholic priest and had it not been that the priest had to go away on an itinerating tour, he would probably have joined the Romanists. At last he was led by a Japanese girl, whom Miss Bernan had taught, to come to our church and has since then come regularly to the Japanese pastor and to me for teaching and is most eager to help us in every way. At the time of the Meetings in the garden for ten days he was the first to come at nine in the morning and the last to leave at ten or eleven at night. . . . He was ready to move benches to give out tracts and to stand at the gate all day long inviting the people to come in, and when asked to speak he spoke with eloquence and force. He has brought his elder sister to inquire and she now comes to me three or four times a week to learn the Bible. And even his old Father who was much prejudiced against Christianity came twice to the garden Meetings and is much softened towards his son's change of faith. I have been made very happy too lately by a nice letter

that came from a man who went away to Formosa in the spring, whom I had not since heard of. And now at last he has written to say that he has been ill, but is still going to church and believing in God and hopes to come back here before very long. All the three men who went to Tokyo write to me nice affectionate letters saying they are going on with their study for baptism and hope to be baptised before Christmas; it is indeed a great happiness watching them do well here but it is almost a greater to know they are standing firm when they are far away, it makes it seem more real it must test them."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI,
"17th October, 1898.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"I had a very happy two hours yesterday afternoon reading the Bible with two men who are both earnest believers but not yet baptised. They are studying in preparation for baptism. We read the sixth chapter of St. John together. It was the first time that either of them had read those wonderful words, and their joy and heart-felt appreciation of their deep spiritual meaning was most delightful and refreshing to my soul. They said continually one to the other 'Oh, is not this beautiful?' and again 'Oh, this is better than anything we have read yet!' I cannot tell you how sweet it was to read it with them (all in Japanese of course) and to see how God Himself was taking them into the very secret of His presence to make known to them the mysteries of the Kingdom of God."

TO THE SAME.

"NAGASAKI,
"20th October, 1898.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have been to Shimabara again and have had a very happy visit there. The dear little girl whom I have been

teaching once a month since last year and who learns and remembers so well was admitted as catechumen on Sunday. She is very true and earnest and takes such a delight in her Bible study that it is the greatest pleasure to teach her. Her Father was one of the feudal retainers of the Japanese nobility in the olden time; he gave his full consent to his daughter being admitted as a catechumen. He was present at the ceremony, which as we have no church at Shimabara was held in my room at the hotel. He is studying the Bible himself and I do hope may too ere long be admitted as a catechumen. I am afraid though it may be some little time before I am able to go to Shimabara again to teach them, as I am in the doctor's hands. I have an illness called 'sprue' which keeps me on the sofa but I am allowed to see my friends and teach my classes, to read books and write letters, so that by God's goodness I can carry on a good deal of my work. I had twelve Japanese visitors yesterday and fifteen the day before so that I am very happy and quite comfortable. Do not be at all anxious or troubled about me dearest Mother, only I know you will continue to pray that in sickness or health I may glorify God and strive to carry on the work He has in His mercy entrusted to my care.

"Ever your loving and dutiful daughter,
"BEATRICE J. ALLEN."

TO ANNA ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI, JAPAN,
"30th October, 1898.

"MY OWN DEAREST ANNA,

"I am sure your and dear Margaret's loving hearts will be sorely troubled at hearing of my illness, but indeed you must not be! It is the most agreeable illness you can possibly imagine! I have to lie upon soft cushions looking out upon the most lovely view, waited upon hand and foot by the most kind and attentive servants (Japanese), and best of all though my going-out work is stopped so many come to me to be taught

that my time is fully taken up and I find it more difficult than usual to write my letters for the mail! It is so blessed that I am allowed to have my classes and Bible readings! I believe that God will especially bless this time of quiet both to my soul and to those who come here for the Japanese are very kind and sympathetic in illness and so will think more of the teaching because it comes from a sick-bed, and besides this I am sure it will help to draw me closer to some of the Christians whom I have not had much time to visit and thus it will be a blessing in disguise. I want though to leave the subject of illness and go on to tell you some of the joys of the work at Shimabara; *e.g.*, that poor old woman who said so touchingly that she feared death and who listened so joyfully to the teaching about the one true loving God was away nursing a sick person most of the time I was there but came the last evening on purpose to see me. I talked to her after the Meeting was over and she said she was happy in praying to the true God and that she had done so ever since I told her of Him a month ago and that she quite understood. I am sure she believes as far as she knows but it is difficult to find out how much these ignorant old people really take in as they cannot express themselves clearly and they consent practically to whatever you say to them. But God knows the heart of each one and does not expect more than they can give. The Mother too of the earnest young Catechist and his sister have also taken down the last idol from an idol shelf there is in almost every Japanese house and pray now morning and evening to the one true God. It is terribly hard for the Japanese to give up idol-worship because of the persecution they meet with from their relations."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI,

"15th November, 1898.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"This letter can never convey all the love my heart is filled with nor all the prayer for richest blessings on your dear

and honoured head that will go up from my heart of hearts on Christmas Day. Never a day passes that you are not in my thoughts and prayers as I *know* thank God I am in yours, but Christmas is of all other times the feast of love, and whether together in body or not we shall surely be close to one another in heart.

"I like my new Japanese Bible woman very much; she is a bright pleasant helpful girl well used to Europeans and their ways, so she is not at all shy which is a comfort. We have an hour's Bible reading together every morning and she is very intelligent and takes notes and seems interested. I have a daily succession of Japanese callers Bible students and inquirers, so that I am always busy and very, very happy. . . ."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"16th November, 1898.

". . . You will be glad to hear I know that the doctor says I am going on splendidly and that he hopes I shall get quite well by-and-by. I am still gaining and not losing weight and take my daily quantum of milk now, three and a half quarts, without the slightest wish for any other food not even for a cup of tea. By-and-by I shall have a more varied diet, soon the doctor says, but I expect it will still be mainly of the milky kind.

"We had the Holy Communion in this room on All Saints' Day, the first time I had ever received it in the capacity of the invalid and very sweet and solemn it was. You can well believe how my heart went out to all of you dear ones at home and most of all to those who have entered into the Everlasting Home, and who, as the Bishop of St. Andrews said, we do not now leave behind us when we leave home—Richard, Father, Lusie's darling girls, Annette, Roberts, and oh! so many, many more. Mr. Fuller, the missionary in charge of the Nagasaki Station, is very, very kind to me and comes to see me every day. He lives next door and takes the warmest interest in my progress

towards recovery, though it seems absurd to talk like that when I feel perfectly well the whole time and do not know what I have got to recover from. But I suppose the doctor knows, and as I am perfectly happy lying here teaching the students and inquirers I do not trouble about it or even ask to get up, but just let him do as he pleases.

“ 18th November, 1898.

“ Your dear letter has just come in. . . . Your sisterly anxiety about my health is too prescient. I was not feeling well all the summer but it was nothing definite only loss of appetite, etc., but at last as I did not get better and had a very sore tongue which was something to show for being ill I went to the doctor and this is the result. However he has been again and says I am going on splendidly, and next month he means to vary my diet and if that agrees with me he will let me get up. I shall be glad when he does of course but till the time comes I am perfectly happy here. Do not be anxious about my health darling. Indeed I would tell you if there were anything definitely amiss but it would be childish to mention every time I felt a little out of sorts or had a bad night. It was so little it was not worth speaking about and I did not tell any one even those I saw every day.”

The illness of which she speaks so lightly in this and former letters was the beginning of the end. She never really recovered; when invalided home later the change of air and the medical treatment she received in England restored her to some measure of health, but she went back to her arduous labours in Japan with the symptoms of the disease still upon her and fought the good fight under the burden of it to the last.

Those to whom she alludes as having gone to the Eternal Home, and as being especially present to her thoughts in the Holy Communion, are “ Richard,” my husband, “ Annette,” the Miss Hill with whom she used to ride as a girl, and whose bridesmaid Beatrice was when she became Mrs. Vere Somerset,

and "Roberts," her nurse, mentioned in the first chapter of this book.

TO THE SAME.

"IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"3rd December, 1898.

". . . I am going on perfectly well in my health though the doctor will not let me get up yet; he is trying cautiously to vary my diet now by allowing a little cornflour to be mixed with the milk four times a day. This is supposed to be a great step towards recovery, but as I feel perfectly well and whether I take the cornflour or not makes absolutely no difference to me I cannot feel as much elated as perhaps I ought to be; however, I certainly do not understand this mysterious illness called sprue so I must just be content to lie here and do as I am bid. He tells me however that I shall probably be able to go to church on Christmas Day and that he will discharge me he hopes by the end of the year. He is a very masterful doctor and makes you feel somehow that you have no choice but to do as you are told. He is alas! an aggressive agnostic. He says it does not interest him at all to know whether there is a God or a future life or not and that the whole idea of worship is repugnant to him, that he does not admire the character of Christ, as he dislikes enthusiasm and thinks it hinders the progress of the world. I feel helpless when talking to him as if there were no joint in his armour of proof, but I pray and pray that God will speak to him in some way so that he *shall* hear. . . .

"We had a very pretty story of one of our little Sunday scholars the other day. There is a dear little boy of five years old whose parents have lately come to Nagasaki and thank God seem very favourably disposed to listen to Christianity though at present they do not know anything about it. The Mother sent the two little children to Sunday school and the very first Sunday after this little lad went home he saw the

landlady of the house they are lodging in light the lamps at the idol shrine they have in almost every Japanese house, so quite unprompted he said to her 'Old lady (that is the regular form of address to an elderly woman), it is useless for you to do that there is only one God and He lives in heaven,' pointing upwards as he spoke with his baby finger! Fancy the dear little fellow having taken in that in only one day's teaching. It makes it very encouraging to go on teaching those who come, but at the same time one cannot wonder that so many of the parents forbid their children to attend the Sunday school, as I suppose if they are at all earnest themselves they would be quite shocked to hear such a remark. This little boy's Mother happily was very much pleased and brought the children herself to Sunday school the very next Sunday.

"I had my first conversation to-day with a Buddhist nun. She was completely shaved quite bald, and dressed poorly, but with a sufficiency of warm clothing. She carried a rosary and explained that her trade was to go about selling some kind of holy water dedicated to the patron saint of her sect by which invalids were cured. I think she hoped I should buy some. I tried to talk to her about the one true God but she was very voluble and in a good-tempered way talked me down, saying that she and I believed all the same at bottom only that this Buddhism was suited to an unenlightened country like Japan and that she should like to come often again and learn about Christianity, only she thought she and I were both working for the same end and should meet at last in the same place.

"I like my new Bible woman very much. She has been a great deal with foreigners, having been converted and baptised about eight years ago and educated since by some lady Missionaries at Tokyo. She is very much persecuted by her own people for her Christianity and so clings to foreigners more than most of them do, and though she has lost the pretty manners rather which most Japanese women have naturally she is a very pleasant [companion], frank and obliging without that exceeding

reserve and keeping back of everything they think will hurt your feelings which often makes the Japanese so difficult *really* to understand. I read the Bible with her every day and she takes copious notes and keeps them all for a friend of hers at Tokyo who lives in rather a remote part where she can seldom get to church and who wrote piteously to my Bible woman K. San, that since she had left, her own faith was flagging for want of K. San's support and encouragement. Now the Tokyo friend writes most gratefully for the notes and says what a help and encouragement they have been to her. K. San is very intelligent and deeply interested over the Bible reading and takes a great interest in searching out the references and seeing the bearing of things, so that the hour of study with her is a very happy part of the day. She also seems to have plenty of courage and zeal in her visiting and to have a good knack of getting on with the people and making friends. . . ."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI, JAPAN,

"4th December, 1898.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have had a very happy Sunday to-day. One of my Bible students who was admitted as a catechumen in August brought me to-day a little old silk bag attached to a card containing six little paper charms belonging to different idols! He used to wear them round his neck night and day and they were supposed to protect him from small-pox and all other illnesses, from drowning, from the devil, and all calamities. When he became a Christian he gave up *wearing* them, but they were such treasures and had so long been held sacred by him that he was reluctant to destroy them. One day he confided to me that he did not quite know what to do with them so I begged him to bring them to me which he willingly did. He is a young man of twenty-five years of age well educated of a good old family and it seems almost incredible that in so en-

lightened and civilised a country as Japan, where they have adopted European methods of education by government, where they have telegrams, telephones, parcel-post, money-orders, trains, steam-boats, iron clads, banks, electric light, police officers, hospitals, sanitary regulations, water laid on in every street, these superstitions should have such a hold on the minds of the people ! This man's Father was a member of a Committee having charge of one of the most famous Shinto temples in the island and was at one time bitterly opposed to Christianity, but he too came to the Christian Meetings in this garden at the time of the O. Suwa Festival. He has been often to study the Bible with me since. He has gone to his old home in the country now for a time, but he sent me a message to say that he had given up the idol worship and was praying daily to the one true God.

"Just before he went away he asked me to pray that his faith might grow and deepen so you may be sure that I am continually praying and giving thanks for him too as well as his son."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"10 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"13th December, 1898.

"DEAR DARLING DORA,¹

"You will understand well the thoughts this date brings to me and to all of us ! Twelve years ago to-day since dear, dear, Father entered into his rest, and oh ! how short a time it seems. and yet *much* has happened since then ; truly the time *is* short. The anguish of parting is awful at the time, but afterwards as years go by the certainty that it will not be long before we meet again and more than that the joy in the thought as you say of our loved one's peace and glory is very sweet. I love to read over year by year the prayers and hymns I read with him that last evening on earth ; it seems to wake the thanksgiving somehow and bring one into close touch with him again.

"This is only a short letter as I have written many, six or seven, by this packet ; among them my yearly struggle of what

¹ A pet name she gave me when she was a child.

is called our 'Annual Letter' to the parent Society. Mine has taken four sheets closely written; and it all has to be written out first and then copied after, so you can fancy one feels when it is done 'something accomplished, something done, has earned a night's repose!'

"I have had the exceeding joy since I last wrote to you of both the servants here wishing to become Christians. They are man and wife and the woman came first. She has been with me now over two years, the man just a year. They are both honest faithful willing servants such as many an English mistress would give her eyes for, the man especially with the exception of leaving dust in corners I scarcely ever have a fault to find with, and I have never had a black look or uncivil answer from him since he came. Of course ever since they came I have taught them and prayed for them to the best of my power but never liked to urge them privately to become Christians for fear they should do it simply to please me. My new Bible helper K. San, has however been very kind and nice to them though she has only been a few weeks in the house, and she talked to them and urged them freely and they both said to her that they had for some time wished to become Christians, but thought they would have to pass such a difficult examination before receiving baptism they were afraid. Of course there is not really any stiff examination, only as far as possible to test their earnestness; the learning part is carefully tempered to the candidate's ability. The Japanese Clergyman has been to call on them to-day and he very properly asked them what was the reason they wished to be Christians and I was very much touched by the man's answer, which he told me himself he had given evidently quite unprompted, that he had been so much touched with the love of God in dying on the Cross for us sinners and also with the goodness of Christ's teaching that he wanted to be a Christian, he felt it was the least he could do to requite such love. I felt specially thankful over that because for the last two months I had been specially praying that God would

teach me how so to put the whole Gospel before them that they might believe, and we had taken first passages like 'the wages of sin is death,' the two roads, the forgiveness of sin, the judgment, and then I had gone very slowly and minutely through the history of the cross, beginning with Gethsemane, something on the lines of the last days of our Lord's passion, taking only a little bit *e.g.*, one word from the Cross each day, and it seems that by God's mercy the power of the Cross has shown itself again to be the power of God unto salvation. Christ lifted up has once more drawn men unto Himself. Pray for them will you not darling that they may be true? They are both of them very near my heart.

"Your very loving sister,

"BEATRICE."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI, JAPAN,

"28th December, 1898.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"We had a grand Christmas party on Monday. It is a regular custom in Japan for all the Christians to unite together in one grand *Japanese* feast. The poor give of their poverty and the rich of their abundance. Tea is first handed round in cups without handles and without milk or sugar. The cakes are served on paper instead of plates. Then a bowl is brought holding about a quart of rice, mushrooms, ginger, fish, and lotus root which they consider delicious, better than all the turkey and plum-pudding in the world! After the feast the Japanese themselves do all sorts of antics, acting charades, etc., which they enjoy thoroughly but which are rather difficult for us foreigners to enter into. Before the entertainment they *always* have prayers Bible reading and hymn singing with a little address, and then the feast begins. I like very much this custom of always having a service at their social gatherings it seems so visibly to bring Christ into our midst and when non-Christians

are present it is just an opportunity of saying a word which may by God's blessing go home to their hearts.

“ 31st December.

“ This is the last day of 1898. How good God has been to us all through this year! And best of all earthly blessings, He has spared to us *you*, our precious Mother. This is indeed a cause for thankfulness. . . .”

CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS, 1899.

TO ANNA ALLEN.

“ IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“ 12th *January*, 1899.

“Your loving letter telling me about your anxiety for me has just come in, I cannot bear that you should be so troubled about me. Indeed there is no need; sprue is a long slow business that lasts years, sometimes a lifetime, and yet people go about with it and do very much what they want to do, exercising a certain amount of care about over-fatigue taking cold, etc. It is quite true that I may have to come home eventually but there is no particular reason for my doing so now.

“I dare not allow myself to think of seeing Mother! If I once began to let myself long to see her again I think it would craze me; the only way that I can live here quietly and do my work at all is by leaving the matter entirely in God's hands; if it be His will I shall see dear dear Mother again, if not I faced that alternative before I came out seventeen thousand miles away from her; and I know that I must keep that door in my heart locked and give myself to God and to His work here for souls, without looking back! And yet if it be His will to send me home two years before the time that I came out for which was six years I shall recognise it as His will, though the voyage will I fear be one long pain to me for the craving that will surely come when once I start. We must surely bear in mind too

that there is not a single soul to take my place here; I can but commit those whom I have been privileged to teach to God.

“What you say about my dear friends Mrs. P., Mrs. M., etc., and their loving prayers and interest for me goes to my heart; thank you all a thousand times. I know that their prayers are being heard and yours too in the joy and peace and freedom from pain and ability to work in spite of my illness that has attended me all the way through.

“Ever and always your very loving sister,

“B. J. ALLEN.”

TO THE SAME.

“IO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“21st *January*, 1899.

“I grieve much that you should be anxious about me when indeed there is no need; I am getting on so well and have such constant care and kindness shown me. And yet it is inexpressibly sweet to have all the wealth of your loving hearts poured out for me; most of all as upon that Thursday Prayer-Meeting night. The description of it was more moving, more uplifting, than words can say. I long to write to each one of the friends that came to it and thank them, for their prayers are indeed ‘like armed angels at the door when unseen foes assail!’ What else could keep me week after week perfectly happy, perfectly at rest, the future absolutely undecided, all uncertain whether I am to stay here or to return home this spring, but perfectly satisfied to leave it in God’s hands!

“I lie here week after week—it is three months now—simply radiantly happy never lonely or castdown since I have been laid up; indeed I think that these last three months have been in one sense the happiest three months of my very happy life. God’s presence has seemed so real and His upholding arm so very close around me, and what can that be but His gracious answer to the many beautiful earnest prayers that have gone

up on my behalf! Do tell them all so and thank them for it a thousand times.

“Much as I should love to come home, so much so that as I said I never dare let my thoughts go to expecting it for even a moment, it is a sealed book and locked door to me, yet I do feel that I am needed here. I cannot describe to you how the people day after day, and sometimes all day long, wish to be taught when I am lying here helpless and can do nothing to fetch them in; God just sends them, that is all. This morning for example I was told that some one wanted to see me, and a man whose name I had never heard was brought upstairs. He had not been gone long before another came, a young shop-boy who is now in hospital, who comes every day to study the Bible and English. He tells me that he really does want to believe in God and prays to Him regularly every day. He is a very quiet shy fellow and unlike most of the Japanese very slow at taking anything in. But I think that he has grasped something now, for when to-day I showed him the wordless Book and began to explain that the gold page meant the glory of God and that only the white heart indicated by the white page, could enter in, he listened and then said quite spontaneously ‘Ah! my heart is like the black page’. That is a great deal for a Japanese to say for they generally find that the confession of their own sin and need of cleansing is the hardest thing they have to do.

“This lad had not left me before I was told that there were several young men waiting to see me and so as soon as he had left I had them all shown upstairs to my room, eleven at once. They were pupils from two of the principal schools at Nagasaki varying in age from fifteen to twenty. They all said they wanted to learn to read the Bible, so I promised to teach them once a week for an hour on their half-holiday. . . .”

TO GRACE GRIER.

" TO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

" 22nd January, 1899.

" MY OWN DARLING DORA,

" Your beautiful loving letters are like strong tender arms stretched out across the sea to me and make me cry 'Why, oh, why, does she love me so? I have done nothing to deserve it.' But it is all the sweeter and more precious for that and oh! I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

" I am going on very nicely dearest gaining weight and feeling well so long as I stick to nothing but milk; the only difficulty about that is that the doctor here says that I ought to be able to take something more substantial before long or he would not be satisfied to let me spend a summer here, and hitherto experiments in the shape of solid food have not been a success, they bring back the sore tongue and loss of weight which are the two symptoms of sprue I have had from the first, but when I stick to the milk only my tongue gets well directly and I gain weight rapidly and every one tells me how well I am looking.

" I have had great joy to-day in the coming back of two men who had not been for Bible reading *for six months*; one a man called N. San, who in the summer I thought was very near the Kingdom of God, but he went off for the vacation among his heathen friends and never came near me when he came back till New Year's Day; now he has come again to ask for Bible readings, and though at present it seems more anxiety to understand the exact meaning of the words than any feeling for their spiritual significance, yet he certainly studies very carefully and I have proved over and over again that the Word of God *is* powerful and so rejoice when they study it for any motive. The other is a Custom House man Y. San, who came first more than three years ago to my English Bible Class, but has not been now for many months. He says he still reads his Bible and has been much helped by reading a book about a Japanese Consul at

Hawaii, who was an earnest Christian, but he does not come to church nor ask to be baptised. I fear the fear of man, *i.e.*, what his brother officers will say, is what is keeping him back as it does very many. Still I was most thankful to see him; he called to-day because he had heard I was ill, which was very nice of him. I hope it may lead to his coming back again.

“Yesterday too I had another. A man whose name I had never heard called and asked to see me so he was shown up. He was well-dressed, but his face was quite strange to me. Then he told me that some months ago he had been in the same boat with me when I was going to Shimabara and that I had spoken as I always do of Christ and given the people tracts and asked any one who wanted to hear more to come and see me, and now that he had come with that intention. He lives in a place fifteen miles from Shimabara the nearest spot where there is a Christian, so he has little or no chance of hearing. He is a well-to-do farmer. He listened most eagerly for over an hour and thankfully took down the Catechist’s address at Shimabara promising to go and see him whenever he got the chance.

“There is a large and populous district between here and Shimabara the place I go to once a month, without a single preacher of Christ in the whole area so far as I know. Once in two or three years one or other of the Missionaries goes round with a Catechist and sees to about half the places for one night and preaches and that is all, and yet the people are ready and willing to listen if only there was some one to go and teach them. Oh! darling, when I feel how terribly few the labourers are and how white the fields are to harvest can you wonder that I am reluctant to leave the few I am able to reach and come home even for the unspeakable joy of being with you once more?

“Ever your very, very loving

“BEATRICE.”

TO ANNA ALLEN.

" TO DESHIMA,

" 27th January, 1899.

". . . My illness has indeed been rich in blessings all the way. God has indeed proved abundantly the faithfulness of His promise 'My grace is sufficient for thee'. Every fresh experience of that blessed fact is so unspeakably precious that I think one literally feels that one would not have been without the wound that brought the opportunity for such healing.

"A. San said such a beautiful thing to me the other day. He is a very highly educated man, a Professor of Japanese Classics at the Normal School, and an examiner under Government for men who want to try for official appointments. He had been reading the sixth chapter of St. John and he had seemed to drink it in with his usual clear perception of spiritual truth. As he was leaving he asked after my health in his sympathetic way and I told him that I was very well except for the difficulty of my diet. He said 'You are always so happy and cheerful that it is very good'. I explained to him that I thought that God's children ought always to be happy and cheerful as their Heavenly Father would not make mistakes, and that though what He ordered might not be what they would choose for themselves, yet He saw the whole of life, even to the end, and that we saw only such a very little way that we could not possibly tell what was best. Then he looked at me with a particularly gentle loving smile and said 'I think that you feed on that Bread which came down from heaven, which is everlasting life'. Was it not wonderful to hear such words from a man who still has not yielded his soul to God? . . ."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI,
“27th *January*, 1899.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“My poor little [Japanese] Bible woman has been seriously ill. She is a most devoted worker, and sick or well will go working for hours visiting the people! I earnestly hope she will recover as I should indeed find her difficult to replace. She makes friends wherever she goes and talks to them most earnestly about their souls; she has already been the means of bringing some to inquire how they may be saved.

“That poor man I told you of who walked so far to church has been obliged to go to a distant place to work in the mines. But he has sent me word that he is strong and well and happy in putting his trust in God, so that I must not be anxious about him. A friend of his told me that several people in the mine were deeply impressed with what he had said to them about Christianity. It is beautiful to think of that poor fellow not yet baptised himself shining in the dark places of the earth. . . .”

TO ANNA ALLEN.

“NAGASAKI,
“27th *January*, 1899.

“MY DEAREST ANNA,

“. . . Working-people are so straight and simple and so unconscious of self in their religion that one is often amazed at the power and beauty of the prayers quite untaught people will offer up, people who would make no attempt at literary composition in any other way. It is the same with the Japanese; simple women who have very few ideas when once they have grasped the notion that they may speak to a loving God their Father in heaven pray most beautifully, so true is it that ‘the Spirit helpeth our infirmities’. The Bible woman had a most interesting instance of this the other day; she was teach-

ing an inquirer how to pray, or rather had taught her no words of prayer but the meaning of it and the blessing and privilege it was ; then she asked her to pray with her. The woman said she would like to and they bowed their heads in silence. Presently the inquirer whispered to her ' What shall I say? I do not know what to pray about.' The Bible woman said ' God has promised to teach us to pray so if you do not know what to say just wait silently, ask Him to teach you'. The woman did as she was asked for a few moments and then prayed aloud most beautifully and earnestly. She asked for forgiveness and also that God would increase her faith and give her courage to make a strong resolution and ask for baptism. This Bible woman is a most devoted worker and gets hold of the people in a most blessed almost miraculous way. She is only twenty-eight years of age and has had poor girl a most chequered history. She has been twice married to heathen husbands and each time they have been so bad that her Father himself a heathen has fetched her home, and she has now gone back to her maiden name. She was converted some years ago but as her parents are bitterly opposed to Christianity they turned her out for being a Christian. She has lived a good deal with Missionaries but has done no active mission work until about two years ago. Now her whole heart seems devoted to it she never wants any time to herself. All the workers have one day's holiday in the week but she never asks for hers, and when I suggest to her that she may want to go shopping, or to work for herself at home, she replies ' Oh, no, I love the work so, and there are so many waiting to be taught, I had much rather go to my work'. Thank God she knows the joy of soul-winning and asks for nothing else, as indeed who could that once had tasted it!

"Your very loving sister,

"BEATRICE J. ALLEN."

TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAREST ANNA,

“I had a nice time last night. A school-teacher came who used often to come last spring and seemed then really in earnest and at one time said out that he wanted to be a Christian, but when he came back from his summer holidays he was studying English and seemed to forget all about his Christianity. Then on New Year’s Day he came again and called, and asked if he might come again and read the Bible; he has been twice. This seems a special answer to prayer for I have often prayed for him and it seemed almost impossible to reach him when he simply sent me word that he was too busy to come.

“I had a very happy week too at the beginning of the year with three young men, all earnest Bible students, who came again and again in their short holiday when the sun was shining brightly and there was everything to attract them out of doors fresh air and lovely scenery, but they would sit by the hour together and ask question after question about things they had marked as not being fully understood in their private Bible reading. There was no attraction of learning English about it for they studied the whole time in Japanese. One is a medical student the brother of my Japanese inquirer who came to me when I had only been here six weeks. The elder brother is a very earnest Christian and now thank God his brother seems following in his steps, for their Mother is so bitterly opposed to Christianity that she actually *beats* this lad to try to make him give up his faith! He is quite strong enough to knock her down if he chose, but filial piety is much too strong for him to contemplate that under any circumstances, so he submits to the beating and says quite simply that it is persecution for Christ’s sake and that he is quite happy while he is being beaten. He has not yet been able to be baptised as he is under age and is dependent upon his Mother for support. The other two are

students of practical engineering in the dockyard and have not gone away for their holiday that they may have more time for Bible study.

"It is to me so lovely to have the privilege of teaching such hungry eager souls as they are that cost what it may to leave Mother, sisters, home and friends, everything that life holds dear, I can only say that one is repaid a thousandfold. . . ."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"NAGASAKI,

"1st March, 1899.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"My poor little Bible woman of whom I was telling you has gone to Tokyo. She has a tumour which the doctor says must be operated on at once.

"When brought face to face with the prospect of death this dear woman was overwhelmed with a sense of her own sinfulness and could hardly believe that she could find mercy. The only text that brought her comfort was, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners'. She put her own initials against that and said 'Ah, to doubt that would only be further sin!' And thus she found peace.

"It is very remarkable I think how in the face of the great change all God's faithful servants can rely on nothing but Christ's death for the chief of sinners, and find that *all-sufficient*.

"Ever your loving and dutiful daughter,

"BEATRICE J. ALLEN."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"NAGASAKI,

"6th February, 1899.

". . . C.'s letter is most touchingly sympathetic, but oh! darling what must you not have written and said to her

about me to make her write like that! When I think of her beautiful holy sensitive intellectual soul picturing such poor stuff as me like that I cannot tell you how it makes me feel a sort of 'shrivel up' somehow, as if I must make myself too small to be seen by any one. . . .

"Last Sunday was another happy day. S. San, a naval engineer apprentice, was baptised. He was only admitted a catechumen on Christmas Day and had not been very long under Christian instruction, but he is a particularly quiet earnest young man and will have to leave for his ship this week so there is no saying when he will be able to attend church again. He is going as apprentice for a year in a Japanese S.S. line. The officers will be mostly Englishmen and with them he will have most to do. The common sailors will be all Japanese. God grant he may find a true Christian among the ship's crew to which he is appointed, but it makes one's heart ache when one thinks how many of one's own nation will be anything but a help to this new-born Christian in fighting the good fight of faith. . . ."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"TO DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
"6th February, 1899.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"I know you will be glad to hear that I have this week resumed all usual habits. Study in the morning visiting in the afternoon and classes at five o'clock.

"This week is the week of united prayer; so we have a Prayer-Meeting every evening and sometimes the Japanese come to study the Bible after that until 9.30 P.M.

"The only thing to remind me that I have not fully recovered is my living still entirely on milk. I may not even drink a cup of afternoon tea when I am out but I am so accustomed to it now that it seems quite natural to me; indeed it would be strange and troublesome to me to have to go down to meals.

“New Year’s Day was another very happy day, as the sister of the man who was baptised on Christmas Day, and the man who was first drawn towards Christianity by hearing the prayer ‘Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,’ were admitted as catechumens. No words can say what a joy it is to stand by and see those one has taught and prayed for coming out before all men and confessing their faith in Christ! It is something worth living for, and dying for gladly, whichever God will.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“NAGASAKI,

“15th February, 1899.

“. . . I must not forget to tell you, for I know you will be anxious to hear, that I am going on as well as possible in health. I go out visiting and do everything just as usual now except I have not yet been to Shimabara, my country place of work, because of the cold in the boat and in the Japanese houses, but I hope to do so next month if the weather is warm.

“The work here is most deeply interesting more and more so month by month—I had almost said day by day *e.g.*, one day this week I had two military policemen in scarlet breeches, high jack-boots, scarlet caps with yellow bands, and clinking swords, come to ask me to teach them Christianity. One had been with two friends the night before and I had talked to them about our soul being made in the image of God and how much more precious it was than the body, etc., and so the policeman asked if he might come again not to the regular Bible and English study hour but separately. Of course I said yes, and then he came the next day and brought this friend and said that he had told him what I had said the night before and the friend wanted to hear too. I talked to them again as well as I could and they listened with the deepest attention, and then one of them a very tall military fellow said ‘We have never heard these things fully explained before please treat us just as your

children and tell us everything from the beginning'. Was it not touching? They have come regularly for three days to the English lesson and Bible reading since and listen most attentively.

"The next day it was more touching. It was a pouring wet day, and as I could not go out and did not expect any visitors I had just settled myself to a little bit of housework that had long wanted doing, when I heard a voice 'I say,' which is the Japanese way of calling attention as in their houses they have no such thing as a door-bell. I went to ask what it meant and saw a decent-looking countryman who said quite simply that he had come to Nagasaki in the boat for the first time and it was such a miserable day he felt very dull and lonely, might he come in and have a look round? For half a moment I felt as if I were too busy for that but then I remembered instantly that it was a golden opportunity of telling him of Christ, so I asked him in and took him upstairs to my study fire. He was certainly very unsophisticated and had not seen a grate before and asked me if there was not danger of setting the house on fire. He then told me that he had heard from his friends in the country that there was some religion in Nagasaki but what it was he did not know and he wanted to hear about it, and that some one in the boat had told him that if he went to the house in Deshima where there was a Cross he would find some one who would teach him. The Cross is over the chapel which adjoins this house, but he had never heard a word of Christ, or of the Crucifixion, or even that there is only one God. When I told him about God he listened with the deepest attention, and when he heard that God was a Spirit and lived in heaven, etc., he said very touchingly 'Ah, then a poor chap like me could never worship Him!' As I told him more his interest increased and he asked spontaneously what things were displeasing to this great God. I told him briefly most of the ten commandments and he tried to remember them by counting them over on his fingers and then asked most touchingly

'And is there anything else?' The not worshipping idols was evidently very difficult to him, he said nothing but he looked as if he would never be able to give up that. He stayed two and a half hours listening most eagerly and saying yes, he quite understood, besides which he asked many most intelligent questions. He said he could not read but I gave him two little books of first principles of Christianity in hopes he might get some one to read them to him. I begged him to come again, but he said he was only in Nagasaki one day, and I do not know if I shall ever see him again. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,
"20th March, 1899.

"... I am writing this in the Japanese steamboat on my way back from Shimabara, the first time I have been there for five months. The people were all very glad to see me. The work in Shimabara looked *very* promising when I was there last autumn, but this time in spite of all the courtesy of the people it was rather a sad visit. Several of whom I had great hopes who ought by this time to be prepared 'to go on unto perfection,' see only too clearly what Christianity involves *i.e.*, giving up the idols and ancestral worship which is so very dear to their hearts. The Japanese are a people of intense family feeling and the strictest ideas about doing the proper thing, and to take down their idol shrine and discontinue the accustomed Buddhist ceremonies to the dead ancestors etc., is to them a thing too shocking and unnatural to be borne. My former Bible woman told me that when her husband died, though she and he were both Christians (he had only been baptised six months), her parents were so shocked at her for refusing to burn the incense and to light the candles in the Buddhist fashion that they have never spoken to her from that day to this. The women and the old people who are often dependent on their relations feel this keenly, and they say they know that Christi-

anity is true and they would like to become Christians very much but this is too dreadful they simply cannot do it. Pray for them darling, and for me too that I may so preach Christ to them that they shall count *all* things but loss for His sake. . . .

“Your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

TO THE SAME.

“II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“26th March, 1899.

“Miss Burnside is as nice and good and unselfish as can be. She cannot speak Japanese yet, at least only a little, and has to study hard all day. I am afraid it is a lonely life for her as I never go to meals and am so busy all day that I scarcely see her to speak to except for ten minutes in the middle of the day when we always have a little prayer together about the work and at night when she has a cup of chocolate in my room, and we talk then for about fifteen or twenty minutes, but otherwise we are both at work she at her lessons and I with the visiting and the classes all day from 8.30 prayers in the morning till 9.30, when they are over at night.

“A Christian called on me to-day to say good-bye as he is going to Tokyo, and he told me that he heard A. San and H. San (two men who have been coming to the English Bible Class for over two years) talking together one evening as they went home from the class, and that they said they did feel that they really ought to be Christians they had been coming so long and understood so well it was not right to keep quiet and not show their colours. You can well understand how thankful that made me. They are both such nice men and I know do really understand so well that I simply cannot tell you how I long and pray for them to have just the touch that will make them *live*.

“Tell me how you find Mother and what you think of her darling in *every* letter. You can imagine how it feels to be so far away and how I watch for the mails each week to tell me that she is with

us still. My furlough is due May, 1900, *i.e.*, May next year, so it is very little more than a year now. The Committee altered it from six to five years for the women workers after I came out, I think because they had so many breakdowns among their women. Oh pray darling that this year perhaps the last I may have to spend in Japan, may be the most faithful and true in service of all that God has allowed me to have here and then it will certainly be the richest in blessing. Only one Christian was baptised on Christmas Day and four were admitted as catechumens. . . .

“Your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“NAGASAKI,

“9th April, 1899.

“. . . Ah, it is indeed lovely to know with such certainty of the love that awaits me in your dear hearts if I should be sent back, but darling my chances of being invalided home are small indeed for I am wonderfully well so strong able to work twelve and thirteen hours a day without any over-fatigue, and now I am beginning to eat all sorts of things besides milk, bread, tapioca, cornflour, peas, etc. So I do not think any doctor could find it in his conscience to send me home for my health. I told mother a fortnight back the doctor had said I ought to leave before the summer as a precautionary measure, but I am so much better that I am sure he would not say so if he could see me now, and much ah! *how* much I long to see you all I dare not let my mind dwell on that thought for a moment hardly, because it would be wicked to desert my post when the need is so great; the people who really want to hear and to understand I can visit morning and afternoon and if I had time evening too every day, people who want really to know about God and to believe and when I am at home if the people know I am in the house like on Sun-

days when I am always in all day except going to church morning and evening, it is just one succession without any break of one after another coming waiting and willing to be taught.

“We have three dear women, two who have been taught by K. San, my poor little sick Bible woman, and one by myself who all want to be baptised but their Husbands refuse their consent. It seems so hard they are so disappointed; two of them can never get to church scarcely and one fears they will lose heart utterly and give up. Do pray for them dearest; their names are F. San and K. San and Ka. San. I feel most for Ka. San. She is very poor and her husband makes her go out to work every day, Sunday and week-day alike, so that I can never find her at home to go and teach her except on pouring wet days when I used to make a point of always going to see her, but now the doctor says I must not go out if it rains so I am shut up to the one all-prevailing avenue of prayer on her behalf,

“K. San too my very first convert as I know you will remember, has been getting very slack of late. He is clever and ambitious and wants much to get on so he has alas! taken to studying English instead of coming to church on Sundays. I spoke to him about it to-day and he listened very nicely and thanked me for what I had said, but it is very difficult to tell with a Japanese what they *really* think, politeness often seems to make them agree when they do not at all in their hearts, and he is always nice and pleasant to me. . . .

“I am so very glad to think of Tavie¹ and Charlie going home this summer it will be such a joy for Mother and for them too. She wrote so sadly to me when they left that she should never see them again in this world but God in His goodness is giving her that joy, and I believe and hope He will give it to me too for it is only a year next month now to my furlough and then how joyfully I shall fly home to see you all.

“I had two Japanese parties on Easter Monday, asking all

¹ My sister, Mrs. Cooper, and her husband, whose home is in Vancouver Island.

the women of my acquaintance. I invited about sixty or seventy, but not much more than half that number came. Some were sick and some their Husbands would not let them come, and some were casual and forgot the day. I divided the party into two because some were busy in the afternoon. I *meant* to have had an hour's interval or so between the two, but the afternoon guests some of them stayed till the evening ones began to arrive, so that it was literally entertaining and talking to people from 1.30 to 10 P.M. without one minute's interval, except twice when I ran out of the room to drink a cup of milk. It is one great convenience of my present diet that it is always ready and I can swallow it in a moment, because for days and days it is like the Gospel times 'There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat'; but I keep splendidly strong and well and was not at all overtired even on Monday, though I think eight and a half hours of entertaining visitors without any break would tire most people even if they were English guests, to say nothing of the whole thing having to be done in Japanese, besides which it is a custom among the Christian Japanese to have always prayer and hymn singing and a little address at all their social gatherings, so I gave two addresses on the Resurrection, one to each group of visitors, as well as all the rest of the hostess's duty. Most of the women who came were heathen and it was lovely indeed to have such a subject to speak to them about.

"Ever, darling, your most loving sister,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

TO THE SAME.

"II DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"29th April, 1899.

"MY OWN DEAREST DORA,

"Your dear dear letters which come with unflinching regularity like the sunshine and fresh air are a great joy to me.

I was particularly delighted with your last you tell me such graphic touches about dear Mother *viz.* what she is able to do and what not to do, which make me feel to understand how things really are at home. Of course ever since I have been ill there have been talks about my coming home before the time, and sometimes it makes my heart beat wildly with longing to see you all! And then again there is the work here that is so lovely and so blessed of God that I hardly know how I could leave it, but as you say it is blessed to know that all things are in God's loving fatherly hands and that He will order everything best, both for the work which is His work and for me His child, so I do not trouble at all about it but just live on from day to day knowing that He will make His way plain.

"I have begun what I long wanted to do, a Meeting here once a week for the workmen who go past from the dockyard every day about five o'clock. We have it in the garden put seats out for them and sing hymns and hang up a picture to draw them. We have only had two Meetings so far but they have been most markedly blessed by numbers and attention. Yesterday they sat on and on as if they could not go away. Speakers are my great difficulty, as both the Clergyman and the Catechist belonging to Nagasaki, the Japanese I mean, are inclined to be consumptive and cannot speak in the open air, but just lately a very nice earnest Christian who has been an agent of the Bible Society and kept a small shop for Bibles for some years but till he heard of my going over the water for the way-side preaching had never openly preached the Gospel, now has come forward to help without my asking him at all and comes regularly every week across the water with me, and now too comes as my faithful helper for these Saturday garden Meetings.

"Yesterday the Meeting was even larger than the first one, which was very encouraging; we had over two hundred in altogether. I do feel so thankful about it and only wish I had

been able to begin it before, but what with my illness and one thing or another I really could not manage it before.

“I had a great happiness yesterday in a man called O. San coming to see me. He had only been to the Bible readings during one week actually, but he called to say that when first he came a week ago he knew nothing about Christianity except that he disliked it and that he only had come to learn English, but that in one short week though he still felt he understood nothing and did not yet clearly know who Christ was except that He must be some one very great and wonderful he felt he did want to learn and wanted me to tell him about it from the beginning. I did so of course as well as I could, and he was greatly moved. ‘Oh!’ he said ‘I wanted to learn English, but English is nothing to compare to this, I do want to understand.’ This he said literally with tears in his eyes and then after we had talked a long time he said ‘Shall we pray?’ Was it not wonderful for *him* to ask it? Of course we did and he prayed most earnestly, asking God to forgive him for never having believed in or worshipped Him all these years and begging God to teach him and help him to believe in Him. He came again this morning to go to church and again afterwards specially for Bible reading. He is a rough-looking square-faced man that you would never expect had such deep feeling, but it just teaches one how God can and does work miracles in men’s hearts still. He had literally only been four times to the Bible reading with nine or ten other men, most of whom came like himself with the intention of learning English, but we had been reading in the regular course St. Matthew xxvi., and xxvii., and the story of the Cross, or rather this time it was Gethsemane and the trial for we had not reached the actual Crucifixion yet, has again proved its power to touch men’s hearts. ‘I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.’

“Another man, K. San, is going to be admitted a catechumen soon. He has only been with me a short time but he is very

earnest and nice ; he had been learning before he came here at Kumamoto from some Presbyterians. There is the most wonderful readiness to hear and to inquire just now all over Japan specially among the young men. I wish we had tenfold the number of workers."

CHAPTER X.

FIRST HOME-COMING, 1899.

BEFORE giving any account of Beatrice's home-coming, I will introduce what Mrs. Moule herself calls "A few fragmentary reminiscences," for she was not only an eye-witness of much which the letters in the preceding chapters describe but a true and most sympathetic friend.

She says: "When Bishop and Mrs. Evington left for England in the spring of 1897, it was decided that I should move into 10 Deshima, where Miss Allen had for some time been living alone, while I was studying for my second language examination. She had already passed both hers in a phenomenally short time and was in full work—holding classes and visiting—and was known to be busy from early morning until late at night.

"I must confess that I rather dreaded the prospect of studying in such a busy atmosphere. I feared too that I should be very lonely and out in the cold as I could not do very much active work myself yet. Little did I know dearest Beatrice's loving heart. I need not have feared that I should be ever out in the cold where she was concerned.

"I remember so well the first day that I spent with her, her suggestion after lunch that we should go up to her room for a quiet half-hour before she started out on her afternoon rounds for a chat over the various people she hoped to visit that afternoon, and for a few words of earnest prayer together for help and guidance. 'You can help me so much with your sympathy and prayer' she said. I felt at once that I was privileged to

take a personal share in all that she did. We always had this quiet time together every day and we used to rejoice together when we met again at tea-time at the answers to our prayers.

“Many a time I have known her to come in wearied with a long afternoon of visiting and just as I was hoping she would secure a little rest before her evening Class visitors would arrive, and not seldom she has gone straight on until as late as 10 P.M. without taking more than a hastily swallowed cup of tea to sustain her. When I used to beg her to take care of her precious self for the work’s sake, she would smile and say ‘You couldn’t do it I know and it would not be right for you to try but while God gives me the strength and endurance I cannot turn any of these hungry ones away while I stop to eat!’ How often I used to think of the words ‘There were many coming and going and they had no leisure so much as to eat’.

“After her classes were gone in the evening she went downstairs to take family prayers for the servants, and then at last she would sit down for a little rest and chat while we had cocoa together. I used to go off to bed at eleven when she would take out her Japanese books for a quiet hour’s study till midnight. Then she would remain often one or two hours in prayer—pleading for one and another who had seemed near to the Kingdom but who could not take the decisive step of open confession. Sometimes I used to wake about 2 A.M. and hear her voice in the next room. Once thinking she must be ill I went in to find her on her knees. ‘It is the only time I have for prayer,’ she said in answer to my remonstrances, ‘and I cannot work unless I pray.’

“The Christians of the Omura Machi Church and those connected with the preaching place at Shiudaihu Machi at the other end of the town, joined together to give her a farewell present on her first return to England. There is generally a great deal of discussion as to what the Missionary going home would most like to show her friends in the curio line, and other Missionaries are carefully approached and sounded on the subject. Ko. San,

the clergyman at the Omura Machi Church paid me a visit. I was quite expecting the usual questions when he suddenly said 'We are all so sorry to lose Miss Allen—we have had no difficulty at all in deciding what we shall give her as a little parting gift. We are going to give her the most nicely bound Japanese Bible we can buy—a large one. There is nothing in the world that she prizes like the Bible. We think that she will like that better than anything else.'

"Beatrice had a wonderful power for explaining Scripture by Scripture in the most illuminating way. Only a closely intimate knowledge of God's Word and of the deep principles underlying the various passages, could have made her so invariably ready with a quotation from another part of Scripture which threw convincing light on the difficulty before one.

"With this deep knowledge of the Scriptures she also possessed the most unusual gift of being able to teach those who were studying Christianity for the first time in the simplest possible way, but was ready at any moment to launch out into the deep if she gathered from those she was teaching that they were struggling in deeper waters than she had thought.

"She gave me some suggestions as to how to carry on her Bible Class on Tuesday and Friday evenings for highly educated professional men [during her absence in England]: Be simple—take for granted they know nothing—make the Gospel narrative live—help them to see the living Christ before them—be ready to meet any doubts or difficulties they may bring up. I sat by one evening as she taught them and marvelled how that great mind of hers could so easily and naturally teach the deepest truths in the simplest words. It was I am sure because she sat daily at the feet of the great Master Teacher Himself.

"She was never tired of telling the Gospel story and never at a loss for words in which to clothe her thoughts. With the uneducated country people it was just the same.

"Every year in the autumn there is a great heathen festival at Nagasaki. It lasts for three days and the town is thronged

at these times with country folk and is quite picturesque with its crowds of people wearing their gayest dresses, with nothing to do and all day to do it in.

“Beatrice seeing the multitudes had compassion on them as did her Divine Master of old, and decided to hold Meetings in our front garden all day long.

“She was not very successful the first year in securing speakers, for one reason and another the men Missionaries and the Catechists were prevented from helping. The greater part of the speaking fell on Beatrice herself. It was beautiful weather sunny with a cloudless blue sky. We hung a Scripture picture where every one could see it from the gate and she stood on the stone steps of the verandah by the picture whilst the Bible woman and I stood at the gate inviting all who passed to come in and listen. We began about nine o'clock in the morning and went on until twelve. Then again from one o'clock till half-past six. During that time I spoke two or three times only, my knowledge of the language would not allow of more; all through the other long hours Beatrice talked on to an eagerly listening crowd, some of the people staying on right through the day drinking in her words about true prayer, forgiveness of sins, the power to live a new life through Christ. She spoke till she could speak no more.

“We gave tracts at the gate to each one as they left; we must have given away hundreds during the three days we held the Meetings.

“I begged Beatrice several times to rest a little during the afternoon but she seemed consumed by the passion for souls. ‘It may be their only chance of hearing I must go on,’ she said, though with her usual thoughtfulness for others she positively drove the Bible woman and me in for a cup of tea during the afternoon.

“One man of the coolie class came regularly for at least a year afterwards to church on Sundays and to Beatrice for instruction. I went away afterwards, so do not know what hap-

pened to him. He used to walk quite six miles in to Nagasaki, bringing his lunch with him which he used to eat at our house. An old rag-picker too who heard for the first time at these Meetings, used to speak most lovingly of the help she had received from Beatrice from time to time. This old woman was afterwards baptised I know.

“As I write I can almost see dear Beatrice at work. However hot however cold and rainy with real zest she would start out for her visiting or meetings or open-air preaching. She learned the concertina in order to be able to lead the singing at Meetings and to attract a crowd out of doors. Her energy seemed tireless and yet I know often how gladly she would have welcomed a little rest if she could have conscientiously felt she might allow herself to take it. Yet she was always bright and unruffled, ready to help with sound advice, and to listen patiently to any trouble. She never seemed ‘rushed,’ and with all her deep feeling for the needs of the sin-stricken world around she had that keen sense of humour which enabled her to rise above many things that would have jarred and fretted another, and which helped to keep that sense of balance and proportion in her that we all so much admired.

“It has been an inspiration to have known her—an inestimable privilege to have been one of her friends. . . .

“EDITH MOULE.”

Receiving her bravely cheerful letters it was difficult for us at home to realise that the disease from which Beatrice was suffering was gaining ground. At length her partially recovered strength gave way before the strain to which it was subjected and she became so ill that her life was almost despaired of. News reached us that she was unable to leave her bed, but that the doctor urged an immediate return to England so soon as she could be moved.

In a few weeks she rallied sufficiently to be carried on board

a vessel homeward bound, and once embarked the sea air and the complete change and rest revived her. She reached England in July looking indeed gaunt and emaciated but declaring that there was nothing the matter beyond the pricking sensation in her tongue which showed that the complaint which had brought her so low still hung about her.

To us the change in her was more than could be accounted for by the pallor and wasted frame. Something of the Beatrice whom we had parted from four and a half years before was gone, or veiled from us, she moved amongst us like a shadow. Perhaps what we felt with a sort of awe was physical, for the mysterious illness from which she was suffering never lost its grip upon her but kept its hold until, the heroic struggle with weakness and disease over, she sank under it six years later. On the other hand it may have been that she had come back from a life wholly concerned with realities to find us still occupied with what seemed to her clearer vision trifles. If so no word of such a feeling escaped her. She was as keenly interested as ever in all that concerned, in everything that affected, those she loved. To quote at length what my sister Anna has written of her at this period: "The buoyancy of her natural spirits and health was gone, but her zeal was undiminished, her ardour unquenched. She came home very simply, not deeming herself in any sense a heroine, bringing presents and remembrances for almost all her friends and acquaintances, poor and rich alike. Her heart was full of Japan: its needs, its interests, its possibilities, and of the winning charm of its people. But at the same time her energies were thrown into the work of Christ in England as steadfastly and as eagerly as ever. While she was at home she helped to organise and was the life and soul of a Bible Class for policemen and a prayer-meeting for our soldiers in the war. She visited the sick and the sorrowful; was ready at a moment's call to go to any Meeting or Class however small, where she could by her prayers presence or words give help. She also went to many parts of England to speak for the Society to

which she belonged, always paying her own expenses. She made her Meetings attractive as well as interesting by whenever it was suitable acting the opening ceremonies of a Missionary visit in Japan. Bowing on her knees with her forehead to the ground before she entered then bowing again on the threshold as in Japanese fashion she declared herself unworthy to enter the house; and again bowing to the ground as she apologised for coming and declared that she could not presume to assume a higher position in the room than the doorway could afford. But as she continued her subject her earnestness impressed all who heard her and she would sometimes only with difficulty master her emotion as she spoke of the needs of Japan. One young lady who heard her speak, moved by the influence of her life laid down for Christ in Japan, has left a beautiful home in England to go forth, and sailed on 19th October, 1906, the day after Beatrice had finished her course with joy and entered into her rest.

“ Her Mother’s delight in receiving her back was great. She had not looked to see her again in this world. Beatrice was constantly at her side when other duties did not claim her attention. Although still very ill she never allowed herself in any of the habits of an invalid, but set herself strenuously amid all the interests of home life home work and many visits to be paid to prepare herself for her return to the Mission Field. She saw a specialist on sprue and carried out faithfully a rigid dietary to recover her health; learned to ride a bicycle, braving with unflinching courage severe falls that she might travel with more speed from one village to another in Japan, and before she had had three months’ experience ventured after nightfall to the Soldiers’ Home upon her machine [a distance of more than two miles] to give an address to the men there.

“ Her converts seemed much upon her mind. At our home Prayer-Meetings she would mention many of them by name, and yet on her death-bed as she read St. Paul’s Epistles she

contrasted her own coldness and indifference with his fervent love for souls and severely reproached herself.

“Many friends claimed visits from her and she took great delight in her intercourse with them. As the brief year of her leave, which included a visit to Keswick [for the Convention] in 1899, came to an end, she faced the home partings bravely. She spoke at a large Meeting of some hundreds of people in St. James’s Hall the Sunday before she left, and also at a very sacred Prayer-Meeting where many who loved her gathered to pray with her the night before she sailed.”

Beatrice gave one of the addresses described above at Cannock, and also spoke to a Sunday afternoon Bible Class at Chadsmoor, a district in the same parish. The members of the class were deeply interested, and from that time showed a more practical sympathy with missionary work abroad; the women especially were much affected by a pathetic description she gave of a heathen temple she had visited in Japan sacred to the souls of departed children, and hung round with little dresses, little scarves, little shoes, and even little toys, which the bereaved mothers had brought as offerings in the hope that these tokens of their love might follow their darlings into the silent land.

When she was returning to Japan the women of this Bible Class sent her a farewell telegram through one of their members, Mrs. Brookes, to which she refers in the first letter given in the next chapter.

A policeman, now promoted to be an inspector, who was a member of the Bible Class formed in Lichfield during the winter of 1889-90, speaks of Beatrice’s connection with it in the following terms:—

“Miss Allen possessed the rare gift of convincing those with whom she came in contact of the sincerity of her religion without self-assertion. Her quiet and unassuming but withal earnest method of conducting the Class made one unconsciously realise the genuineness of her character and compelled the esteem and

respect of the members—men who from the nature of their calling are quick to detect any note of shallowness or insincerity.”

But Japan was still Beatrice's first interest, and we find by the reply which she preserved that she wrote to a gentleman whom she only knew by reputation about her difficulties with regard to the two ancient forms of worship with which she had to deal there. The answer she received is so interesting that no apology is needed for giving it almost at full length.

TO MISS BEATRICE ALLEN.

“27th January, 1900.

“. . . You speak of two difficulties: That of the Homage rendered to Ancestors, and that of the Regard for Amida Buddha. . . . In any memorial service there is something *good* in whatever

“(a) Deepens the gratitude of children for Parents—by expressing it, and recognising parental service and worth, and

“(β) Expresses gratitude to God for the gift of Parents. There is harm in anything in a service which suggests the *dependence* of the *Dead* on the *Living*, as the gifts of *food* or *money* might do; or the dependence of the *Living* on the *Dead*, as *prayers* for their help might do.

“The doctrine of the Communion of Saints, *i.e.*, the sympathy, of the glorified with the struggling, was discarded by Protestants because abused by Romanists. There was a truth in it which we are the poorer for losing.

“I think our Baptist Mission in China is wise in making a special Day of this Anniversary¹—in preaching then on our indebtedness to Parents, in decking the graves with flowers, and in doing everything, *short of* expressing *dependence* (which should rest solely on God) or Reverence of a sort mistakable for Adoration.

“If you could get a good Japanese *Equivalent* for Charles

¹ Probably All Saints' Day.

Wesley's hymn (it is only one in the language on the Communion of Saints)—

“Come, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the Prize,
And on the eagle wings of Love
To Joys Celestial rise,

it would be of great service. I say *Equivalent*—for a Translation would not do, as it asserts too much the blessedness of the Dead Ancestors universally—an assertion which the most charitable and scriptural views of God's love for all, and His activity in both worlds, would hardly allow.

“As regards the Amida Buddha difficulty. So far as I know the doctrines of the Buddhist Trinity (Origin, Book or Logos, Power or Love, or God Transcendent, God Revealed in Gaudama, God Indwelling) date from the Middle Ages—from Central Asia, when Catholic and Buddhist Missionaries met, when the Tartar tribes adopted the creeds of *both* and blended them: I do not think Gaudama is called ‘*Saviour*’ in sense of Giver of help elsewhere or earlier. I should think the best way of meeting the difficulties of such is to indicate that the Life of Buddha has in it no *Calvary*. The doctrine of Buddha is that each man must be his own Saviour, and the creed of Buddha did not include a Father—God who loves us. I suppose whenever a man so accepts Buddha as to make him his *guide to a higher life* than he otherwise would live, there is a bliss in the acceptance of the higher *line of duty* which may seem to be that of a friend's presence.

“The wise men of the East—*who were astrologers*—God led by a *star*—probably God speaks to each in His own tongue and way, though of course *never* to mislead.

“I fear my distant and necessarily superficial view may not be of much aid. But it is one of the rewards of your work that you are obliged to mark God's footprints on sands where

you did not know He had travelled. I sometimes think the New Testament is the fulfilment of more than one old one. Please interpret this in an orthodox and reverent sense. I think you will understand what I mean. The Lord be with you and use you much.

“I am,

“Sincerely yours,

“R. G.

“Christ is Heir of all things, in [the] sense of taking all stray Rays of Truth and combining them with His own Richer Radiance.”

Before the year of her furlough had fully elapsed, having obtained leave from the doctors in London to go back to her work, Beatrice set herself resolutely again to face the parting from those she loved best on earth. From the first hour of her return to the little black and white house in the corner of the Close at Lichfield she had found delight in ministering to her Mother's comfort with every device that a loving attention could suggest, reading aloud to her, pushing her out in her wheel-chair into the sunshine writing her letters and waiting on her in every possible way. These tender cares must now be abandoned, but she had the comfort of once more being united to those dearest to her in that highest act of worship which is so especially sustaining to those about to part. My Mother was not strong enough to get to the Cathedral, but the kindness and sympathy of Bishop Anson again came to our aid. He administered the Holy Communion to us all assembled in the dining-room at home, Beatrice kneeling beside Mother whom she seemed to bear upon her heart through all the intensity of her worship.

The next day she went to Liverpool, whence she sailed intending to cross America and visit my youngest sister in British Columbia on her way out. My sister Anna accompanied her to the vessel and says :—

“Until the last moment when she was ordered on board she sat in a sheltered place behind a shed upon the wharf reading her Bible and looking out verses according to her accustomed wont. ‘It is our last Bible reading together,’ she said to me with faltering voice and then went on board. There she was greeted by the affectionate tones of the Missionaries who were going out with her, and so she set sail never to see England again until with dying eyes and faltering steps she was led down the ship ladder just a month before she passed away.”

CHAPTER XI.

LETTERS, 1900.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“S.S. *IOAN*, EN ROUTE FOR NANAIMO,
“31st August, 1900.

“MY DEAREST GRACE,

“I only sent you a very shabby letter last time I fear, I was so anxious to get off my letter of thanks to Mrs. Brookes and the other dear women of the Bible Class who sent me that loving, sympathetic telegram. Tell them please dear from me that so far their prayers have been most graciously answered, for I could not have had a better or more safe and prosperous journey. Only a fortnight yesterday since I left Lichfield and now I am within an hour or two as I trust of seeing Tavie and Charlie. . . . I enjoyed the train journey very much this time. Last time when I was on my way home I was so eager to get home and allowed myself to get into such an anxiety about whether I could get a passage on a ship across the Atlantic or not (I did have to wait three days for one) that I could enjoy nothing, but this time, though I feel it is right to be going to Japan and I shall be glad when I arrive, it all seems quite calm and peaceful and natural and I do not fuss about anything, and though my thoughts are constantly with you all at home I feel I can look round and enjoy all the beauty and the comfort of everything with a quiet and easy mind.

“The railway journey is very delightful. I started at 9.30 Monday morning and arrived at Vancouver at 1.30 to-day, the

train being only half an hour late though it had travelled over 3,000 miles across prairies, mountain ranges by the shores of lakes and through almost every variety of scenery you can imagine. The beauty of the scenery is so entrancing that you can hardly do anything else but look at it all day long, it is only after dark that one really wants to read or write or do anything of that kind. . . .

"I made quite friends with an American lady in the train Miss S. by name. She is a teacher of drawing and what she calls the Sloide method of manual training in Government schools. They have a wonderful system of Government education in America, almost every one, girls and boys, who live in the cities go to free public schools where the raggedest street urchin sits side by side with ladies' and gentlemen's children. She says it answers that the well-brought-up children do not get contaminated but that the low-class children get raised and improved. I must say I should feel loth to try the plan with my own children if I had any, but probably in America the private schools are not good enough to leave much choice. She was a very interesting and clever woman. She had been brought up a Baptist or in some undenominational form of religion and had become Church of England by deliberate choice and conviction. One thing that strongly influenced her was the beauty of our Prayer-book as compared with extemporary prayers."

TO THE SAME.

"BROOKLANDS, NANAIMO,
"6th September, 1900.

"MY OWN DARLING GRACIE,

"Thank you a hundred times for the dear beautiful loving letter . . . you sent me. I found it waiting for me here, so you can imagine my joy. I had not half time to thank you for it in the last letter that I sent off quick to catch the mail directly I arrived. The 'Wings of the Great Eagle' are

indeed a resting and at the same time an inspiring thought; strength and aspiration united.

“It is a great joy to me to see Tavia so happy here and dear Charlie too. Certainly Tavia ought to be, she has everything to make her so. The place is beautiful most, lovely views of distant mountains across the bay and other hills which ever way you look and constant peeps of the sea. Then the roads all wind through the still uncleared forest with towering tall fir-trees 180 feet high and very interesting flowering shrubs and other wild plants. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“S.S. *EMPRESS OF CHINA*,

“19th September, 1900.

“We are now more than half-way through the third stage of our journey, and so far by God’s goodness have had a very prosperous voyage. We are a very pleasant party of four Missionaries of the C. M. S. on board. Miss Tristram has joined us and we have nice readings of ‘Jukes’ on the different names of God, in the morning and also a certain amount of Japanese study together, then we have a nice little Meeting with the sailors every night in the fore-castle where about fourteen or sixteen gather to sing hymns and hear a short Gospel address; the men make us very welcome and seem really to like our coming.

“There are several other Missionaries on board, two of them from Canada who give a most touching account of the growth of missionary work in Corea, how when the poor women there heard of the famine in India last year through a little magazine they had, they all of their own accord made a collection among themselves—one would give a handful of rice out of every meal, others gave their wedding rings, and others what they could, till at last they had collected about £16 entirely among themselves. Also they build their own churches entirely themselves, some giving labour, some money, some land, some materials,

and support almost all their own native teachers. The Missionary on board is a Dr. A., and for about a year before he went home on furlough he had been praying for £2,000 to build a hospital; he had been carrying on the work in very unsuitable tumble-down buildings. When he went home he was asked to read a paper at some Conference, and there was a man present who for about a year had been *looking* for some Mission with medical work to which he could give £2,000 that he wished to consecrate to God's work in this way, so when he heard Dr. A.'s paper he said that is my man. Was it not a beautiful instance of the fulfilment of the promise 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear'? . . .

"The Bishop and Charlie were most good in coming to see me on board though I had to go outside the harbour to meet the ship about midnight. . . . The bishop went and spoke to the Captain for me, so the Captain laughed and said 'Oh, I remember Miss Allen, she travelled with me last year, and I remember the lectures she gave me about the gambling on the ship's run'. However, he bears me no malice, for he came and talked to me very civilly one evening and asked me to come and have tea with him one day in his private room; also there is no open gambling on deck as there was last year . . . but then they are a much nicer quieter set of people this year than last. With very fond love.

"Your very loving sister,

"BEATRICE."

TO THE SAME.

"9 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

"30th September, 1900.

"Once more by God's goodness I write from Nagasaki having arrived here safe and well luggage and everything nothing missing. I am not in my old house as you see, but staying with the Bishop and Mrs. Evington who are most kind and hospitable. It has been decided by Conference that I am

to go to Kokura a new station that has only been occupied by a Missionary about two years, though we have had a Japanese Catechist there for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Hind are the Missionary and his wife there and they are particularly nice people, cultivated, clever, charming, very spiritual and earnest, and very fond of Japan and the Japanese. I shall feel leaving Mrs. Harvey who has been such a dear faithful loving friend, very much (she wrote me letters to meet me at every port), but of course one did not leave all one loved in England to repine at having to leave again the friends God has lovingly given one out here; and then too it is hard to leave the Japanese who come and welcome one so eagerly, especially as since I left the work has been divided into two districts in Nagasaki, one in connection with the church and one in connection with the preaching place, and Miss Nottidge who is in my place, is appointed to work solely in connection with the preaching place, so that many of those I was teaching and visiting are now left with no one. Still God knows best I am sure. I prayed very much that He would direct where I was to go, and so I feel quite happy about this new place which had never entered my mind as possible, as I thought there were already two ladies fixed for it, but one has broken down in health and must return to England immediately, and the other only has a few months before her furlough, so I think they will probably leave her where she has been working for the last four and a half years, so I shall be alone.

“Is it not charming of the Japanese! You know there are numbers of Refugees, Missionaries and others, who have been driven out of China by these outrages and Nagasaki is full of them. So the gentlemen of Nagasaki, not Christians, have clubbed together and chartered a steam-launch and send it every day [across] the bay to a good bathing place where they have fitted up bathing tents, one side for men and one side for women; they also send a woman servant to attend on the ladies and provide tea and cakes free of charge, simply to show their

sympathy and to try to make their time in Japan pass pleasantly. Also at first they used to send the town band round to all the hotels where Refugees were staying to play to them while they were at dinner, but I think they found that little attention was not required, so it has been discontinued. For a non-Christian nation to do such things I think is simply charming.

“I saw poor Bishop Scott who used to be at St. Peter’s, Eaton Square, in Kobe on my way here; poor man, he has had terrible sorrow! Three of his Missionaries and hundreds of his converts murdered, his house and property in Peking all burnt and plundered, nothing saved except one chest of plate and some of his wife’s jewels that had been sent to the Legation for safety while they were itinerating. They were not in Peking at the time of the outbreak, but stayed at Tientsin all through that horrible time till Peking was relieved, and last of all when the worst was over and they were able to leave the country with their surviving Missionaries in safety, Mrs. Scott took ill of dysentery and died two days after their landing in Nagasaki. Bishop Scott is on his way home now by the very mail which takes this letter, I believe. He says he can never face coming out again; churches and mission property all plundered and wrecked, congregations dispersed and murdered, Missionaries murdered, all his worldly goods burned, and now his wife is gone he is heart-broken. He did not say this to me, but I believe he did to one of his clergy who is returning to Tientsin to work among the foreigners there. He spoke very simply and calmly to me about all he had gone through. He said that in Peking the people did not suffer so much as their friends outside in one way, for directly after Sir Robert Hart sent that despairing telegram ‘Supplies only for fourteen days. Send relief at once,’ they found a large quantity of grain in a house that was within their fortified lines. Then they refused at first to admit the hundreds of Chinese Christians within the fortified lines, but the Missionaries said they would not come in without them, so at last they consented, and now the American Missionary Mr. C. says

they could not have held out without, they were so brave and untiring in working at throwing up fortifications and also in going out at the risk of their lives (one, a preacher, was killed in doing it) to get food. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“9 DESHIMA, NAGASAKI,

“8th October, 1900.

“. . . Since I wrote to you I have been to Kokura and have had a most kind welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Hind. . . . The people [at Kokura] are very bigoted Buddhists and do not like foreigners. Mrs. Hind is a most charming lady and speaks Japanese very nicely and knows their etiquette, etc., very well, but she says that, though she has called at almost all the houses in her neighbourhood she has only succeeded in gaining an entrance into two or three, whereas in Nagasaki I had between forty and fifty houses of non-christian women to visit besides all the Christians, so it seems sad to have to go away and leave them all!

“When I think of the contrast been Kokura and Nagasaki as regards openings for work, so many here and practically none there at present, I think of how Philip was called away in the midst of his happy busy work in Samaria when multitudes were believing and being baptised, to go to Gaza by the way that is called *desert* to teach one seeking soul! So I will trust and not be afraid for I know you are all praying for me. The women here are some of them very sweet when I go to see them in their loving welcome back and their eagerness to get out their Bibles and read and pray. Of course it is only the earnest ones who do that, but even those who had hardly begun to listen to Christian teaching gave one a very warm welcome.

“I told K. San (the first one I had the joy of leading to Christ) what Mother said about not keeping me back because

she said 'I have every comfort and I make no sacrifices for God, so as I cannot go myself I will give you,' and he was most deeply touched, his eyes became moist, and he said in his quaint English: 'Any one who hears such a thing as that must be deeply touched,' and then shortly after he said 'Let us pray,' and he knelt and prayed most touchingly that God would comfort and bless mother and accept her sacrifice and bless me in my work. He thought so much of it that two nights after at the weekly Prayer-Meeting, where there were only a few Christians present and any of the men are free to speak or pray, he stood up and said he had heard something that had touched him very much, and then he told them all about Mother and how old she was and all she had said about giving me up, and said 'Was not that an example of faith and love we should do well to follow? . . .'

TO THE SAME.

"35 TAKAI MACHI, KOKURA,
"18th October, 1900.

". . . As you will see by the above address I am at Kokura, having left dear Nagasaki for good. It was rather hard work going round saying 'Good-bye'. Some of them seemed so sorry, and there seemed so many doors open there in Nagasaki that one could have gone straight into the work at once; here on the contrary the people are bigoted and prejudiced against Christianity they say, and dislike foreigners, so the doors are not yet open as the work has to be made. However there are some outlying districts, one of which is called Wakamatsu, where Mrs. Hind is going to take me to-morrow where there is a nice little band of Christians who are all much pleased to hear that a lady is coming to work among them, and I am to go there probably once or twice a week. Next week too I am to go off into the country itinerating to a coal-mining district where some of the mining officials are very earnest inquirers and want their wives to be taught, so that too will be a very happy work, so

I have very happy prospects in front of me as regards the work."

TO THE SAME.

"35 TAKAI MACHI, KOKURA,

"9th November, 1900.

". . . You ask me to tell you how I am in every letter, so I can thankfully say I am perfectly well and strong and stout and very happy. I am getting more and more into work and am therefore happier and happier. I think I told you in my last letter about my happy work at Wakamatsu where I go about three times a week on my bicycle; just at this time of year when the weather is simply perfect it is a most delightful ride and I am sure the exercise is very good for my health. Each time I go I am taken to fresh houses where the people are eager and glad to hear, so that it makes one's work most delightful; there is no beating about the bush or waiting for an opportunity; so far I have not been to a single house there where they are not ready and anxious for teaching. And then the dear Bible woman is so sweet and gentle and humble it is a real joy to be with her. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"35 TAKAI MACHI, KOKURA,

"5th December, 1900.

". . . I hope long ere this you have had many letters from me since I reached Japan. I am most deeply interested in yours and if I do not now write every week in return it is because, in obedience to your loving injunctions, I do try to go to bed earlier and night-time is practically my only time for writing, except Sundays, that is after family prayers which we have at 9 o'clock. I spend my days something in this fashion: Rise at 6, breakfast at 7.30, family prayers at 8, teacher 8.30 for about an hour and a quarter, then order dinner, then read with

my Bible woman unless there is something very pressing to be seen to about the house. Then three days in the week I lunch at 11.30 and start directly after luncheon on my bicycle to Wakamatsu, the place I told you of, five miles off, and do not get back till 6 or later; then we have supper and after that sometimes there is a Prayer Meeting or a magic-lantern Meeting, or else I read with my Bible woman or something of that kind; and as I said before it is not until evening that I feel free to sit down and write letters as I am now doing to you. The days I do not go to Wakamatsu I propose going one day, probably Thursday, in each week by train starting at 10 A.M. and coming back late in the evening, to the mining district where there are several inquirers among the women who I think would be very glad to be taught. I was to have gone last week but I had a bad cold and it was rainy so I was prudent and stayed at home. I have had great cause of thankfulness in the work, especially since I have settled here. One young girl O. San, came this morning for the fourth time to hear about Christianity. She was attracted by the first children's Meeting we had here three Sundays ago. We held it in the porch, a rather crowded assembly, and it seemed rather noisy, and I was nervous, and my Bible woman is only a probationer, and though very good and earnest she is a middle-aged woman and no good at a children's Meeting; but though the Meeting seemed as I say rather a muddle, God in His goodness has blessed it to this one girl, for she said it was such gracious teaching that she felt she must come and hear more. She seems deeply interested; God grant she may become ere long a true believer! Then last Sunday, when we had the Sunday School, we had it in a room not so directly facing the street and it was much quieter. Forty children came, all heathen, and listened with great attention and answered very nicely, and before I had finished three big boys, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, came in and sat down on their heels with the rest. When the Meeting was over I went and talked to them and

they listened with the deepest attention and said they had never heard any [Christian teaching] before. They are the sons of well-to-do people in the neighbourhood, but go away to a boarding school about twenty-five miles off; they only had this one Sunday at home till their holidays begin on the 15th, but they came again in the afternoon and listened eagerly for nearly two hours; they were especially delighted when I showed them the Bible and let them read part of the Sermon on the Mount. But I think what touched me most of all was a captain in the army who came bringing too little bally-headed boys, ages about three and five, I should think: he too had been attracted by the children's Meeting I hold once a week on the sea-shore, which is attended by crowds of children and a good many grown-up people, and this Officer seeing the crowd had stood and listened, so when the Meeting was over I went up and spoke to him and gave him my card, and he was very polite and asked me to call, which I did in a day or two, but he was not at home and the wife was not very civil and would not ask me in. So next day as I said this captain came to call with his children. He told me he had heard a good bit while in Tokyō and thought it excellent and he very much wished his children to become Christians, but he said his wife was bitterly opposed which made it very hard for him. He seemed to think he was almost too old to change himself but he was very anxious about his little ones. He said 'As for me, I am over sixty it does not much matter but there are five of these (touching the little ones' unconscious heads as he spoke), and it is a matter of life and death to them'. He promised to come again, and asked me to go and call on his wife again which I certainly will. My heart went out to him so he seemed so tender and fatherly over his dear little children. . . ."

ACCOUNT GIVEN BY THE JAPANESE BIBLE WOMAN WHO LIVED WITH BEATRICE ALLEN IN KOKURA. TRANSLATED BY MISS KEEN.

“It was six years ago that I first met Miss Allen at Isjuka Station, a little country town in the mining district. Her bright loving smile as she welcomed me made me feel like a daughter to her Mother.

“She took me for a few days’ itinerating and the first day we spent at an inn; I was so struck at the number of times she prayed that day—nine times in all she prayed! She asked me to give a little talk at some of the houses, but I was just beginning and told her I could not think of anything to say. When we got home to the inn she prayed so earnestly that I might be enabled to speak for Christ, and I believe it was through her prayers that I came to be able to talk to people about God.

“There were no children at that time in our mission at Kokura as the work was just beginning. Miss Allen had a magic-lantern Meeting in her house and we went round to fifty houses to invite people to it.

“At one of the houses lived a Mr. and Mrs. P. whom we first met that day and the result of that visit ended finally in the husband, wife and grandmother all becoming Christians.

“There was a poor man at that time who had previously been a Christian but who had almost lost his faith. Miss Allen visited him and was so kind to him, and long before he died he professed true repentance. His wife and child afterwards became Christians through her love and prayers.

“For some twelve months we had hardly any houses to go to. Miss Allen took her magic-lantern and had some Meetings on the beach on the outskirts of the town. The people were very noisy and defiant when she spoke about the sin of worshipping idols and stopped her work, but nothing daunted she went on further and under a pine-tree by the road side she gathered a little crowd and talked to them. I was so much struck by her

earnestness at that time and her perseverance in the face of obstacles.

“Miss Allen loved the *poor* people so much and everywhere she was known and admired for her kindness and love, even by non-Christians. Among the soldiers too she exercised a great influence and often I have heard them speak of her great kindness and earnestness. When I first came to live with her I did not know anything of the Bible hardly, but all those five years she taught me and helped me, and it is through her earnest prayers and teaching that I have been able to do mission work. . . .”

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS, 1901.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ 35 TAKAI MACHI, KOKURA,

“ 10th *January*, 1901.

“. . . I am sorry I omitted to mention my health ; for one thing having only just reached Japan it did not occur to me that there would be any anxiety about sprue breaking out again until I had been here some time, and now I have been here over three months and thank God am perfectly well and strong. I have had one bad cold and that is all. It is, thank God, quite well now. . . . I have had a letter from K. San in which he says that he and some of the Christians belonging to some of the other denominations are going to start a men's association, and one or two noted men have promised to join it, for influencing their fellow-countrymen in favour of Christianity. It is very good and I thank God that he should be so zealous in the work. I am writing this in the train on my return from one of my itinerating trips. The first two months I was here I went off once a month for four whole days into the country, sleeping at Japanese inns and holding two or three Meetings a day, but that cost the society a good deal of money, as staying at hotels even in Japan is comparatively expensive, and besides now I have a young girl with me who cannot talk Japanese in the house. So now I go every week for one whole day starting at 7.45 A.M. and returning a little before 7 at night and by that means I can

manage all the Meetings quite as well and have the comfort of coming back home each night, to say nothing of saving the society two-thirds of the expense.

“To-day I had a very great joy. Six weeks or more ago on my last inn trip we had a Meeting in the evening of the officers in charge of the men there and their wives for Bible-reading and prayer. One of them, a very nice man, a Catechumen, began to talk and say he wished he felt more earnest, and especially that his temper was such a trouble to him he did not mean to lose it but he did fly into such rages and then he was sorry afterwards when it was too late. The others rather laughed in a friendly way (it is a Japanese habit to laugh if anything goes wrong or any mention of a fault is made by way of passing it off) it was a good roomful and I was on the other side of the room from him so I did not like to say much, and the Catechist told the story of the man who held water in his mouth when he was angry thinking it was medicine to cool his temper; but I felt this was not the true ground on which to put it, so when we made a move I went round to him and said a few words to him quietly about committing our temper to God and believing that He could and would keep us from falling. To-day this same man when he heard I had come left his work in the office close by and came to the house of the Meeting, and after a few preliminary remarks said ‘I have something to thank you for; you told me to pray to God about my temper, I did that night, and the next morning I got up early and prayed to God very earnestly, and since then I have not been angry once and oh!’ he said ‘the peace and happiness I feel!’ and the poor little wife who was sitting by bowed her head to the ground in silent thanks. Was it not touching? And is it not lovely to see the same Blessed Power of God at work here among these people whose ways are in many respects so different to ours and to prove that God is faithful and that ‘Whosoever shall call upon Him shall be saved,’ that being saved from sin now in the midst of our daily life and temptations is the most

unanswerable proof of a loving God that any one could wish to have, is it not ?

“ Ever your very loving sister,

“ BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ 100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

“ 31st *January*, 1901.

“ MY OWN DEAREST DORA,

“ I have as usual two or three most loving letters of yours to answer in one. But you most lovingly beg me not to sit up late at night to write to you, and so I have to take advantage of what spare time I get, as for instance to-day when the train I am waiting for at Omo Junction is fifty minutes' late on my return from my weekly itinerating trip and so I can write to you here in the waiting-room. . . . We have had to move house for our landlord died and his successor wanted us to get out at once, so we were literally in our new house in nine days from the time we knew we had to move. We accomplished the move all in one day. People were so kind in helping us. The Hinds invited us up to all our meals through the day and offered to put us up for the night, but we happily did not need it. I never saw anything done so quickly; our teacher came and took off his coat and carried boxes and swept the rooms out like a coolie! and a Japanese lady whom I know but slightly sent her jinricksha man to work for us all day and her Husband went to visit his patients on foot. Was it not kind of them ?

“ I have had a lovely day itinerating in the mining district and have visited at three houses. I could not do more because of the long distance I have to go by train to get to the place. I start at 7.30 in the morning from the house and shall not be back till after 7.30 to-night, but then my train is late. At all the houses the women were very sweet and nice and very glad to listen; but at the last I was much touched, I had not seen

either of the women before but God had evidently prepared their hearts. One had been baptised some years ago by the Baptists, but had never let her Husband know she was a Christian, and when we talked to her about God's love, and prayer, and the forgiveness of sins, she first confessed how cold and slack she had become, how she had left her Bible behind her in a box at home, and given up prayer, and never kept Sunday (she lives in an out-of-the-way place among the hills where there is only one Christian besides herself and scarcely ever any Meetings), and then I showed her God's promise in 1 St. John i. 9, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, a rare thing for a Japanese woman for they are trained to conceal their emotions and will tell you of the death of their only child with a smile on their face. The other woman had been at a mission school so knew a good deal and her eyes became moist as she listened, and they both promised to pray and to turn to God with all their hearts. The Christian, N. San, did pray before I left, but in so low a voice that I could not catch what she said. I feel so happy and full of thankfulness about them. I know you will pray for them and your prayers will be answered as they are over and over again on my behalf.

"I am very well dearest and have no symptoms of sprue, thank God.

"Your very loving sister,
"B. J. A."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,
"18th February, 1901.

". . . The work is just lovely! I have lately begun, by request from the officers of the many regiments here, a class twice a week. The officers who come do so avowedly because they want to learn English, and I said I would teach them English half the time if they would study the Bible half the time, the Bible to be only in Japanese. To this they agreed,

and they are certainly very well behaved and reverent over the Bible and ask innumerable questions as if they really wanted to understand. I have only just begun ; to-night is the second time so I cannot say much more about it yet except that it seems so nice and natural to have a men's class of an evening again. I enjoy teaching my probationer Bible women so very much though I do not get quite as much time for that as I should like. I teach the one who lives in Kokura three or four times a week ; the other M. San is the sweetest woman in the world but most touchingly ignorant ; for instance, the other day I asked her why the tax-gatherers (the word is quite plain in Japanese) were always spoken of as such bad people in the Gospels. I did not expect her to know but I wanted to see what she would say, and she replied that she thought it was not God's will that people should have to pay taxes ! That is only one instance out of many, and yet her earnestness and devotion and zeal and love are simply beautiful to behold, and wherever she takes me I am sure of a welcome. The other one is much more intelligent, a very good, earnest little soul but somehow not nearly so attractive. She is however humble and good, and will I think make a very useful worker.

“The poor blind men are coming on very nicely ; they attend church whenever they possibly can, and though they are so poor that one of them is seldom able to afford fire though it has been bitterly cold, has a wife who is blind too (she had only one rag of clothing to her back till I got I. San to make her another out of an old skirt of mine), yet they brought two small coins to the collection on Sunday and they asked the Bible woman what they must do to become Christians. It will be blessed indeed if the light of the glorious Gospel shines into those eyes that are dim to all earthly light. I would like to give them food and fire and many things, but I am dreadfully afraid with such very poor people of making them think that they get earthly benefits by becoming Christians and that so one would manufacture what are called ‘rice Christians’ in

India, *i.e.*, Christians for what they can get. Happily I think we have *very* few of that sort in Japan and one is most anxious not to create them. . . . We had a memorial service here for the dear Queen on the funeral day. Just the Hinds and Miss Cox and me and Mr. Maynard the American Missionary who is a very nice man, and very friendly and kind. It was very solemn and soothing. We cannot get proper black clothes made here so we have put black bands on our dresses because the Japanese understand that as mourning, and we do not want them to think we feel no loyalty to our Queen.

“Much love to Dorothy, ever your very, very loving sister,
“BEATRICE.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,
“24th March, 1901.

“MY OWN DEAREST GRACIE,

“The work is happier here in many respects than it was in Nagasaki, because there so much of the visiting was making friends with people and as it were coaxing them to hear; now three days a week, that is the three days that I go itinerating either in the mining district or at Wakamatsu, I go almost entirely to teach those who are ready and waiting to hear so that the work is deeply interesting. Also I love teaching the Bible women of whom I have two, one here in Kokura and one in Wakamatsu. The one in Wakamatsu, M. Y. San (which means light and peace) truly justifies her name; she is the sweetest woman you can imagine most holy loving and full of prayer, but also most touchingly ignorant she simply *cannot* understand the Bible; even such a simple verse as ‘Ask and it shall be given you’ conveys nothing to her mind till it is explained, because the Bible is written in the literary style of which the grammar is different to that used in ordinary conversation and so it is quite beyond her compre-

hension. She loves it though and is always reading it, going over and over again the parts I have explained to her and trying to get them into her dear head. The other Bible woman who works in Kokura is a very true and faithful earnest little soul; her name is I. San. She is much more intelligent than M. Y. San, and can read a chapter in the Gospels to herself and tell me everything that is in it the next day without looking at the book and with a very fair comprehension of the meaning; but though she is a thoroughly earnest whole-hearted good little woman and works most faithfully and conscientiously, so far she has not been successful in waking in her hearers' minds the *longing* to know more that her less well-instructed fellow labourer does at Wakamatsu. Still I am sure God does and will bless her work, and I want you to pray for both of them for they are dear women and the teaching of them both is one of the many pleasures of my life.

"The Officers' class has been few in numbers the last week because there has been a great military inspection on which keeps them all busy, but among the two or three who came each time one named K. San seems I trust impressed a little. He said last time 'It really *seems* true; the more I read it the more I think it must be true'.

"I think our great need at present in Japan is Japanese workers, Catechists, Clergy, Bible women; they are terribly few in number and alas! too often give up their work and take to some secular and better paid employment. The whole question of native workers is one of extreme difficulty. I think in Uganda they have solved it in a most marvellous way by not paying *one* with funds sent from England; I believe there are one thousand African Evangelists at this moment in Central Africa who are all supported by the native Christians there; in Corea too the American Missionaries pay no salaries to Corean workers; here in Japan Catechists and Bible women are engaged by C. M. S. or S. P. G., trained at their expense and then paid a *minimum* salary which is hardly a living wage for

a person who has to dress neatly and keep up appearances. The societies give this very low salary because they do not wish to encourage people to become workers for the sake of the money; but they do educate men teaching them English and Chinese so that they can if they like gain a higher salary by taking some secular post, and the consequence is that I should be afraid almost half of those who have been trained in the C. M. S. Theological College do yield to the temptation. It is the great sorrow of all our Missions and the great hindrance to the work. I think myself they ought either not to be paid with funds from home at all or else they ought to be paid better. The present system has neither the advantage of encouraging self-devotion and enthusiasm by calling out workers for love nor the more prosaic advantage of getting good work done for good pay. Then too I certainly think it is a mistake in Japan to teach them any English, for all classes have such a passion for learning English in Japan that I am sure it acts as an inducement to some to come forward as Catechists who are not called to the work, and when they have learnt English in the Mission School or College it is a great temptation to them to carry this very marketable commodity to the highest bidder. Do pray about this too that some way may be found of training workers specially among the men who shall be filled with the love of God and zeal for souls and care for nothing else.

“Ever your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

“2nd April, 1901.

“. . . As to the Clergy in England working themselves to death supplying services to people who have more far than they have time or inclination to attend, it is indeed

pitiful when you compare it with the spiritual famine out here ! Mr. Hind is the *only* clergyman in Priest's Orders in a district as large as Norfolk and Suffolk put together, and though he administered the Holy Communion twice on Sunday at places five miles apart and more, *fourteen* congregations of Christians had to go without that day. When the Bishop leaves next Monday week which he must do on account of his health, there will be only four English and two Japanese clergymen in the whole of Kiūshiū, a country about the size of Ireland, and then people wonder that Missionary work is so slow ! When you can only get round to many of the people to teach them at all once in five or six weeks and then very likely it happens that they are out or have visitors or something so that you cannot do anything, a year seems to go nowhere in the work.

“I was very much touched by Mr. S.'s prayer for the Captain and his bally-headed children. I have not seen them for quite two months I am sorry to say ; they live some little way out of Kokura though well within a walk but I have *so many* who are nearer at hand and also in some cases more ready to listen than the Mother of those children that I have not looked after them as much as I could have wished.

“I am keeping splendidly well and am hardly conscious that I have a tongue at all I am thankful to say. . . . I had a very happy and interesting experience ten days ago staying for the first time by myself in a native Christian Japanese house (not an inn). It is one of the mining districts where I often visit and the wives of the mining officials there are, I thank God, one or two of them becoming earnest inquirers. They had often asked me for an evening Meeting when the men would hear as well as the women, but the only inn is nearly two miles away so it is not very convenient for me to get back after a late Meeting—they like to keep it up till nearly 11 or 12 P.M.—and so they begged me to go and be their guest ; they did this so often that at last I agreed. I only hesitated at first from the fear of putting them to inconvenience, but I went ten days ago and

enjoyed it immensely. The husband was away from home on business and so I had the little wife all to myself and we had a very happy time. We had the Meeting first in the evening which was very nice though small only eight or nine adults present the rest children, but the next morning I had a real talk with my dear little hostess H. San and she made her first trembling little prayer; it was only just asking God to help her, I forget the exact words but it meant a great deal to her I am sure. She had told me some time before she had given up offering anything to the idols, and this time she promised me to take them down from the shelf where they still are. I earnestly hope and pray she will have done so by the time I go again the end of this month. I showed her the passage in Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, where God promises to give us a clean heart and to cleanse us especially from all our idols and she seemed to feel it very much.

“Both she and her next-door neighbour have promised to try and keep Sunday and to live a Christian life. She said very touchingly ‘You know I have never known any Christians and I do not know how they ought to live’. This last month one young man a baptised Christian has come to live there and work in the mines; he seems a nice young fellow and will I *hope* and pray be a good example to them; to be the only one called by the name of Christ in the place is indeed a solemn responsibility; if he sets a low standard the others will naturally follow it. Of course, H. San had seen the Catechists and me when we go there to teach them, but what she meant was she had never known a Christian in the routine of daily life.

“Some of the arrangements in a Japanese private house are certainly funny; for instance, the place they put my bath was on the verandah at the back door with men and women walking about in full view! Needless to say I did not take it there but managed to squeeze myself into a little place where they have their bath, which is a wooden tub over a small

furnace, and by dint of borrowing a screen and fixing it up with a broom over the open grating looking into the road I managed to get a wash in something like privacy. It is these washing arrangements which are the difficulty in country work; the Japanese food and quilts on the floor instead of beds are a mere nothing. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

"20th May, 1901.

". . . A blind man has come who says he is poor but I am dreadfully afraid of helping him financially because he so constantly asks if he became a Christian would he not receive money, etc., that it seems as if at any rate at present he had a great desire for the loaves and fishes rather than for the bread of life, poor fellow. The Japanese blind are of course to be pitied and are generally poor, but they are not so badly off as they would be in our country. The trade of 'masseur' is I believe almost entirely left to them out of consideration for their blindness, and so they are most of them able to earn a living. I am dreadfully afraid of giving pecuniary help to any one who is inquiring about Christianity; I have known cases where it seemed to kill all the nascent faith and earnestness entirely, and transform them simply into people who wanted to get what they could out of you, and the Japanese are not beggars as a rule by nature so it is a thousand pities to manufacture them. . . .

[Referring to what I had told her of a clergyman in my neighbourhood she writes]: "It is very touching his feeling the want of success in his work. One likes him very much for being so earnest and anxious. I think in spiritual work there is generally something lacking if there is no apparent result—probably too much work and too little prayer. That is the failing of any number of good people: and though I am not

good I know it is mine again and again. When we try to do spiritual work we must always remember that we are trying to do the *impossible*; we must just go on asking and *expecting* God to do it till He *does*—we certainly cannot; we can teach and talk and persuade and hold services but God alone can give life to the dead in sin.

“The work here goes on happily, thank God, though there are of course ups and downs in it, *e.g.*, you get a polite excuse made for not seeing you at a house where you had good hopes they were beginning to listen, or a member of one’s Bible class drops off, which is very sad. But one knows the Master Himself had to experience that, ‘From that time many of the disciples went back’; and I often wish I sorrowed *more deeply* over that kind of thing than I do, for it is the Saviour’s pain.

“The man T. San who has been so ill and was just coming out on the believing side, has had some quack medicine I fear injected into him for his consumption and is most fearfully ill they hardly think he can live many days. I am afraid he cannot be baptised now, which I was much looking forward to; he is almost too ill to take in clearly what it means, or for one to be sure that he wished it from his heart—but oh! I do pray that he may ‘die saved!’

“I enjoy my readings with the two probationer Bible women more and more; specially with M. San who is so intensely [earnest] and loving a reader of the Bible that it seems to give quite new life to the most familiar words; it seems to do me more good for my own soul than when I read it to myself. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

“6th June, 1901.

[After speaking of what I had told her of a very beautiful three hours’ service on the previous Good Friday].

"The three hours is a wonderful time! I think if ever one could pray in all one's life it is then. I am not by nature what is called 'devotional,' that is I find it is a real difficulty to keep my attention long on prayer, or the Bible, but though I have often spent those three hours quite alone they have never seemed long to me; I had a very nice time all to myself in a Buddhist graveyard this year, I went out into the graveyard partly because I like the fresh air and open sky but mainly because one is never free from interruptions in the house. . . .

"I think I told you in my last letter about my exceeding joy in the baptism of T. San, the once fierce warrior who showed me the dark red scars from the sword-cuts on his back and chest the first time I went to see him, and now listens with clasped hands and a look of oh! such eager wistful expectation on his face when I go to read to him about the Saviour. He is wasted almost to a skeleton and suffers terrible pain at times, but he is most beautifully gentle and patient and always welcomes me with a smile. It is one of the sweetest of the many joys God gives one in the work to go and see him.

"I have twice in the last week seen a horrid sight which I never saw before in Japan, namely a ring of men and women gathered round to watch cock fighting. It does not seem to be against the law, for the last time was in quite an open space near the station with a policeman walking about near and he took no notice. In both cases, however, I have gone up to the ring of people and pointed out to them how cruel it was that the poor birds' heads were covered with blood and begged them to separate them and in both cases they had quite good-temperedly agreed. I do not think a ring of what A. would call 'the lower orders' in England would be so complaisant. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

“ 100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

“ 16th June, 1901.

“ First, I must set your dear loving heart at rest by telling you that I am quite well now, stouter and stronger than I was in England and feel my tongue much less than God ; I really hope and trust the sprue is gradually fading out of my constitution. The matter of catching cold in the winter is a serious difficulty : though I do try my utmost not to, I hardly seem able to help it ; sometimes the houses where one visits are so bitterly cold half the walls only paper as I said, and even that torn into ever so many holes so that you have to sit for an hour or more without any wraps exposed to all the cold wind just the same as if you were in the street. This house has much less paper walls than most, and though it is not nice in some ways being dark and cold and noisy it is excellent for the work, being situated right among the Japanese houses on each side and opposite, in fact it is just one in a very common street full of carpenters, dyers, small shopkeepers of every kind. I told you in my last letter about the man T. San who was baptised when we thought he had only a few days to live. He has lingered on for over three weeks in great weakness and pain but with most touching patience and eagerness always to hear God’s word. Every day almost the work seems to grow happier, God gives one some little encouragement. The last was on Friday when I called on a doctor’s wife ; both she and her husband are heathen and have never been to church either of them, but they both have heard a little. The doctor had been ill a month but was rather better the day we called so we were able to see the wife and then he sent down to ask if I would go upstairs and read the Bible and pray with him. Was it not touching ? He seemed so thankful.

“ Ever your very loving sister,

“ BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

TO THE SAME.

"100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

"29th June, 1901.

". . . I must hasten to tell you that I am particularly well now for I know how anxious your loving heart is prone to be. I am stouter distinctly than I was in England, eat well, sleep well and work all day long without feeling overtired; and my tongue is sometimes so quiet for days together that I almost forget I ever had sprue which I never did while in England; so I do feel very very thankful to God for His wonderful goodness to me. . . .

"How blessed it is to realise how prayer does help! I count up the answers sometimes that have been marked and plain even in a few weeks. There is a dear old woman N. m. San by name who is rather deaf and I think a little 'dotty' but she is most eager to hear the Gospel. She lives at Wakamatsu and if she sees me in the street she will waddle after me to the Bible woman's house and say she wants to hear the good talk; she is often almost a bit tiresome poor old darling for when I am in the middle of teaching the Bible woman or the candidates for baptism, in she comes, and of course one cannot refuse her but she has to be told the same thing over and over again in the simplest words before she can take it in. She has taken in about our Saviour's dying for our sins I am glad to say but she cannot get it into her head that there is only one God. I asked her the other day if she believed in the one true God (of course I have been teaching her and so had the Bible woman over and over again) and she said 'Oh, yes, I believe in all the gods; I worship every one!' Then another time I asked her if she prayed to God (she is always very devout in her attitude of prayer when we pray) and she answered most cheerfully 'Oh, yes,' so I asked her what she said and she immediately repeated a prayer to a Buddhist imaginary god, a regular formula that the priests teach them. It will indeed be a miracle if the light does dawn! but all things are possible with

God and she certainly *seeks* to the best of her power. She always says 'Yes' to everything you teach her, so it is very difficult to know how much has gone in and how much not.

"Your ever very loving sister,

"BEATRICE."

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

"6th July, 1901.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"Thank you more than I can say for your dear constant loving letters. I have had *two* this week and they just fill my heart with joy and thankfulness. It is so delightful to hear of your being so well and able to enjoy the drives and the garden and the beautiful cathedral services. . . .

"What is it that has come to our country when so few *clergymen's* sons even want to follow the most blessed calling this world has to offer! It is not that the young men are bad, they are nice young fellows enough, but they most of them do not seem to know what it means to live wholly for God. E. M. wants to be a clergyman, praise God! That must be a joy to his Father and Mother.

"I have been to spend a night with my dear little Japanese friend in the country again. She has learnt to pray very sweetly now; God has taught her, for I never teach them a form of words only that they must pray for what they really want from the heart and that God will hear. She told me her husband (a very nice man, though not yet a Christian) said to her repeatedly before I came she was to be sure and be kind to me and get me *everything* I wanted, because it was so kind of any one to come so very far (from England he meant) to teach them about the one true God.

"Ever your loving and dutiful daughter,

"BEATRICE."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

"31st July, 1901.

". . . I have put my home address on this letter as usual, but as a matter of fact I am actually on board a Japanese passenger ship on my way to Kariuzawa for our summer holiday. The Committee have issued a decree that every one of their Missionaries is to take a summer holiday of at least a month or of, as a rule, six weeks. I very gladly avail myself of it for I feel the need of it this year, not that I am ill in any way, I am perfectly well, stout and strong, but I do feel very tired and as if it would not be good for me or the work to go straight on for another year without a break, and now seems the best time to take one.

"The Japanese ship is officered entirely by Japanese and Chinese, but it is very comfortable and they are most polite in attending to all our wants and wishes. The purser is a Christian. The sea too so far has been as calm as a mill-pond no one could have been ill had they tried, so we have been very comfortable and I have been sleeping to my heart's content, for really when I came on board yesterday morning I was too tired to do anything else.

"The doctor K. and his wife were both admitted catechumens to my great joy. I have been teaching them both for some months now but more particularly her of course. She is very sweet and gentle and most attentive, never missing church on Sunday morning or evening, she reads her Bible and prays and is always most ready and attentive at her weekly lesson. I think she is genuinely anxious to become a Christian and to do everything she knows is right, but I do not somehow feel as if she had really grasped the inner meaning of it all yet or were in real soul-touch with Christ; but that is of course the work *par excellence* of the Holy Spirit. I can only teach her all the truth as best I can and then plead with Him to do His part,

“Yesterday morning she came in hot haste at 8 o'clock to see me off, and she had nearly a mile to walk to get to the station so it was very sweet of her.

“The poor people in the street where we live were very sweet; they came early in the morning at 7 A.M., dressed in their best to wish us good-bye and up to 10 o'clock at night and later the night before. I have never lived so utterly amongst them as in our present house which is just one in a street with the other houses joining us each side and not a scrap of garden or anything in front to separate us from our neighbours. I love being so close to them and I am sure it is a help to the work, but poor A. C. who is not yet in work but only studying finds the noise and heat almost unbearable. It did make her quite ill in fact, and she had to go away to the hills three weeks ago; but of course as she is only studying, the clearer and fresher place she is in the better.”

Not many months after her return to Japan Beatrice's constancy to the work she had undertaken was put to the severest proof. Mrs. Allen wrote to beg her to come back and nurse her in her declining years. She was at that time ninety-two years of age and her health was failing; why should not Beatrice return for the few months or years that remained? It could not be for long that she would want a daughter's care.

The letter in which she made the pathetic appeal has not been preserved nor Beatrice's reply. There were three unmarried daughters living at home and the work in Japan was crying out for help, the Missionaries did not know which way to turn in response to the many calls which reached them; so she wrote entreating her Mother not to doubt her love but to believe that nothing less than the pressure of what she felt to be her Lord's command was keeping her away.

After my sister's death Mrs. Allen's rejoinder was found pasted into the fly-leaf of the Bible Beatrice habitually used. It is written in her own aged trembling handwriting with frequent underscoring, and is as follows:—

"August, 1901.

"I have just looked at your *last dear* letter, and when I read in it that it is only 'the love of souls' that keeps you from your home and those *you love*—I feel as if I could and *ought* to say with a *willing* mind that I *give you up entirely* for *Christ's* sake. When I think what He *did* and how *little* I have done *for Him!* Yes, dear Beatrice, I *do* from *henceforth* willingly and *gratefully* resign you to *Him* who *died* for me! From henceforth, dearest, I give you to Him who *died* for me and for *you!* Indeed I do most cheerfully and *thankfully*, my precious Beatrice. How thankful I ought to be that you are winning souls for *Christ!* You will one day 'shine as the stars'. This is the prayer of your loving Mother.

"HARRIET ALLEN."

The promise thus solemnly given was faithfully kept; she never again expressed even a passing wish for Beatrice's presence. At the very last when her mind was wandering though she asked for many of her children, insisting that she wanted them when they were close beside her and even holding her hand, she never mentioned Beatrice's name.

TO GRACE GRIER.

"KARINZAWA,

"20th August, 1901.

". . . Darling, I must tell you that I have been attending some Bible readings by Mr. Buxton on the subject of Sanctification by Faith; and I do see very plainly by countless passages in the Bible that God does mean us to have a *clean heart*: 1 Thess. v. 23, 24; Psalms li. 10; 2 Cor. v. 17 (where the Greek means as you know *new creation*); Rom. vi. 6 (that the body of sin might be destroyed) and many many more, 2 Cor. vii. 1, etc., and also that whatsoever things we ask in prayer we are to believe that we receive them and *we shall have them*; so I have been asking God to make my heart clean and relying

on His promise believe that He has done so, because He says also that He is able to do exceeding abundantly *above* all that we can ask or think. *Of course* I do not mean by that I can never sin or anything like that, only that He is able to save to the uttermost and living in the faith of that is exceeding joy. I do not know whether I have made it plain to you it is so difficult in a letter, but as you know thanking God for His unspeakable gift makes one feel more and more how utterly worthless and nothing one is in oneself, and I tell you because I love to tell you all my heart and because I want you to join me in prayer and praise to the only Giver of all good.

“ Ever your most loving sister,

“ BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“ 100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

“ 5th September, 1901.

“ This is only a scrap written on my return journey, but you my Precious are in such evident anxiety about my health which thank God is so splendidly good, that I feel I must send just a few hurried lines to try and reassure you. I have *everything* that money can buy in the way of duvet blankets, warm clothing, everything warm to wear in the very cold weather (which only lasts about six weeks in the year) so I am well provided for next winter. As to the house, I daresay if we have to stay in it another winter (which perhaps we shall not) something can be done to make it less cold and draughty, but it would be no good to ask darling Mother to spend £50 or £60 in buying or building me a house, as I hardly know from one month to another how long I shall be in Kokura; they move us lady workers about just like nine-pins, and I do not know where I may be next. . . . Since I wrote to you last I have been having fresh joy and deeper spiritual blessing. After Mr. Buxton’s meetings about receiving a clean heart from God by faith, came a week’s series of Meetings

which followed very appropriately on the receiving the Holy Ghost by faith as a personal indwelling Friend Teacher and Sanctifier. These Meetings were held by a Quaker Charles Stalker, a young American who told us plainly that he had been a plough-boy and had never been to any kind of college, and that when he received the Holy Ghost into his heart nine years ago on the 24th February, he had not education enough to write a letter and had never written one in his life nor travelled from the place where he was born, but that the Holy Ghost bade him travel with this one message to the Christians 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost,' and as he said repeatedly *you can* receive Him *just now*, that is so *you can*. There was very little oratory about him though he could say forcible things, and he did not quote the Bible much he more appealed to the sense of need in the Christian's heart, to the feeling of powerlessness for service in the Missionary's heart, to the hunger after God which there is in every regenerate soul.

"He has been travelling incessantly for nine years all over the world not knowing beforehand where he was going or how his travelling expenses were to be paid, but he is in request everywhere and has many more 'calls' than he is able to answer.

"I learnt from him I think what 'receiving' means, the desiring and the asking had been long before, but the receiving by faith is *the* thing, and oh! such a joy!

"Now I must stop.

"Ever, my darling, your own loving sister,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

TO THE SAME.

"100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

"30th September, 1901.

". . . Now I am back at work again and have been for just over a fortnight. It is very delightful being back

among the dear people again! Some of them are very sweet in welcoming me, and oh! *how* I love telling them of the wondrous blessing God has given me in my own soul. They listen, that is the Christians do, so eagerly and so hungrily and I keep longing and praying for them to have the same blessing too. It is so lovely to think that God's grace does not depend upon any efforts or knowledge on our part but that it is just *free* to all who will hold out their hands in simple faith to receive it. One dear woman who is not yet a catechumen believed on Saturday on the Lord Jesus for the forgiveness of sins and is full of joy and thankfulness in consequence; her name is U. San. I know you will pray especially for her.

"My young partner Alice Cox has been obliged to leave me on account of her head being so bad. The doctor in Tokyo said that she must not on any account come back to live in this house because of the noise the carpenter's shop just exactly opposite makes. For two months or more she has been unable to study at all and has suffered dreadfully with headache and nerves. I do not mind being alone in the least as I am very busy and out nearly all day. . . .

"I suppose it was because one was Father's child, from my girlish days when still in my teens and alas! unconverted myself, I used often to say *cui bono*, and realised even then that the only thing really worth living for was the winning of souls for the Kingdom, though of course until I was converted myself I could not set about the work. . . ."

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS, 1902.

TO GRACE GRIER.

"100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,

"7th January, 1902.

". . . A nice young boy of seventeen has been admitted catechumen with his father's full consent a fortnight ago. He is the son of a very wealthy influential man, and they ask me to go to the house constantly and feast me with every kind of Japanese delicacy they can think of, and when I was too busy talking to have time to eat all the nice things they brought me they thought it was because I did not like Japanese food, so next time they had very thick buttered toast, buttered on both sides to make it nicer, and beef-steak and onions, all prepared ready for me at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But better than that, the father listens with deep attention to the Bible teaching and is evidently really inquiring and is inviting all the villagers and people round to come and hear the Gospel with the magic-lantern slides at his own house, and he has asked me to come and speak to them, and I am to go next Monday. I do think it is so beautiful and I earnestly pray that God may send a blessing on the Meeting and that it may be the first of many. The son too who has been admitted a catechumen though only a boy of seventeen, assembles the village children night after night and teaches them the Ten Commandments, etc., all this quite of his own accord without any prompting from me.

“When I was in the country last week a man who heard the magic-lantern address followed me into the hotel and asked very respectfully if he might come and have a talk about Christianity, he said he had heard just a little but could not understand. So I asked him upstairs and he stayed nearly two hours asking all sorts of questions and gave me a commission to buy a Testament. When he went away he said very earnestly that he had indeed understood and that from that night he would begin to pray. I hope much that I shall see him again when I go there the week after next, he promised he would come if he could. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“100 FURU SEMBA, KOKURA,
“20th January, 1902.

“. . . You must not grieve dearest about my being cold! I have been *particularly well* this winter. I have only had one cold and that not a bad one; also so far we have had only a week or two of really severe weather; now it is brilliant sunshine every day and though my room is I am sorry to say still both dark and cold, yet I am only in it half the day and when I go out it is lovely. . . . The house is as well situated for the work as it could be almost, so unless we could get one quite in the neighbourhood I feel as if I should be really sorry to leave. . . .

“Tavie sent me a very beautiful reminiscence of dear Lady G.'s last words, ‘Oh, it is all so beautiful, Jesus is holding my hand!’ and as Tavie truly says that means so much from one who was truthfulness and simplicity itself. Poor Lord G.'s desolation one can hardly bear to think of, it must be so great; who can picture it!

“I have been having very happy times in the work lately. In one week I had invitations from three different houses belonging to heathens in three quite different places, to go and spend

the evening (in two cases it was to stay the night) and they would call their friends together to hear about Christ. In two cases the hosts well-to-do men invited all the neighbourhood almost, and specially asked me to bring the magic-lantern; and one of these was a place I had never been to before and they none of them knew me even by sight, but had heard that I did go about and stay in the Japanese inns and take the lantern, etc. They were very good to me at every place. The first was one called Strōji, where I stayed with the director of the mine, and they did their best to feed me as they thought I should like, the doctor of the place sending me in a large bottle of milk with the assurance that it had been well boiled, and they had got a little bread and butter also in tins!

“We had a crowded magic-lantern Meeting, and after I had retired I could hear my host and his friends discussing Christianity till midnight but what they said I could not hear. . . .

“The other house where I was asked to take the magic-lantern is a house about two miles from here where the master is very well to do and the son, a boy of seventeen, has been coming to me for Bible readings. . . .”

Although in the above letter she assures me that my anxiety about her on account of the darkness and cold of the little Japanese house in which she was living was unnecessary, there was, alas! cause. It was destitute of English comforts and the piercing winter winds blew through the paper walls.

Before this letter reached me she was laid low with a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs; her life was only saved by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Hind who took her into their own comfortable house and nursed her there.

The next letter was written from an English-built house in a different part of the town, which was her home for the short remainder of her life in Japan.

TO MRS. ALLEN.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
"29th March, 1902.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

"It was delightful to get a letter from you again. . . . *Easter Sunday*. I have had a *very* happy Easter Sunday to-day though it has been pouring wet, for a young lad whom I met in the train last week and to whom I gave a copy of St. John's Gospel, came to-day to see me half-an-hour's journey by train bringing with him the Gospel. He had read to the end of the tenth chapter with a number of places marked with red chalk of which he wanted to receive the explanation. We talked for about two hours on the subject of Christ, the need of a change of heart, and of salvation, and at the close he knelt and prayed with me and in the most simple manner confessed his sins and asked God for pardon. I do believe that as far as he understood he gave his heart to God, and I trust he will continue His faithful soldier and servant to his life's end."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
"4th May, 1902.

". . . I had rather a formidable experience in the way of speaking before men about a fortnight ago. The editor of the principal newspaper here called and said the principal men of the town, from the military governor downwards, had formed a club which was to meet once a month and have lectures on various subjects by people who were versed in them, military matters, law, hygiene, education, religion, etc. The first Meeting was to be the next night but one, when a Buddhist priest would be asked to speak on Buddhism, and other people on other matters, and would I give a discourse on Christianity? I suggested their asking Mr. Hind. He said 'Oh, yes, they had

asked him but they wanted a discourse from me'. Mr. Hind I knew was away in the country and could not give a discourse himself and so with much trepidation I consented. There were nearly forty men present including the Governor whom they called 'Your Excellency' and treated with immense respect, the principal of the Upper School for girls and many others, and I alas! was the only woman present. But everything was perfectly proper and decorous; no wine was drunk at all and they were all most courteous. I was ushered up to a seat of honour in spite of all my protestations and introduced to the Governor. The Buddhist priest gave his lecture first, which was a short exposition of the principles of Buddhism comparing it with Christianity and saying that the principal difference was the doctrine of the Trinity. Then came a lecture on hygiene by the officer of health for the district. Then I was called upon to speak. I took for my subject the arguments for the existence of God; the obvious fact of sin in the world; and Christ as the one and only remedy. I gathered from the two preceding speakers that one was expected to be brief. The Buddhist spoke for about twenty minutes; the lecturer on hygiene had prepared an elaborate paper which would have lasted nearly an hour by the look of it I should think, but he evidently felt it much too long and stopped short in the middle; so I kept what I had to say within twenty to twenty-five minutes. They were very polite afterwards in saying that henceforth I was to be accounted a member of their club and go as often as I liked and give a lecture whenever I felt disposed. But I do not think I shall feel called to go again unless expressly invited, it was so terrifying! and though quite a decorous assembly somehow hardly the place for such awful solemn truths as one must proclaim if one spoke at all in the name of Christ.

"They put a report of the Meeting and reports of the speeches in more than one newspaper I hear, but I have not seen one to know exactly how it was reported or whether in a way likely to do good or no. . . .

“Two of the four dear little women I have been teaching for over a year at Nōgata the mining town, were baptised last week. They were very sweet and earnest. The Catechist says every one notices the change in their lives and dispositions, specially in one who used to be very bad tempered but is now just the opposite. The other two whom I have been teaching with them will I trust be baptised soon; they are very regular in their attendance at the classes, but we do not ask them to be baptised we let the request come from them. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
“19th May, 1902.

“. . . It certainly is wonderful to see the list of services that the energy and devotion of your Vicar plans and carries out. I suppose it is right and does help the devotional life of the Church at home, where there are so many many workers and therefore so much time for attending all these beautiful services, but out here with *one* man in priest's orders in a district stretching roughly speaking a hundred miles or more in every direction, little scattered groups of Christians from twenty to seventy counting the children, it does make one long to see more giving out and less taking in. It is more blessed to give than to receive even in spiritual matters, though of course one knows it is no use going empty to give others drink. . . .

“Did I tell you I have had three young Christian girls in from the country to stay here for a month to try and teach them, because I was so distressed to find how very very little these children of Christians who live in out-of-the-way places know? They were from fifteen to eighteen years old and responded very sweetly to the teaching. They learnt all their Catechism quite perfectly and I think got a fair understanding of its meaning, and also of the chief facts of our Lord's life, and the

Old Testament stories as far as Joshua. The eldest was a young bride, having been married to a Christian the year before, and will I hope be confirmed next month. She seemed very earnest and humble as well as one could judge, and the other two though much younger were very sweet and good and well behaved; not one of the three gave the smallest trouble in the house the whole month they were here, and were most diligent in learning their Catechism and the Beatitudes by heart, always learning it aloud all three at once in a way that would be maddening to any Western child. They were so utterly country that they had never seen meat, milk, fresh fish or bread in their lives before, and when one of them saw a cornflour shape for our dinner she asked if that were soap! I fed them on Japanese food as it is so much cheaper and what they were accustomed to. The whole three of them cost less than £1 for the month.

“Two of the women I have been teaching in Kokura were admitted catechumens last Sunday week. One I feel very happy about, she is a policeman’s wife named T. San, who lives out at Kitagata a place about three miles from here, and she walked in on a Sunday carrying a very heavy fat little baby; she seems very bright and happy. The other is the wife of a man who was a Roman Catholic but says he has seen their errors and wants to join our church. He is clever and well read and knows his Bible well. His wife also seems intelligent and well taught, but she almost gives me the impression of becoming a catechumen more because her Husband wishes it than from any real desire on her own part. The Husband called here the other evening and said he was not satisfied with her at all, that though she said she believed in Christ and wished to be a Christian her acts did not correspond. But I did not gather that there was anything particularly wrong about her conduct, except that he said that she was too fond of bodily ease and that he should take her off to Corea and make her wear straw sandals that would blister her feet, and go in the woods to cut

sticks and carry loads on her back, etc. She does not look like a woman who had ever done anything harder than sweep a floor in her life ; but when I begged him to be gentle to her and try to lead her by love, he said I did not understand the customs of Japanese women, that in the country girls of very good position who had graduated at the upper schools even, all worked hard in the fields on their own lands like the men ; and that that was his idea of what Husband and wife ought to be working hard and sharing things together. I feel very very sorry, for of course he will take her away from all teaching while he wanders about in this cracked way. But if she really knows God she cannot be taken away from Him.

“ Ever your very loving sister,

“ BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

TO THE SAME.

“ 52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

“ 8th June, 1902.

“ . . . I had a very happy experience in the country last week. I had been asked some time ago to go and stay with a man who is still a heathen though an inquirer. I had only seen him once and his wife not at all. But I had had my Japanese visitors and had been too busy to go. When I started I felt rather puzzled as to exactly what to do ; I knew they would wish to hear about Christianity or else they would not ask me, but what sort of people I should meet, or what opportunities I should have, I did not know. They did not ask me to bring my magic-lantern, so I did not like to take it unasked and of course it is not always convenient to give up a room for the purpose of holding such a Meeting ; so I prayed much for guidance and found that everything had been indeed ordered for me though in an unexpected way.

“I had sent word that I was coming by a friend, but they had misunderstood my message so when I arrived on a pouring wet day I had to carry my own bag from the station a mile and a half as there were no porters or jinrickshas to be had, it was such an out-of-the-way place. I found both Master and Mistress were out not expecting me ; however, the servant was very polite and sent at once to fetch her mistress who came in with many apologies saying it was the day of their monthly ladies’ meeting and she had been detained (they have some kind of meeting connected I think with a lottery but I did not quite understand it). Well, she made me very welcome and sent to ask all the ladies from the meeting to come. Six or seven did, and I had a very happy hour or two with them telling them of the Saviour. They listened with the greatest interest, one or two saying most positively they had *never* heard anything of Christ before. One the chief lady there came again in the evening bringing several children with her who she said all wanted to hear.

“The next day I asked my hostess to take me to call on the various ladies who had been present ; in that way I got introductions to eight new houses including that of my hostess Y. San, to whose house as I said I had never been before. I shall hope now to go regularly every other week and oftener if possible ; but it is doubtful there is so much else to do.

“My little hostess was most sweet and attentive doing everything she could think of to make me comfortable, spreading quilts on the floor for me to rest on between the Meetings because I was tired and there were of course no chairs to sit on, and when she noticed that I did not eat the raw fish she had provided for me as a special delicacy at once having it boiled for me. She and her little boy had dinner with me that night because the Husband did not come home until late, but the next morning I was given breakfast in state with him while she had hers in the kitchen. That is a strict rule of manners with the Japanese wife so I was not surprised at that,

but it did hurt I must confess when the dear little soul was eagerly telling her Husband all she had done and everything I had done too in his absence, and how she had had the raw fish boiled because she noticed I did not eat it, to hear him turn on her sharply and say 'Why do you do things like that? Why do you not ask people what they like? If you do not how are you to know?' It seemed such an undeserved snub when she had been doing her very best for me from the moment I came into the house; but I suppose he meant it as politeness to me to show how I ought to be taken care of, but I could not help thinking that I should not feel inclined to tell him things if he snubbed me like that! However, she took it very sweetly and did not seem to mind at all. . . .

TO THE SAME.

“. . . My Officers' Class has begun again I am glad to say; they came to me and said they had been so very busy all the spring with inspections and manœuvres they really had not had time to come, but they were more free now and would like to start again, and there were some fresh ones who wanted to join; so I was very glad of course to have them again and they have been twice now. The first time there were nine and the second fifteen. I am quite sorry to be obliged to go away for the summer [holiday] which I shall do in about ten days' time; but the other work—women's meetings and children's meetings—all slack off in the very hot weather, and the visiting is difficult not only as regards one's own feelings but the people sleep so much in the day that one can hardly find a time to visit them. However I must hope that the Officers will come on again when I come back. Eight of those who had not bought New Testaments before have bought them now, and I feel that if they only get to know how to read their Bible they have gained *something*, though of course one longs to see much more. They are all very nice and reverent over the Bible

reading so that it is a great joy teaching them, though at the same time I confess I do feel very shy over it. Fifteen Officers is rather a formidable Class to deal with, but I do earnestly pray that God will send His message home to their hearts however feebly it is spoken. . . .

"I have been telling Anna that I fear the work among the women in Kokura is not going on as God would have it, I mean that I could mention five or six who a few months ago or a year ago seemed much nearer giving their hearts to God and becoming real Christians than they do now. Of course I know that even some of our Lord's disciples went back and walked no more with Jesus, so that one ought not to be cast-down, and I am *not*, but I do feel that it is a reason for humbling oneself before God and asking Him to search one to see if one has been unconsciously even trusting too much in self, or what it is. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"ARIMA,
"1st August, 1902.

"I feel so wild with myself to look at the date at the top of this letter to think how I could have forgotten to write in time for your dear birthday and alas! for the anniversary of the 27th. It will hardly reach you in time for the 31st. Ah! well, you will know I *shall* be thinking of you then. But I would have loved to feel that my hand as it were was stretched across the seas that divide us in body though not in heart and clasping yours in deepest sympathy and love. Now the message that it is so will not reach you till weeks afterwards. Oh! my precious one, may heaven's richest blessings fill your cup to overflowing! May you have your dear children with you and his unseen love from within the veil still close about you, and best most precious far the Everlasting Arms to enfold you in their perfect keeping.

“This place is fairly cool being high up among the hills, though it is not on the *top*, for the summits are too sharp and ridge-like for houses to be built up there; so the houses and hotels are all nestled together in a little hollow about half-way down; but even that is high and cool compared with the sea-shore plains of Kokura or the rice fields that surround Osaka. It has been regularly planned as a summer resort, not only for Missionaries but also for the many foreigners who for business or other reasons live in the treaty ports. There are hotels or rather boarding-houses which are furnished in a sort of rough foreign fashion, *i.e.*, with chairs, tables, bedsteads, washstands, etc., all of the very plainest description, rough unpainted deal, etc., but still quite clean and respectable, and they feed you with four meals a day counting afternoon tea for the modest sum of 22s. a week, which includes board and lodging. How they make it pay is a mystery to me, but I suppose they do.

“I have only been here two days so have not seen much yet. From my window you look out on tall pine- and bamboo-clothed hills with sharp peaked outlines and there is a stony river or rather watercourse which winds its way through the valley. . . . Thank you dearest for your deep overflowing sympathy about that men’s Meeting that I was called on so unexpectedly to address. There will be no account of it in the *Gleaner* or anywhere else, for no one could send an account but myself and I should not like to. . . . I have not heard any definite result from the Meeting. Perhaps because I have not prayed much about it once it was over; of course I did before, I could not have gone through it without. But I have come now to see that what is wanted is prayer after any work as well as before that God may bless the seed sown and that it may bear fruit.

“Ever, my own darling,

“Your most loving sister,

“BEATRICE ALLEN.”

TO THE SAME.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"7th September, 1902.

". . . Darling, you must not allow yourself to be anxious about my writing to you when I ought to be resting. I *never* now sit up late at night writing letters, partly because I am getting older and cannot work so many hours as I did, and partly because my work being now almost entirely directly spiritual work it takes so much more out of one than the language study did, and I realise more and more the intense importance of *trying*, though I fear I by no means always succeed, to keep oneself *fresh* for the house-to-house visiting and still more for one's own Bible reading and prayer. It is almost impossible I think to really pray when one is physically worn out, and yet if one does not pray and pray with all one's heart one might as well give up altogether.

"I am *quite well* thank God but I do feel with advancing years I am not so vigorous as I used to be ; I cannot do things as quickly, I take longer about practically everything I do even to putting a drawer tidy or packing my travelling basket for my weekly itinerating. . . .

"I have had one or two very earnest inquirers among young men since I came back. It seems to me that you more often meet with young men really anxious about their soul than any other class of person in Japan. There are earnest Christians to be found in all classes thank God men and women, old and young, but I think most Missionaries would say that they knew more young men who were anxious inquirers than any other class. It is very remarkable if it is so, and very hopeful for the future Christianity of Japan. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

“ 52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
 “ 3rd October, 1902.

“. . . It was a great happiness when I was at Nagasaki going to church and seeing the members of my old Bible Class, K. San and H. San and S. San all there staunch and earnest Christians. Two of them stayed for the Holy Communion. H. San was baptised after I left Nagasaki but he is a very faithful friend. He had a dreadful time with his wife when first he was converted ; she thought it would be a bar to his advancement . . . he bore it all I believe with beautiful patience, and now they say she is becoming quite mild and favourably inclined to Christianity. If she is converted it will indeed be a triumph of grace. . . .

“ The poor lady at Nogata, Y. San, who put up such a grand Buddhist shrine in memory of her dead boy a month ago has taken it down from its place of honour in the living room I am glad to say ; but I am half afraid she still keeps it in a diminished form in a cupboard as I caught a glimpse of the coloured silk when the door was open ; but of course it *may* only have been folded up and put away there ; anyhow as the Father is a well-known Christian it is at least a blessing and an answer to prayer that this idol shrine is no longer conspicuous in his house. God grant it may soon be taken out of the poor sorrowing Mother’s heart as well.

“ Ever your very loving sister,

“ BEATRICE.”

Miss Keen, who joined Beatrice in the work in the autumn of 1902, remained with her as long as she was in Japan and writes of her after she was gone.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

“15th May, 1906.

“. . . Miss Allen had a great gift for teaching men, her bright genial manner coupled with a very dignified bearing won their respect, and she had a special gift for explaining the Scriptures and appealing to their conscience I think. . . .

“A few Officers on their return from the war during the last few months have called here to see her and they were much surprised to find she was no longer here. One exclaimed ‘I, who have been facing death on the battle-field, have come back alive, and she who was so strong and active when I left Kokura, has died!’ . . .

“She had such wonderful strength that she would crowd into one day more work than any of her fellow Missionaries could possibly do. Up to the last few months here she rose every morning at 6 o’clock. We had breakfast at 7.30, followed by Japanese prayers. Two or three days a week she had a teacher for a couple of hours in the morning and up to the very last she was a keen student. She divided her time between Kokura and Wakamatsu, a town five miles off. On the Wakamatsu days she started off usually on her bicycle taking a little lunch of bread and cheese and tea, usually returning about five or six in the evening. Then would follow either a class at home or a magic-lantern Meeting in the town and when the day’s work was fairly over she sat down to write a letter or study; often not going upstairs until late at night, and then I know she was *long* in prayer before going to rest. . . .

“What struck me most about her I think was her intense earnestness. She came to bring the Gospel to the Japanese and everything was made subordinate to her one absorbing passion for souls. . . .

“Perhaps few could realise *how* much she loved the Japanese

and prayed for them and denied herself for them. Nothing pained her more than to hear any one speak slightly of them. . . .

“Her great sympathy made her a refreshing companion. However trivial the matter she would throw her whole soul into whatever you told her and so truly did she rejoice with those that rejoiced, and weep with those that wept, that I have felt sometimes it was worth having a trouble just to fully realise her exquisite sympathy. . . .

“ELSE M. KEEN.”

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS, 1903.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
“15th *January*, 1903.

“. . . Did I tell you about the men of my English conversation and Japanese Bible Class sending me at Christmas about 5s. 6d. of our money with this inscription, ‘Present to the kindest God our humble offering’? It was written in English those exact words. It is very common at Christmas or New Year to get a present from those one has taught English to or been kind to in any way, and I have had many pretty things given me in that fashion but this was something quite fresh and touched me deeply. It showed that they had at least learnt to believe there is a God and that we owe Him gratitude; only one out of the whole Class is a Christian and he was not the leader in the affair I am sure. One of them is a doctor F. M. by name, he is most regular most courteous and attentive, but he is an adopted son of a rather strict Buddhist Father-in-law and would probably get turned out of his house and cast adrift if he embraced Christianity while his Father-in-law lived, and not only that but he would be branded by all his friends as ungrateful and unfilial, which would be very hard to bear.

“I was also somewhat touched by an expression used by a young military cadet who last Monday came alone to the English conversation and Bible reading Class I hold for Officers.

He is very keen on the English but does not care about the Bible, and so as he came alone I was rather pondering in my mind what it would be best to do, for though it is the agreement that if I teach them English they should study the Bible I did not much like the idea of forcing it upon him all by himself if he did not want it ; it seems different somehow when he is just one with three or four others some of whom like it and some do not, so to my relief he asked would I teach him to sing an English hymn ? I thought this a capital way out of the difficulty and gladly consented, and after a little thought chose the hymn ‘Peace, perfect Peace’. He sang it with great pleasure and then I translated and explained it to him. He was very ignorant and asked who Jesus was, was He the same as Christ ? But he seemed to take it in a little and asked me to write out the words that he might sing it in the barracks. Poor boy, his attempt at singing was of the very feeblest description, but at any rate it would do him good to croon over those beautiful words, so I gladly wrote them out for him and then we sang them again, when he said very quaintly in *English*, ‘I am become to a clean bosom through this singing,’ which is a literal translation of what the Japanese would say meaning that their thoughts were purified. I thought it must indeed be a contrast to the impure songs *I am told* the Japanese often sing.

“Afterwards I showed him those beautiful Hoffman’s pictures just the principal events in our Lord’s life, the Birth, one or two miracles, the Cross, the Resurrection and the Ascension. He listened very respectfully and seemed to take it in ; I trust he will not look on the Bible as such a dry incomprehensible book in future.

“The next time he came alone I was talking to him about Christ’s power to change our hearts and give us victory over sin which generally seems to appeal to the Japanese more than the thought of a future world of happiness or misery. I mean the Buddhists tell them all sorts of grotesque tales about

a hell and an earthly kind of paradise which they do not believe, and so they are apt to think the Christian's heaven is much the same under another form, but many of them have a real desire for righteousness and appreciate the moral teaching of the Bible keenly, however much their practice falls short. I think for a heathen nation the moral sense is surprisingly clear; they always appreciate the pure high teaching of the Sermon on the Mount for instance immensely.

"So this boy (for he did not look twenty) quite agreed with me when I pointed out to him that though we might make good resolutions and wish to do right *we could not* keep them in our own strength. He said 'Yes, that is true; I have made it a rule never to eat between meals and to study English and sciences (that was his funny English word), but do what I will I cannot keep it'. I was very much struck with this honest effort of self-control and self-improvement on the part of a boy just entering on all the temptations of army life and with no Christian friend to guide him. I do hope he will come out brave and true, a real Christian.

"Ever, my darling, your own most loving sister,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

TO THE SAME.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"31st January, 1903.

". . . I was amused the other day by hearing myself discussed by some Japanese in a little ferry-boat; they began by asking if I knew Japanese. 'Oh, yes,' said a rather well-dressed man 'she speaks exactly like a Japanese, there is no difference at all.' This is a very common compliment and does not mean much. They then proceeded to discuss my age and guessed it pretty correctly, saying they thought I was about fifty. 'But' said a woman 'her hands do not look old at all they are quite smooth.' Then they asked me where

I was going, so I told them to a Meeting of Christians, at which the well-dressed man said 'Oh, yes, she is like one of the very high-class Buddhist priests and goes about preaching sermons'. At which I nearly laughed in their faces, but I thought it best to leave the matter with them and let them explain it their own way.

"I have had rather a slack week this week because of the Chinese New Year which the poorer classes in Japan all keep as a holiday, so that you cannot visit among them. The people in Wakamatsu are mostly sufficiently middle class to be excited over the Chinese New Year and so my guide and friend M. San, advised me not to go till next week, as she said if one went for only a Bible talk when they were busy with friends calling it was apt to make them think Christianity a bore. However, I have plenty to do at home teaching the Bible woman in the morning and visiting the Officers' wives who do not keep the Chinese New Year, in the afternoon. I have a small Class of Officers now very few come; they say they are busy. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"17th March, 1903.

". . . We have just had our spring Conference in Nagasaki, always an interesting time when we meet each other from all parts of the island and have devotional Meetings and social gatherings for about a week. This time we had an ordination of two Priests, one, M. P., who came out as a layman six years ago, and one a Japanese. The service was in Japanese, a Japanese Pastor preached and Japanese and English alike joined in the laying on of hands so one can thank God that the Visible Church is growing. This is the third Japanese Priest ordained since I came out.

"Then, too, we had our first Meeting of the women's Conference, which the Home Committee have instituted for the help

of the women's work. Hitherto everything has been decided entirely by the men and we were told nothing until after it was all over. I think of course a divided Conference—men and women sitting separately to discuss the same business—is a clumsy contrivance, but it is at any rate a comfort to know [what is going on]. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

“17th April, 1903.

“. . . We have just had an idol festival here, when for three days they carry round canopies about the streets, hang lanterns out of the window and batter drums all day long and many people alas! get very drunk. They do not do much here at the idol festivals indeed practically the Mission work in a great measure stops. The people even the catechumens and inquirers who do not specially join in the festival are busy entertaining friends who come visiting because it is a holiday and the streets are so noisy you can hardly have public preachings.

“In Nagasaki we always used to make special efforts at that time. We had preachings in our garden all day long and thousands came in the course of the three days to hear.

“I think the Japanese have a very *unaggressive* spirit in their evangelistic efforts and that we Missionaries get to a great extent affected by it. One Catechist (certainly he is a poor spokesman) gravely told me that he never spoke to any one about Christianity unless they first asked him to do so. And I have again and again been remonstrated with by various Japanese for being too aggressive. I mean for speaking to them about taking down their idol shelves, or urging them to accept Christ as their Saviour, before I suppose they are ready for it. Yet one reads that Timothy was killed in a mob riot at Ephesus produced by his protest against the licence of the Artemisian Festival. If that happened to a Missionary nowadays he would

be much blamed for foolhardiness, indiscretion, and running counter to the prejudices of the people."

TO THE SAME.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"30th June, 1903.

". . . To relieve your mind about my eyes, they are almost quite well. The left eye only is a little weak and blood-shot that is all; I put the borax in raw as you suggested every night and find it does great good. I tried it before only on the eyelids and that was no use at all. I am *very well*, thank God, and very strong and very happy so do not dearest be anxious about me at all. . . .

"We have had a wonderful cool summer too, and here on the last day of June do not 'feel the heat,' as they say, at all.

"I have had great joy and blessing in the work too of late, thank God. The young policeman S. San I told you about some weeks ago who was so simply converted in one night has gone on quite steadily ever since and yesterday was admitted as a catechumen. He is very sweet and earnest and simple almost like a child in many ways, always thinking of what he can do to give pleasure to others. He comes to see me constantly and brings me pictures and books to show me and tells me all, how he spends his time and how he amuses himself when off duty, in the most confiding way.

"Then too at Wakamatsu the work is being wonderfully blessed. Two women it had been my joy to teach were baptised the beginning of this month, and three more will I hope be baptised next Sunday. They are very sweet and earnest and remember most beautifully though two of them can scarcely read at all, and I have to teach them entirely by pictures and word of mouth. One of them A. San has four dear little children three boys and a girl, and as the Husband was baptised at Easter the four children can now be baptised too. The two youngest are babies, but the two elder are about eight

and ten years of age so I had a little talk with them to-day to see if they understood at all what being baptised meant and if they wished it. They had been coming regularly to Sunday school for many months and were very intelligent, so I knew they knew a good deal. They were most pretty in their behaviour sitting with their hands on their little knees in what the Japanese consider the most respectful attitude with their little heads hung down, and when I talked to them about it and told them that if they wished it they could be baptised on Sunday, but they were not obliged to be if they did not want to, they said so prettily 'I wish it humbly'. Then I asked them if they had any questions to ask and the elder one asked most thoughtful questions: what it meant by a clean heart, what heaven was, what it meant to be a child of God and an heir of the Kingdom of Heaven. I explained it all as well as I could and he listened most earnestly and then said he had no more questions he was quite satisfied. He is a very good child most kind to his little brother and gets a good-conduct badge at school. You can I know imagine the joy it is to be able to help to lead such precious lambs into the Fold of the Good Shepherd.

"Your ever loving

"BEATRICE."

TO THE SAME.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"20th July, 1903.

"MY OWN DARLING DORA,

"I hope this letter will reach you during your still week—a very holy week I am sure it is to you as you visit that honoured grave and live over again in memory all the solemn sweet times, out of which the keen anguish has I trust now faded, and the deep blessedness, the glorious victory, the close, close presence of Him who is at once the Resurrection and

the Life itself, felt more and more as the years that in a sense divided you get fewer and the glorious meeting time of eternity grows nearer and nearer. The pain of parting and the joy of reunion are certainly meant to draw our thoughts right onward to that time when 'the former things are passed away and there shall be no more sea'. . . .

"I have been to a very touching funeral this morning, that of a poor one-eyed masseur named K. San. He turned up two years ago when we were giving magic-lantern invitations and said he was a baptised Christian which was true, but he did not evince much earnestness or appreciation of his blessings. His wife was still quite a heathen with apparently no desire to be taught. However, our connection with him brought us in touch with two or three of his confrères and one of them seemed at one time a hopeful inquirer. This poor K. San went away to Nagasaki and we lost sight of him till a fortnight ago when I got a post-card, written not by himself, to say he had come back and was very ill. I went to see him at once and found him indeed in great misery in the last stage of consumption, so of course I helped him with milk and eggs and other little things to try and ease his last days. The Japanese have such a horror of consumption they think it so infectious that the poor fellow actually had to take a fresh lodging twice in the last fortnight of his stay on earth, being simply hunted out of the poor rooms he got into twice over. He seemed very penitent, so one may hope that he has gone now where the 'many mansions' are and where 'he shall go no more out'. They sent for me in the middle of the night yesterday and to-day he died. I had been with him only a few hours before and I went and found four or five of the poor neighbours, mostly one-eyed masseurs like himself, and they said they wanted him to have a Christian funeral and that he had wished it, which from what he had said to me was I know true, though perhaps the hope that we should undertake the expense of the funeral influenced the survivors who are none of them Christians. There is no such thing here as poor

rates but I suppose if a dead body was found with no survivors belonging to it the police-office would see to the burial as a necessity. However of course I told them that we would guarantee the expense (the whole thing will cost about £1, I believe, and Mr. Hind will pay half so it is not ruinous), and to-day we had the ceremony in pouring rain. Our little company of Christians is so small that we do not possess a pall (I must present one; it is the first funeral that we have had since I have been here); the plain deal box with one wreath of flowers looked very mournful when it was brought to the preaching place with literally only the poor little widow accompanying it, though later I am glad to say three of his friends turned up. I went to the preaching place to meet the funeral, though had I known the poor little widow would have no one with her I would certainly have gone to the house, but I made sure the friends who were with her in the night would have been there but I suppose they were afraid most of them to come to a Christian place. Our Catechist Bible woman had been with her all the day before making the arrangements and helping her in every way (as it was Sunday I was away at Wakamatsu), and I am sure our Bible woman would have come again this morning only it poured so with rain and she is dreadfully delicate and dare not go out in bad weather. We had however a large wooden cross for a headstone, 'on which were written the beautiful words 'I am the Resurrection and the Life, whosoever believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live,' and laid all that was left of him to rest in a graveyard not far from the town, where we can go sometimes and take flowers to show he is not forgotten.

"I hope the poor little widow will learn to trust in the God of the fatherless and widow ere long; she seems much touched and anxious to try. You will pray for her I know.

" Ever your very loving sister,

" BEATRICE."

TO THE SAME.

" HIEZAN, KYOTE,
 " 27th August, 1903.

". . . Our time here is drawing to a close now. I hope to go back to Kokura on the 3rd September, having been away just five weeks and two days. We have had glorious weather and a very happy time and yet I shall be very glad to be back again. But God has been specially gracious to me in sending me a young school-teacher to read the Bible and sing hymns with, and thank God he has decided to become a Christian and has gone away with a letter of introduction from Mr. R. to Bishop Williams the Missionary in charge of this district, with the earnest intention of seeking instruction for baptism as soon as he can. He was very grateful for being allowed to come every day to read the Bible and sing hymns and opened out to me about all his home surroundings. The other teachers in the school are none of them Christians; more than that they are not good-living men. He is engaged to a girl who is not a Christian. She is quite a child only fifteen and is being educated by her parents to please him so that she may be a good wife. So I begged him to get her parents to send her to our Mission School at Osaka and then I said she was almost sure to want to become a Christian. He seemed pleased at the idea and said he thought that would be a very good thing. He had been shown over the Osaka school once by a friend of his and had been much struck by the polite modest manner of the girls. He asked in the most innocent way what other things besides marriage would be affected by his becoming a Christian. For instance funerals; how ought they to be conducted? Then he asked if there were anything he ought to do every day besides prayer and reading the Bible. 'Of course' he said 'I shall do my utmost not to miss attending a Meeting on Sunday.' This was the more nice of him as there is no preaching place or Catechist in his town, but only two or three as I gather not too

earnest Christians belonging to the Congregationalists; but still of course it is very nice for him to meet with them.

“He is very musical for a Japanese, and has taught himself to play the harmonium, the violin and a German concertina it seems to be his great pleasure. His great desire to be a Christian is that life may be upright and pure, but all his people are against him so he will have a hard time of it. Do pray for him, his name is K. S. . . .”

TO THE SAME.

“. . . Thank you very very much for your constant bulletins about dearest Mother. Every scrap you tell me about her is precious, what she says what she does or does not do—I never seem able to hear enough—how she looks, everything is of the deepest interest! . . .

“We have had a very very blessed time in the visit of two Japanese evangelists named N. San and M. San who are making a Mission tour in Kiūshiū. One of them is a Methodist; he says his Father died when he was three years old, and his Mother was converted when he was seven, and from that time she always taught him you must be a Christian Minister when you grow up, and that he never had any other thought in his mind, though Ministers are of course *very* much looked down upon by the heathen Japanese; they think it the most stupid and despicable employment to preach the foreigner’s religion as they consider it. However, not only this N. San but also his brother who is eleven years older than himself and was originally an Officer in the army, has now become a preacher, and their Mother says it is the honour and glory of her family that both her sons are preachers. He is far away the best Japanese preacher I have ever heard and his friend M. San is nearly as good. They are called the Moody and Sankey of Japan because M. San is musical and can compose hymns and play several instruments, but his voice is not much in singing. They preach the most earnest simple heart-stirring Gospel—of sin,

judgment, and free salvation—and the people listen spell-bound. Night after night souls were converted and came forward before every one to pray and seek salvation. We had eight catechumens admitted the Sunday after their visit every one of whom had decided for God at their Meetings. They held also a Meeting for women workers at a place a little distance from here, where we all went and stayed in a Japanese inn for three nights all together, and they gave us most earnest addresses on the cleansing of the heart and the filling with the Holy Ghost. The Meetings were the greatest blessing to my own soul and I believe to every one who attended them. I cannot be thankful enough that they were sent to us.

“Ever, with fondest love to you and yours,

“Your very, very loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

“14th December, 1903.

“. . . We are still feeling the effects of our three days' Mission here. Only last week two more men decided for Christ who were converted at the Mission though they had been under influence for some time. I mean they took the decisive step of taking down the idol shelf and asking for baptism. They both have wives and children and the wives are listening, so I hope the day is not far off when they too will be saved. But the Mother of one of them was a strong Buddhist. She died only last spring and before her death she besought her daughter not to become a Christian; and it is difficult for a right-minded Japanese to go against a dead parent's wishes. Her name is M. San; please pray for her.

“Another man T. San was converted at the Mission and his wife is a very strong Buddhist, but she says quaintly ‘Well, I am glad to see him become a Christian *even*, it was too shock-

ing to see a man of his years going on without any concern for his soul, I am glad he should be saved somehow!' She said too 'I give you full leave to try as much as you like with my son and daughter-in-law; religion is good for young people and they will not listen to me or go to the temple so I shall be glad if they will go to you, but please keep your hands off me!' The Husband an elderly man is radiantly happy. The other day he was early at church and before the rest of the people came was asking me what Confirmation meant, which he saw in the Prayer-book. I explained to him about the gift of the Holy Ghost for those who grew up into Christian manhood after the new birth in baptism by faith. 'Ah!' he said with a happy smile 'I was sixty-one yesterday, but I am only just born again!' . . ."

CHAPTER XV.

LETTERS, 1904.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ 52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
“ 8th January, 1904.

“ MY OWN DEAREST DORA,

“ Thank you very, very much for your dear, dear letter ! I was deeply touched by your account of dearest Mother crying over Johnnie and Bessie’s departure, it made my heart just *ache* with longing to be at her side and hold her in my arms ! Not that I mean for a moment that I think she is left alone, or that I could do anything more for her than is done daily and hourly by Anna and May and you and all, it is only that every account of her increasing weakness of course increases the longing I always have to see her once again, and I know I shall see her too *if* it be His will and if not—well, it is the sacrifice *He* asks, and we shall I know spend eternity together. But do always tell me every detail you can about her whether cheering or not. I want to hear and know *everything*, nothing is too minute or trifling if it is about her ; now that one can no longer get letters from her letters *about* her are the chief delight and the one thing that prevents one from feeling utterly cut off.

“ I am sending you by this post the latest photograph of myself, by which you will see how very white my hair has grown but that I am very stout and well. The boy is a young dispenser’s apprentice called B. San, who has been coming to our

Catechist Y. San for some time and occasionally to me for Bible reading and teaching, and about a month ago he came to me with a very earnest look on his face and when I asked him in and we sat down to talk he asked me what he must do in order to be baptised. I told him that the change of heart was the essential thing, and showed him passages in the Bible about it especially 1 S. John i. 9, and we talked about sin and the Saviour's full Atonement. Then I asked him if he would not like to kneel down with me and ask God for this precious gift of salvation; he did and spoke very simply about one sin that was specially on his mind and then asked for, and has I trust received, forgiveness. He went away very happy and the next day brought a friend of his to receive the same blessing, and then he asked me very shyly if I would not be photographed with him 'in remembrance'. You may be sure I gladly consented and we went together. He ordered the photographs and paid for them, and presented me with one copy, and I let him do so as it was his wish but I have since sent Mother a copy and now send you one as I know you take such an interest in all my children in the faith and so will like to have one.

"I had a very touching visit last week to the old Grandmother who was baptised the Sunday before Christmas Day. She caught cold as it was a very cold day, and thought herself that she was going to die; however she was quite happy and only full of joy that she *had been* baptised. Last week however she was better (she is well again now) and when I went to see her she was looking at a Gospel picture book I had given the daughter-in-law on her baptism, and she turned to a picture of the crucifixion and her dear old eyes filled with tears and with withered hands she stroked the Saviour's figure over and over again as if she would like to ease His pain saying all the while, 'Oh to think, to think what He suffered and all for me!' It made my heart full as I knelt beside her and gave thanks that God had called her thus at the eleventh hour and trans-

lated her out of darkness into the Kingdom of the Son of His love.

"Most of the visits this week are not very interesting as the custom is to go round to every one you know and just leave cards. I have been doing this for three days and shall hope to finish this afternoon and then the regular work of teaching will please God begin again. . . .

"I send all my letters by Siberia now and shall do until they declare war which alas! seems terribly imminent. Tell me if they get safe."

TO THE SAME.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
"22nd March, 1904.

". . . Thank you very, very much for your dear, loving, constant letters telling me all the cheering news you can about dear, dearest Mother. I suppose it is on account of the war but of late the mails have been very infrequent and irregular, and so just now when I am hungering for letters most I have to wait ten or twelve days without any news at all. Your last dear letter to me was written 31st January and here is 22nd March. I have had one letter from dear Lusia since dated the 3rd February, and both you and she give a somewhat better account, but forty-eight days is a very long time ago and one wonders and trembles and longs to know all that has taken place in that time. The mails home too have become very scarce and I can no longer write every week, at least I do *write* every week but I cannot send the letters.

"I see by the newspaper that the mail for Japan leaves London on Friday, so that if you posted on Thursday or even early Friday morning from Cambridge I get the latest possible news. You can understand how I look at the date and calculate 'Ah! up to *that* date it was so and so,' and then for six weeks or more there is the curtain of distance which I cannot

pierce with sight or knowledge, but that I do daily almost hourly by prayer.

“Four only out of the six women I had been preparing for Confirmation were confirmed on Tuesday. One S. San is a very engaging little soul easily influenced one way or another but without much real depth. She was baptised about three years ago, but has been very casual about coming to church ever since though always pleasant and ready to read the Bible or to have a talk when one went to see her; and last autumn she seemed very much impressed by the preaching of the two Evangelists, and came to church regularly and was eager to be prepared for Confirmation. But her husband got into money difficulties and her mind was disturbed and she left off coming to church and became slack again. I was very doubtful as to whether I ought to present her for Confirmation or not, and then her husband got ill and she herself declined, which I think was a distinct guidance in answer to prayer.

“The other candidate who dropped out was a very dear little woman most attentive at church, most eager to learn though very ignorant and very earnest in prayer. But alas! poor soul, she suffers from a very violent temper and her Husband has none of the best. They had fearful quarrels even after she was baptised, but she did improve and once when he behaved very, very ill she spoke to him so gently about it that he was touched and from that time I believe he has not sinned in that way again. Indeed he too has been baptised but he still drinks somewhat though not they say to excess; but she poor soul is suspicious and accuses him sometimes when he is not to blame and this leads to fresh quarrels, one so serious the week before the Confirmation that the Bible woman, M. San, had to be called in as a mediator, and the poor little woman ran away to a neighbour's and stayed out all night. She says *he* pelted her and the baby with oyster shells and that she went away because she thought it better to leave him until he calmed down, but the opinion of the neighbours even of

her friend was that she was a good deal to blame for her aggravating tongue so very reluctantly I told her I thought she had better wait till next time. She was very humble and good about it, and has come most regularly to the Meetings since so I trust the disappointment will be a blessing to her."

TO MRS. DAY.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
"25th April, 1904.

"MY DEAREST LUSIA,

"Thank you very much indeed for your long kind and deeply interesting letter. You have indeed a knack of telling one just the very things one wants to know. Every *detail* about dearest Mother is most precious I seem so hungry for them as if I never could have enough. I love to hear any word she has said however trivial, when she is able to take notice and when not, what she complains of whether pain, restlessness weariness or what, in short everything. . . .

"We do not come in contact with the effects of the war here; the trains are more or less upset by the sending off of troops which is somewhat inconvenient; and from time to time batches of troops called up from the reserve are quartered in the town, and then Mr. Hind and Mr. M . . . , the Baptist Missionary, go round distributing copies of the Gospels among them—free grants are made for that purpose from the Bible Society.

"The naval victories are marvellous. . . . One grieves for the poor soldiers and their families as they have no choice in the matter; however, one comforts oneself by thinking that the more decisive the victories are on one side the sooner one may hope for the war to end.

"The Japanese are very polite; they indulge in *no* outward boasting whatever pride they may inwardly feel, and always say 'Yes, thanks to the kind help your country gives us' whenever we congratulate them. Their official reports too of

the victories are very quiet and soberly worded, and they always say that the success is due to the exalted merit of the Emperor; and in the last when Makaroff was drowned and a man-of-war sunk and three or four torpedo boats destroyed without the loss of one man on the Japanese side, the Admiral adds that though it is only fair to say that the Japanese displayed great bravery and loyalty to duty yet he can only attribute this signal success to the favour of Heaven.

“The women belonging to the four churches represented in Kokura, Japanese Episcopal (that is ourselves), Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist, are all uniting in getting up a concert in aid of the families of those who have gone to the war. I don't know what sort of a programme it will be (both foreigners and Japanese are to take part), the foreign talent you may judge of by the fact that *I* am to sing in part songs, ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ and ‘Auld Lang Syne,’ with Mr. and Mrs. Hind and Else Keen and one or two others; it is the first time in my life I have stepped on a *concert* platform, but in these queer corners of the globe there is no knowing what one may come to! The tickets range from 6d. to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. in price, and the performance is supposed to begin at 4 P.M. and last till about 11; the beginning at 4 is certainly problematical, Japanese time is from one to two hours late as the case may be.

“Much love to Geraldine and many kisses to the little grandson.

“Ever your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

“7th May, 1904.

“A young Officer came for English and Bible reading last week his name is O. San. He is the one who said last year ‘I am become to a clean bosom through singing this

hymn' (Peace, Perfect Peace). He said he expected soon to get orders to go to the front and seemed much delighted at the prospect. I said to him 'When you go will you take your Bible?' and he answered in English with much earnestness, 'Yes, I *will* take my Bible, and when I am 'died' (I suppose he meant killed), I will *die with* my Bible'. Do pray for him. He told me he prayed to God but that he could not come to church on account of his military duties.

"Much love to Lynda and Selwyn and to Caroline Stephen.

"Ever your very, very loving sister,

"BEATRICE."

TO MISS ALLEN.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"3rd May, 1904.

"MY DEAREST MAY,

"Thank you very much for your dear kind full letter dated 23rd March. All the details that you give me deeply pathetic as they are though they wring my heart as showing the ever-increasing weakness with no rallying now, alas! yet they are just the very things my soul craves for. My whole heart is with you in that quiet holy chamber, and I just hunger to know *everything* down to the minutest particular. That physical incapacity of which you write is I deeply fear a very marked step in the ebbing strength; it makes one dread almost more than one longs for the next mail to come even. I do trust, however, that she will be spared to see dear Johnny at Easter. I know that would give joy to her dear tender loving heart. . . .

"The concert on behalf of the families of the recruits held last week went off very well. It really did great credit to the energy and the capacity of the dozen or so of little Japanese Christian women who got it up. I confess when I heard what they proposed I did not think it would be anything like the success it was. The tickets were however so absurdly cheap and the

entertainment so good that, putting aside its being an object which every one delighted to help, the people who went had their money's worth in full, and the theatre which is calculated to seat two thousand was made to hold two thousand three hundred or more, then lots were turned away. A Japanese theatre in a country place like Kokura is a very primitive affair. There are no seats properly so called, but where the stalls or boxes would be in a London theatre it is partitioned off into squares of about six feet each which are covered with the usual thick matting on which the people squat on their heels as they do at home, and they like as a rule to take boxes of provisions and spend the whole day. In the case of our concert they were allowed the privilege of being entertained from 4 P.M. to 11 P.M. for the sum of 1½d., the lowest price of admission. The curtain in front of the stage, or 'drop scene' as it is called at home, was made of old flour bags sewn together without any attempt at disguise. The centre of the stage is a large circle like a huge round table which can be made to turn round on a pivot underneath and so remove the actors from the public gaze to behind the scenes. But that machinery was not called into requisition the other night. The prettiest thing much to my taste was the artistic solo dancing of two or three little girls in succession not together; their exceedingly graceful movements of head and hands quite as much as feet in time to the music, which I am bound to say was rather weird and discordant to Western ears, was charming; they were too most beautifully dressed. These children were the little daughters of a wealthy tradesman in the town; but I am told that their dancing thus in public could only be permitted while they are quite small apparently under ten years old. As soon as they grew at all big it would be considered immodest only fit for girls of doubtful character. The part songs by us foreigners were much appreciated, indeed they came later on in the evening to know if we could not possibly give them another. We fortunately had a little collection of well-known airs at hand, and by hurriedly

making a few pencil copies of the words, we were able to give them 'The Blue Bells of Scotland'. They took about £21 but the expenses amounted to £7, so £14 was handed over with great joy to the Mayor for his fund.

"Ever your very loving sister,

"BEATRICE JULLIAN ALLEN."

Our Mother died on Easter Monday, the 4th April, 1904. When the news reached Beatrice on the 14th May she sank under the blow and for a few days could not leave her bed. Those who were about her have said since that she never wholly recovered, for though she very quickly resumed active work, she failed visibly from that time. Months afterwards she said to a friend in Japan that she had intensely longed to see her Mother once more, adding "I miss her—I cannot tell you how much! In the midst of my work she is there all the time, there is hardly an hour that I do not think of her."

The first letter she wrote to me after is dated 23rd May, 1904, and is in answer to my account of the funeral.

"MY OWN DARLING DORA,

"Your dear beautiful loving letter telling me about your last visit to Lichfield, though it filled my eyes with tears filled me also with thankfulness. Ah! how good, how gracious God has been to us all. The sweet beautiful comforting things you write about are balm to my heart. Yes, Easter lessons, Easter anthems, the Easter message should indeed make us give thanks and praise God for His exceeding goodness in taking our beloved Mother so gently so tenderly home to Himself.

"How very dear of Mr. Pelham to come all that distance just to show his sympathy! and dear Canon Lonsdale too, fresh from his own grief, offering to read that beautiful lesson!

I think I would rather have had him to read it than any one almost. . . .

"I cannot yet take in that it all took place so long ago—it seems as if that beautiful funeral must have been last week somehow; or that it would be when I get home! It seems impossible that it can be all really over and that I was not there and knew nothing about it till six weeks after! Not that I mean I wish they had telegraphed; I think I could hardly have borne the six weeks that would have followed before all the beautiful letters came telling me of God's love and goodness through all the sorrow; only it seems like a dream, though it is never out of my thoughts except when I am teaching the people; and the time since the tidings came seems months instead of days—I have not quite taken it all in yet. . . .

"I shall want to hear about you *all* if possible more than ever now, so do tell me where each one of them is and how they are getting on when you write. My love to Lynda.

"Your very, very loving sister,

"BEATRICE."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"6th June, 1904.

"Thank you very, very much for your loving constant letters. I seem to value them and every link with each one of you, my darling sisters, if possible more than ever now that the strong mother-tie which bound us all together has been taken away out of sight. We have not her as a centre to circle round now, so I feel as if we must clasp hands all the tighter and cling the closer if we want to preserve our sweet bond of sisterhood. . . .

"I have made a little Paradise portrait gallery in my special sanctum—dearest Father, Mother, Richard, Robert, Edith, and I should like much to have Dodo and Nona and Annette among them but I have not got very nice photographs of them;

and then below I have hung the family group taken in 1899 when Tavie and Charlie were at home, and I feel we nine now are like the group in Pilgrim's Progress (all of us between fifty and seventy years of age) come near to the Jordan stream and waiting our turn to be called to pass over. Oh! blessed day. I hope it is not selfish to wish if it be God's will that I might be the first to receive that blessed summons! for you other darlings have each some one more closely dependent upon you than perhaps May or I have, not that I mean there is any lack of love among you my precious ones at home for either of us, you love us and care for us oh! much more than we deserve, but the mere fact of God having called us to service in such far-off lands necessarily makes our presence or absence in the body less acutely felt than those at home.

"The Japanese are behaving very splendidly in this war are they not? Their heroism is magnificent. When they are called up to join the reserve they every one make up their minds to die in battle and arrange everything with the expectation of never coming back. I heard only the other day of a young fellow who was his widowed Mother's only support being called up, and he wrote to his Mother's Brother saying that of course he should never come back, so he begged he would look after his Mother. And the Mother too which is braver still, refused to be condoled with, saying, no, it was for her country she had only one son and she was proud to give him.

"There is a military hospital near here with 1,300 patients in it, only 400 of whom are wounded the rest of them are ill from various causes. The head of the hospital is a Christian a Presbyterian, I think, and he invites Christians of any church to go there and sing hymns and preach in the wards or do anything they can to convert the men. He is specially anxious that the Christians should go to the wards where the sick are, for he says every one goes to the wards where the wounded are and congratulates them on being heroes, etc., but he thinks

Christians ought to show pity and consideration for the depressed and suffering. . . ."

TO MRS. DAY.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"11th June, 1904.

"MY OWN DEAREST LUSIA,

"Your delightful long deeply interesting letter with its loving sympathy has just come in. Thank you so very much for it. My letters in ignorance of the great change that has come to us all, in dearest Mother's Home-call must I fear seem strangely out of place, and they will *go on* coming for *weeks* alas! till the middle of this month, I fear, for I did not receive the news until 14th May. I do give thanks daily that all her weakness and weariness, all her limitations from failing sight and want of memory, are gone for ever now and that she is gloriously free and happy and at peace for ever. But the thought that I shall see her sweet face and most loving smile no more is still a yearning pain; but it is a sacred pain and a yearning that is meant to draw our hearts from earth to heaven.

". . . The Japanese victories are splendid, are they not! I felt sure they *would* win before the war began even, because they are so intensely patriotic, but I did not know what heroes they could be. They say they all go to the war with the firm expectation and resolution of never coming back alive. . . . There is a large military hospital about two miles from here with 1,300 patients they say and the Governor (a Japanese, of course) is happily a Christian so he encourages us to go and hold Services in the wards whenever we like. Mr. Hind goes twice a week, and I have arranged to go Wednesdays, and other Evangelists other days. Last week when I went for the first time, the Governor was most polite called for an official and told him to get a ward ready for me, that is have benches and a chair brought in and patients who were able to walk were allowed to

come in from other wards. The official came with me and introduced me most politely, stood by and held the hymn sheet for me all the time then said a few words in favour of Christianity at the close of my address and finally distributed the tracts which I had brought and which the men took eagerly. The Governor has also asked Mr. Hind to go over once a week to teach the nurses, so it is a most wonderful 'open door'."

TO GRACE GRIER.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"15th June, 1904.

". . . There is a large Middle School as it is called, *i.e.*, a school for boys in their teens between the junior schools and the University about forty minutes by rail from here. One or two of the masters are Christians though not members of our church, and the headmaster is I think truly desirous of studying the Bible. He is very fond of English and understands it very well when written and can write a good letter, but he does not understand much what you say to him because he is not used to a foreign pronunciation, but he has bought an English Bible with a good print. He comes to Mr. Hind and to me once a month from Orio, the place where his school is, and also to me for English and he asked me to go there last week and have dinner with him. It was quite a Japanese feast—five different sorts of fish and beef cutlets and chicken cutlets and vegetables, etc., with of course rice, but what was far better than the feast, though that was very kindly meant to do me honour, was that he asked the wives of the masters to meet me and invited me to talk Christianity to them after dinner, only he himself stayed in the room all the time which though very courteous was somewhat embarrassing both to me and to them. I could have got on much better with the women alone. He said very touchingly when I had been talking to him about prayer, 'I want a

prayer which will help me to overcome temptation,' and then he mentioned particularly drinking and smoking. . . . This headmaster K. San by name asked me to go once a month to hold this ladies' Meeting so I shall hope to do so. He was very kind and invited his servant in to hear and also made special arrangements to have his little girl home early from school."

TO THE SAME.

". . . It is wonderful to think I am writing this on dearest Mother's birthday for ninety-five in this world, her *first* in Paradise! How blessed, how very blessed for her! No need to wish her many happy returns of the day—that is assured to her for ever and ever. No! much as one must miss her one would not dare to call her back even if one could. . . .

"Since the great disaster of the Russian battleships sinking the Japanese transports and shooting at them so mercilessly, a strong feeling of indignation against the Russians has taken possession of the minds of some of the lower class Japanese. They have broken the windows and wrecked the shop belonging to a Japanese in Nagasaki because he had many Russian customers, and they call the Japanese Christians even to the children Russian spies, which is of course very hard to bear. I have that bad reputation they say with some who only know me by sight, and I am reported to have received £100,000 from the Russians. It would not matter in the least if it did not make some people who have only just begun to listen afraid to receive one's visits, for fear they should be tarred with the same brush as they say; however I expect it is only a passing phase, and one must just pray and go on in faith. They have this excuse that at the beginning of the war a Japanese member of the Greek Church in Tokyo was base enough to take Russian money in order to try and sell his country. But he was found out before he did any harm. . . .

TO THE SAME.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"29th July, 1904.

"I am so very, very sorry that this letter will not reach you in time for the 27th. It ought to have gone by last mail but somehow I forgot. Ah! my darling, you will feel it specially this year your first anniversary away from the beautiful grave, with its beacon pillar of the Cross circled with the ring of Eternity to remind us all of the Eternal Love and Sacrifice which is the only path to victory and true life. You will long to see it and how your friends who undertake it have decorated it, but in spirit you will be just as near, for time and space have no meaning where Richard and dearest Mother are. It is Here, and Now, with them always now. . . .

"I dated my letter Kokura as usual because I shall be back there again by the time you receive this, but as a matter of fact I am writing this in a delightful cool retreat on the hill-top in Karnizawa the place where I spent the summer holiday three years ago. . . . In the train coming up we had a glorious view of Fuji San the Japanese famous mountain which you see on all their pictures and screens and fans; the slope is certainly wonderfully beautiful and graceful as it rises from the plain below; it was a dark blue violet colour in the early morning with just lines of white snow in the crevices. The Japanese think all the world of their mountains. We have just heard a most extraordinary proposal that was made to an English Missionary to the Japanese at Yokohama. He is a Mr. W., a famous mountain-climber, and he climbed to the top of one of their mountains which is reckoned difficult of access and I suppose no one had been to the top before; anyhow a deputation of influential Japanese in Yokohama waited on him to ask him to allow them to erect a shrine in his honour, and worship him as a god! One can hardly believe that, in a place so exceedingly modernised as Yokohama which is the largest

foreign port in Japan crowded with foreigners of all kinds and all kinds of modern conveniences and modern buildings of every description. I myself saw last year at the foot of Mount Hieizan a shrine or rather wooden cage with a monkey in it, and the words 'God monkey' in Chinese characters outside. The Japanese however tell me that they do not exactly believe the monkey himself to be a god, but an animal in whom the spirit of the gods is, and so a sort of messenger of the gods; but they would worship him with fruits and cakes and incense all the same.

"August 1st. This letter is still delayed on account of the Russian warships which make it not safe for the steamboats to leave. . . .

"There is an active volcano Mount Asama, the foot of which is only ten miles distant from here, and it is a comparatively easy ascent even for women. A party of us went the night before last when it was moonlight. We were three ladies and four men. Five of us rode on horses to the foot, about three hours' ride as the horses go a slow pace. Two of the men, Mr. Hind and Mr. Buncombe, walked. We started about 8 P.M. and at 11 we reached the foot of the mountain. There we left our horses tethered with two coolies to look after them and after eating some supper started on our upward walk. It took us three and a half hours to go 4,000 feet, the path being a long steep ascent over rough but soft crumbling lava. We reached the top about 3.30 A.M. when it was quite dark, and were actually able to look into the depths of the huge crater about a mile round and see the vast circular bed of red-hot glowing lava at the bottom. Sulphur smoke came up and made our eyes and throat smart and there was a most awful ominous rumbling roaring sound to be heard long before we reached the brink, but while we were up there there was no explosion. When we had gazed into the fearful depths as long as we could bear the sight we rolled ourselves in rugs and sat down and waited for the sunrise. It was one of the most

lovely sights you can possibly imagine. Far below us lay the clouds all round like a vast billowy sea, the white gradually tinging with pearly grey changing to opal and at last the rose flush of dawn.

“The sky was exceptionally clear for we were above all the clouds of earth, and mountain peaks all round raised their beautiful heads above the clouds, some of them streaked with snow. Fuji, the mountain which is the pride and glory of Japan, appeared specially beautiful like a violet cone against the clear opal sky; then came soft rose flashes fan-shaped spreading up high into the sky and at last the glorious sun himself, and then we sang the hymn ‘Holy, holy, holy,’ and Mr. Hind read to us the nineteenth Psalm and Mr. Buncombe prayed.

“I say *we* sang, but as a matter of fact the rarity of the atmosphere so affected me that I could only gasp for breath and was almost speechless. I did not realise what was the matter at first thinking I was only exhausted by the long climb, but at last I perceived that the longer I stayed the worse I got and that even lying flat brought no relief, so I and most of the party came down for it was bitterly cold, and we then rested on the lower ledge and enjoyed the warmth of the sun and the gradual unveiling of the beautiful landscape below as the clouds melted under the sun.

“The descent is easy, and after breakfasting at the foot of the mountain we mounted our horses again and reached home about 11 A.M., where Mrs. Buncombe met us with some hot Liebig, then a bath and then to bed. It was I think the most wonderful and interesting excursion I ever made.

“Your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ST. HILDA'S MISSION, TOKYO,

“13th September, 1904.

“. . . I am staying at the above address just for two nights on my way home after a very happy summer holiday, made doubly so by here and there blessed opportunities of work which God gave most lovingly in answer to prayer.

“I told you about the Mission at Komoro which was so happy. Mr. W. was the chief Missioner. He offered some years ago to the C. M. S., but they thought he taught the doctrine of sinless perfection and so would not have him. However Mr. Buxton had him and he came out and worked first with him at Matseuqe, now he has his headquarters at Tokyo, and goes about taking Missions for any denomination that like to ask him, being still supported by Mr. Buxton. He is a very nice man very holy and earnest though he does hold some non-church views; however they are not apparent in a Mission to the heathen and we were able to work with him with great happiness.

“I am staying here by the kind invitation of Miss Thornton the head of the Mission (St. Hilda's, I mean), because I am making inquiries about homes for training Bible women. We have had one in the C. M. S. but it has not been a great success, and so as it has had to be closed temporarily while the Superintendent was home on furlough. Our Committee asked me to visit some of the Bible women's homes, both church and undenominational, to gather hints as to the re-opening of ours.

“It is very interesting being in Tokyo though I have not had time to go and see any sights yet, but just riding along in the Kuruma I saw the Emperor's palace. It is a huge enclosure with a moat and strong stone walls all round it and then a great many different buildings inside; I had no opportunity of asking what they all were.

“ This St. Hilda’s Mission is really a wonderful place. It is a sort of sisterhood without vows, and they do not call each other ‘ Sister ’ or ‘ Mother, ’ but they wear a garb and have certain rules. There are only three full English members living in the house and one Asiatic who is learning the language and yet they keep going a large Day School for ladies’ children of over a hundred girls, twenty-four of which are boarders ; an Orphanage with I think twenty-four orphans ; an Industrial School where they teach the girls Japanese needle work and embroidery, and a Bible women’s Home with fourteen inmates. They have two Japanese ladies who are members of the community and I suppose take their share of the work, but it is marvellous how much these three English ladies keep going.

“ Before I left Karnizawa a number of soldiers who had been invalided home from the front were sent up there to recruit ; it was quite hard to come away and leave them, there seemed such opportunities for work among them. They had nothing to do all day and within certain limits were free to wander about as they liked. They would come in little groups of two or three or more at a time and visit us and were only too pleased to be asked in and talked to. All those I spoke to had heard before about our Saviour either in the hospital or somewhere and they listened very thankfully.

“ One poor fellow, O. San, I trust gave his heart to God the day before I left. He said he had heard a great deal but did not yet quite understand. I think he meant he wanted to be a Christian but did not quite know what he was to do. I explained to him about faith and asking pardon for his sins, and then he said very touchingly ‘ Do you mean that I could believe on Him now, to-day ? ’ I told him that was exactly what I did mean and that there was no process of waiting that must be gone through and showed him the verse St. John xvii. 9. He said he would like to pray, so we knelt down. At first he prayed that God would help him to get well soon and go back to the war and then bring him home safe when it was over. I

told him that was a good prayer, but that God did not promise to do that for him and that he might be killed in the war whether he believed in God or not, but that God did promise to forgive him his sins if he from his heart repented and believed. 'Ah!' he said 'I understand,' and then he prayed again that God would forgive him all his sins and went away happy, saying he believed. I trust he understood at any rate in a measure what I meant. He knew about our Saviour having died instead of him.

"I asked Mr. W. to go and visit him as I was going away the next morning and should not have an opportunity of seeing him again.

"Ever your very, very loving sister,

"BEATRICE."

TO MRS. DAY.

"52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

"19th October, 1904.

"MY DEAREST LUSIA,

". . . We have splendid opportunities for work among the wounded soldiers here. In one hospital two miles off there are 2,500, and in another in Kokura over a thousand. The Governor in both cases is a Christian and welcomes our visits allowing us to hold Meetings, sing in the wards, distribute tracts and talk to the patients as much as we like. One only feels bewildered by the vastness of the field of work. I spent nearly four hours there yesterday afternoon going from ward to ward and bed to bed. They welcome most eagerly any kind of literature so one longs to take hundreds of tracts and religious newspapers, but the money runs short, for cheap as *some* of the tracts or gospels are half a farthing apiece when you distribute 1,400 copies in one afternoon, as my friend A. B. and I did the other day in one hospital (and then we had not enough to go round), you get through 4s. or 5s. a day very easily.

“I had a very nice talk with an Officer I. San yesterday who was shot in the knee, and also in another ward with a sergeant who had received a Testament from somebody. He listened most eagerly and when I spoke to him of repentance and faith being the all-essentials for the forgiveness of sins, he said ‘Say that over again please,’ as if he wanted to make sure, he had heard aright.

“Ever your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO GRACE GRIER.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

“4th October, 1904.

“. . . I am quite well, my darling, you must not be at all anxious about me; when I forget to mention it (which is very wrong of me seeing you take such a loving interest in my welfare), it is simply because my health is so continually good, thank God, that it does not strike me as necessary to remark upon it, though I do I trust give thanks for it daily.

“Yesterday we had a holiday here for the Emperor’s birthday, and so Else Keen and I took a day out together (the first time we have done such a thing in Kokura in the two years she has been here, though of course when we were away in Karnizawa we went out constantly together). We climbed up to the top of the highest hill in this neighbourhood and enjoyed a most lovely panorama of sea and distant mountains all round. The weather just now is simply perfect, glorious sunshine but not too hot and the autumn tints very lovely, so we enjoyed our day out very much. It is a universal holiday and so one cannot do much visiting because the people are all entertaining friends or interchanging visits with each other and so one had a free mind to go out and enjoy the beauty of nature. Numbers

of beautiful blue gentians were in bloom on the mountain. I picked a handful but they were somewhat withered by the time I got home. . . .

“There is a dear little blind child here I am much interested in; her Mother is the widow of that man who died about eighteen months ago of consumption. He was a Christian but not satisfactory. The Mother became a Christian after his death, at first I think out of gratitude for the kindness shown her Husband in his last illness and because the Christians, *i.e.*, Mr. Hind and myself paid for his funeral. But she has been going on very steadily ever since, and is supporting herself in great difficulties by the profession of masseuse which is one much looked down upon in Japan and very poorly paid. This little blind girl was in a Blind School (not a Christian one) in Nagasaki but she has developed consumption so has been sent home, and so now the poor Mother has to support her as well as the other child out of her scanty earnings. The little girl used to come to our Sunday School three years ago and was always very devout and attentive; now she has come back ill she is touchingly anxious to learn and to be baptised. A week or two back she was more poorly than usual and had to be kept in bed, but on Sunday she would get up and dress herself though far from well because she said it was not right to spend Sunday lying in bed. Last week when I went to see her I taught her the first clause of the Creed ‘I believe in God the Father Almighty maker of heaven and earth,’ but this week when I came I found her Mother, a very poor ignorant woman who can hardly read, had been at the pains to teach her the whole of it and she said it perfectly and also the Lord’s Prayer. I was so pleased! She delights in singing hymns only of course one has to teach her the words of them by rote, but she is like all blind people wonderfully quick at learning. I think teaching her, though of course it is very hard for the Mother as regards daily bread, will be a great help to her faith and so though it was a great sorrow having her sent back from the Blind

School, like so many of our troubles it will prove a blessing in disguise.

“We are having very happy work in the hospitals. The only thing is it is sad to see such wide-open doors and have such little time to enter them.

“Ever and always your very loving sister,

“BEATRICE.”

TO THE SAME.

“52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,

“16th December, 1904.

“. . . Bessie is very good to me, she has sent some beautiful warm gloves which go half-way up the arm and also some warm leggings for bicycling and a motor hat or cap which, strange to say, suits me very well. I have also had which if possible delights me even more, a very nice parcel of dolls, pinafores, mittens, comforters, etc., for my Christmas tree, so I shall hardly have to buy a thing for that, and the children will appreciate the things doubly as coming from England. We are to have our Christmas gathering at Wakamatsu on Monday 26th, here on Tuesday 27th, and the Wakamatsu children's Christmas tree on Wednesday 28th, and then I go for three days' visit to Mrs. H. at Fukuoka; she is a very kind, loving friend. . . .

“It is wonderful to think that perhaps I shall spend next Christmas in Lichfield! But I do not like to look forward or count upon anything—life is so uncertain, and even the time of my departure must depend to a certain extent upon whether there is any one to take my place or not; I do not mean that I should not get my furlough whether or no, but I might feel it right to wait a little.

“I have begun a new class lately for Judges and Advocates at the County Court. At present only three come; there may be more by-and-by but I have promised to keep it select

because these men of a certain position do not like to show off their bad English before students and young clerks. They have only been three times, and at present take great interest in the English but not much in the Bible but of course one hopes and prays that that may come. . . ."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST HOME-COMING, 1905.

IN 1905 we were expecting Beatrice home for her furlough, which was due in the autumn. Early in the spring she wrote that she was not feeling well, and thought of consulting an English doctor at Kobe on her way to a Conference which was to be held at Arima.

Although she had never wholly recovered from the disease which sent her home in 1899, after her return to Japan she habitually disregarded, in her passionate zeal for souls, the doctor's injunctions to avoid over-fatigue and not to expose herself to wet weather. Every Sunday afternoon she went to Wakamatsu, a place five miles off, to hold a Meeting. In fine weather she travelled the ten miles on her bicycle, but on wet Sundays she walked both ways, often in pouring rain, besides walking backwards and forwards to Church and Sunday school in the morning at Kokura, and again in the evening on her return from Wakamatsu, thus adding another two miles to her Sabbath day's journey. She persevered in this exhausting programme until her failing limbs refused to carry her and she was ordered home for the second and last time.

The Conference at Arima was a large one, over eighty Missionaries were gathered there, it being the first general Conference of the C. M. S. that had been held for seven years.

Beatrice was chosen unanimously to preside over the Women's Section. One of the members writes:—

"I do not think any of us women Missionaries who were at the Conference at Arima will ever forget the wonderful power as well as unselfishness she showed as our President. She had just had a very serious opinion expressed by the doctor, but apparently without letting her mind dwell on that she threw herself into the question of our new Training Home, of which she had made a special study, and the other questions before us, with her whole heart."

This matter of a Training Home for Japanese Bible women was one which Beatrice had greatly on her mind. In one of her letters home she speaks of the great need there was to provide regular instruction for them. Before the Conference, although suffering from extreme weakness and also severe pain at times, she visited every Training Home of every denomination that she could reach throughout Japan, writing to those she could not personally visit, and collected all the information that could be obtained as to methods and results. She laid the particulars thus carefully gathered before the Conference with much tact and ability, and pleaded the cause of her less instructed sisters with so much earnestness that she carried the Conference heartily with her, and it was decided to start the Training Home as soon as funds for it could be raised. One of the Missionaries who was present on the occasion says: "She was an object-lesson to us all. Though she was, as some of us knew, in great suffering self was entirely forgotten and her loving tact and wisdom went far in making things go quite smoothly."

Of this Conference Beatrice writes in a letter to her eldest sister, dated 27th May, 1905:—

". . . Since I began this letter we have had a Conference of all the C. M. S. Missionaries in Japan, over eighty I should think were present and we had a very full and busy ten days. Devotional Meetings morning and evening, and business Meetings morning and afternoon, so that one had no

time for anything else. It was the first Conference of the kind that we had had for seven years, so there were many things to be discussed and the happiness of meeting all together was very great. The last two days were spent in special intercession for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on this land, and we have already been cheered by hearing that in Kokura while we foreigners were all absent the Christians began a nightly prayer meeting among themselves. . . .”

In a letter written to me while the Conference was going on she gives much the same account, omitting the part she herself took in it, and adds that she is going to stay at Osaka after the Conference is over with her friend Miss Tristram in order to be under the doctor's hands for a time. And in a letter to her sister Margaret she speaks of not having felt very well of late but that she is greatly looking forward to the time she is to spend with Miss Tristram, adding that all the Missionaries of the Conference “are more sweet and loving and kind than words can say ; . . . they pet me and spoil me and wait upon me until I feel quite ashamed.”

The English doctor at Kobe had warned her before the Conference began that the disease from which she was suffering would probably prove fatal, and urged an immediate return to England, but his treatment and the rest at Osaka with the tender care lavished on her while there so far restored her health that when she returned to Kokura to pack up, she took up work again during the few weeks that intervened before she was to sail. She wrote to me at this time with no apparent abatement of her old vigour and spirit.

TO GRACE GRIER.

“ 52 TAKARA MACHI, KOKURA,
“ 25th June, 1905.

‘ MY OWN DEAREST DORA,

“ I have not had a letter from home for ten days now, but they say the Russians seized an English ship, *St. Kilda*, carrying mails, and landed the mails at a place called Batavia

somewhere near Hong Kong, so when we shall get them it is hard to say. It really is too audacious the things the Russians have been doing ever since the war began. But I suppose after their fleet was so completely wiped out as it was in the last great battle, they will not be able to do any more mischief! They have done quite enough at any rate. This letter is, I suppose, the last I shall write to you from Japan before I have the joy of seeing your dear face again! Though of course I shall hope to write on the journey for nearly three weeks while I am at sea you will get no tidings, so please do not be anxious during that time. I will send one more post card next mail the last before I start, and then the next please God you will hear of me will be from Octavia's hospitable house. . . .

"It is a blessed thing to see the numbers of the sick and wounded in the hospitals gradually diminishing, but one fears any day almost one may hear of another awful battle; it almost seems as if it must come and would be the final one, and the carnage would probably be fearful. The Japanese are very kind to their Russian prisoners; now they allow the Officers out often for so many hours simply on parole without any one to look after them, and they take the common soldiers out for exercise with just one or two policemen to look after thirty or more of these big fellows, who wander round and gape in at the windows and try to enjoy themselves as best they can.

"I had a lovely time in the hospital the other day. The men were so eager and glad to listen that I spent almost all my time and strength in one ward; but as I had still some books and tracts left I went into the next meaning only to give them round and then come home because it was late, but just as I was leaving after distributing what I had with me a sergeant with a fine intellectual face leaned forward and said 'There is something I want to ask you. It says in the Bible, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," what does that mean?' Of course I stopped and talked to him and explained as best I could; then he asked about the transmigration

of souls and I explained to him the Christian doctrine of immortality, then he asked eagerly about the forgiveness of sins, and I showed him my favourite passage on that point, 1 John i. 7, 9; he just drank it in. 'And are they really blotted out,' he asked. 'Yes really absolutely' I said. 'Oh! thank you, thank you, I have indeed understood,' was his grateful answer and his face showed the joy and trust that had come into his soul. Several of the men in the ward when they saw we were having a Bible talk left their beds and came round to listen and when at last I was obliged to go they begged me to come again. Much love to Lynda and Margaret.

"Ever your loving sister,

"BEATRICE.

"P.S.—I am better than when last I wrote; I keep getting gradually stronger, thank God."

This postscript was encouraging for us at home to read, but alas! she was pouring out with both hands the sands of life that remained. It is no exaggeration to say that such work was killing for a person in her condition of health. The friend who lived with her describes her return from one of these visits to the Military Hospital during these last weeks: "She came back so much exhausted that I said to her 'I am afraid you have overdone yourself,' and she replied 'As I was coming out a soldier came out of a ward and said a comrade wanted to know how to be saved. I was feeling so sick and faint I hardly knew how to stand, but I could not refuse such a plea, *could* I? So I went in and talked to him for half an hour!' That was typical of her life out here; she indeed measured her life by loss and not by gain, not by the wine drunk but by the wine poured forth."

It was arranged that she should leave Japan in the *S.S. Tartar* about the middle of July and stay at Victoria for a few weeks with her sister Mrs Cooper. Beatrice wrote to the latter

from Kokura "I am getting stronger thank God all the time and it makes it seem in one way all the harder to leave the work is so lovely. Still I can by no means do all I ought to do and long to do as I am, so I quite see the wisdom of the doctor's decree that I should antedate my furlough by about ten weeks and spend my summer holidays with you instead of in some hill resort in Japan. Once I am fairly off, the joy of the thought of meeting you all again will fill my heart, but just at present the regrets of parting cannot help coming to the front and I know you will understand."

She evidently thought of going back to work, for she says in another part of the same letter, "May has been writing to me about stopping in Palestine on my way back to Japan". Perhaps the pain of the partings of which she speaks for there were many farewells to be said at Nagasaki where she embarked, as well as at Kokura, broke her down almost as much as the fatigue she endured in the work which she carried on to the last. She became so ill that it seemed all but impossible for her to sail at the appointed time. Seventeen thousand miles lay between her and the shores of England, but her great longing was when she felt her strength fail to get home and she set her whole will to the carrying out of her purpose at the cost of all suffering. Her kind and devoted friend Miss Keen helped her to pack up and went with her to Nagasaki where they stayed over Sunday. A bad attack of pain and breathlessness came on while she was there in Miss Cox's house, who had hospitably received them, but once fairly embarked on the voyage across the Pacific her health improved. She had a pleasant airy cabin which she shared with her beloved friend Miss Tristram who had nursed her so tenderly at Osaka, and there were several other Missionaries on board in whose company she took great delight. One of them told her the first Sunday after they had started that she had not been able to provide herself with a satisfactory serious book to read on the voyage. Beatrice asked her if she would like to read the Book

of the Revelation with her every day, saying that she would tell her all that she could remember about a book by Sayce which she had lately read on that subject. So every day they found a quiet corner to read together, dwelling much on the thought of the coming of the Lord. The friend adds "Sometimes while she was talking about the Second Coming and the life hereafter she had a look on her face as if it was all so very real to her and as if she were very near to it. I felt when I said good-bye to her at Victoria that perhaps I should never see her again in this world, and so it was to be. I cannot tell you how much I valued those times, nor what a privilege I felt it to come into touch with such a mind as hers, her life has been a great example to me."

Miss Tristram says that during the voyage they often spoke together of the possibility of her being called away soon, and "always with a sense of the joy with which those who have been redeemed by Christ can leave all in their Father's hands. Once she exclaimed 'Oh! it sheds a new and beautiful light on everything'."

After the first few days on board she threw off all the habits of an invalid, she got up to breakfast every morning, after which she and Miss Tristram returned to their cabin for prayer and Bible reading together.

While at meals the same friend records that she was the life and soul of the party, "entering into every plan with zest and always full of interesting conversation and of an evening she joined in the games which the other passengers indulged in".

Another travelling companion says: "She was like a Mother to me all through the tedious trying voyage and whenever any one grumbled she was always ready to speak brightly and to make the best of things. . . . I shall never forget her heroic energy and tender sympathy."

I received the following letter from her, written while on board :—

TO GRACE GRIER.

"S.S. TARTAR,
"July, 1905.

"MY OWN DEAREST DORA,

"Your letter was delivered to me just before I started in this ship for HOME. As I told you in my previous letter it was not because I was worse that Dr. M. ordered me home, it was when he heard that I *could* go home by Canada he said at once I ought to go as soon as I could, because the summer there would be the best thing for my health; he had thought before that we always had to go home by the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea and of course it is not the time of year for that. Since I have been on board I have been much better; in fact the only thing I could say of myself now is that I feel poorly or not quite well, so please God I shall go on getting better still. . . . We have a very pleasant party on board—Miss Tristram, the head of the C. M. S. Girls' School at Osaka; Archdeacon and Mrs. Price very nice Missionaries, and their four children; three Missionaries not connected with the C. M. S., but who have been working in Japan; and a Mrs. Richardson a very nice lady the widow of a Colonel who was killed in the Boer war. She has been fifteen months in Japan at her own expense nursing the Japanese soldiers. She has worked really hard eight hours a day at massage or helping with the dressings or anything she could. The Japanese are immensely delighted and grateful and have fêted and honoured her in every way. She was sent for to have an audience with the Empress and the Emperor sent her a decoration, and she was allowed to go to Port Arthur, the first foreigner since it was taken, and was shown all the fortifications just as they were when the Russians left it, the sunken battleships and all. She is very pleasant we sit at one table all together and have very pleasant times. . . ."

Owing to the voyage being unusually prosperous, the

vessel reached Victoria before it was due so that there was no one to meet her when she landed. The friends she had travelled with were going on in the same ship so they could only take an affectionate farewell leaving her with her luggage on the landing stage. She made her way to her brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Cooper's house, and her sister was told that a lady was in the drawing-room who wished to see her. Mrs. Cooper went in. Beatrice was standing with her back to the light and so great were the ravages which disease had made that for a moment she did not recognise her, it was not until Beatrice spoke and made a movement forward that she realised who was before her.

But not yet would the brave spirit give way she seemed to enjoy the change from the confinement of the ship and condescending to none of the habits of an invalid took long walks with her sister to visit the many friends to whom the latter wished to introduce her. Everywhere she went even in these morning calls people were greatly impressed it has been said "by the brightness and charm of her personality, as well as by the clearness of her intellect and the firmness of her faith".

Beatrice writes to her Brother while at Victoria.

To J. H. ALLEN.

"JAMES STREET, VICTORIA WEST, B.C.,

"August, 1905.

"MY DEAREST JOHNNIE,

"Thank you much for your very interesting letter dated 4th June, which has only just reached me here. . . . The Japanese even the non-Christians were quite awed by the naval victory and said again and again, as Togo always did, 'It is due to the help of Heaven'.

"This Victoria is a very beautiful place and very bracing climate and I am sure it has already done me much good. In the three weeks we have been here we have had almost uninterrupted sunshine and yet the temperature has never been up

to 80° and sometimes below 70°. The houses too are very pleasantly built with plenty of room. Many people have built their own and so the styles are very various but most of them have some architectural pretensions.

“We are watching with much interest the progress of the peace negotiations. I feel pretty sure Russia will give in in the end though of course she will ‘bluff’ as long as she can. It is very magnanimous of Marshal Oyama to stay his hand all the while the negotiations are going on, as I expect he could effect a crushing defeat if he liked. But then of course it would entail the loss of *thousands* of lives so it is right to wait if he can.

“Ever with much love,
“Your very affectionate sister,

“BEATRICE.”

While in Victoria she addressed a Meeting of over fifty people assembled in Mrs. Cooper's house, on which occasion Bishop Perrin took the chair. She also spoke to her sister's Bible Class of women, and the last address she ever gave was to Mr. Cooper's Sunday School children; she spoke to them he says, “with much power and pathos about child life in Japan, telling of the eagerness of those little ones to learn, of their obedience and self-constituted discipline, and yet how much they needed the knowledge of Jesus”.

Every day when they could arrange it she and her sister and her brother-in-law used to read the Book of Daniel together, tracing out the remarkable correspondences between it and the Revelation of St. John. Also she would carefully prepare an exercise in Hebrew, the study of which she had taken up of late years during her short holidays. This exercise she would bring to Mr. Cooper immediately after luncheon with a “Please, Charlie, hear me my lesson,” and after a time they went on to read the first few chapters of Genesis together. She took pleasure in reading other books also with her sister, F. W. H. Myers, etc., and poetry, of which she was always very fond. They read *De-*

meter together, and sometimes in the morning, while Mrs. Cooper was engaged with household arrangements, she would slip out of the gate to make a sketch of the beautiful view of the Olympian mountains that was to be had there.

Mr. Cooper was to leave Victoria on 30th August to attend a Synod that was to be held at Quebec and Beatrice was anxious to travel with him, so as to have the comfort and help of his presence during the long railway journey which lay before her ere she could embark for England. A few days before they were to start she was taken suddenly ill with shiverings accompanied with great pain and she had to take to her bed. It seemed impossible that she should be ready by the time fixed to take a railway journey of some thousands of miles to be followed by a voyage across the Atlantic; but she resolved to make the attempt fearing that if her brother-in-law went without her she would never be able to accomplish the journey alone. The account of the journey is best given in his own words; he writes to my sister Anna.

[FROM REV. CHARLES COOPER.]

“VICTORIA WEST, B.C.,

“17th November, 1905.

“MY DEAR ANNA,

“You will like to hear from me something of that last long journey of dear Beatrice’s across Canada.

“We decided to start from here on Wednesday 30th August because on that day alone of the week a boat started in the night so that one could go on board any time and go quietly to bed. Our first plan had been to spend the Sunday together at Niagara and then to part—Beatrice going to New York to return by a White Star liner, and I to my Synod at Quebec. But when she was taken ill it became clear that this was out of the question so I proposed to accompany her to New York and see her on board. But of this she would not hear because I should have lost the first day of the Synod and she insisted

that it was most important for me to be there at the beginning. Then we decided to take the steamer at Toronto and go down the St. Lawrence through the 'Thousand Islands' to Quebec; but as the time drew near and she failed to regain her strength it became clear that the only thing to be done was to take our tickets straight through to Quebec. Arrived there she lay down on a sofa in the waiting-room while I went into the town. But the members of the Synod, the passengers of the *Victorian* and the usual rush of autumn visitors so filled the hotels that I had great difficulty in finding a room for her, but at last was so fortunate as to engage the only vacant room at the St. Louis Hotel. When dear Beatrice, assisted by a willing and handy chambermaid, had got into bed in that clean, quiet room after the noisy bustle of the train, she said 'This is like heaven'. I was quartered on the Island of Orleans, but always went in to see her before the Synod began, in the middle of the day, and again at about five or half-past; and she took great interest in all I told her about the doings of the Synod.

"On the day before she left Quebec I asked her if she would like me to give her the Holy Communion before starting on her voyage; and to this she very gladly consented, 'it was the thing of all others that she would like'. So I went to Dean Williams, the Rector of the Parish, and asked his leave to perform the celebration and also to lend me his vessels for the purpose. He very willingly granted me both requests, and the next morning before going to the Synod I gave her the Communion.

"In the afternoon I went to the station and sent the luggage on board and when the *S.S. Bavarian* had actually arrived at the wharf dear Beatrice drove down with me and went on board. It was quite a scramble getting up along the gangway and up the ladder on to the upper deck, but she had gained strength by the rest and quiet of the hotel bedroom and managed it well. We then found her 'state-room,' and although the boat was so full she had the cabin to herself. The

stewardess appeared to be a very nice woman, and she took her in charge and hurried her off to bed.

“Then I said my ‘Good-bye’ and left her, knowing I could do no more for her. I did not even wait to see the steamer start; Beatrice insisted that I should go off to the great Missionary Meeting that was held that evening in connection with the Synod.

“All through Beatrice was so good and patient and was so anxious that I should not lose anything of the Synod! It is a great privilege to have been with her on that last journey; I wish I could have arranged it better and made it easier for her than I did.

“Your affectionate brother,

“CHARLES E. COOPER.”

Of what occurred after Mr. Cooper left her on board the *Bavarian* we have no record until the ship reached the Liverpool Docks. There her sister Anna was waiting to meet her and also a friend, Miss Cropper, who had crossed the Pacific with her. For a long time no one from the landing stage was allowed on board; it was not until all the other passengers and most of the luggage had been landed that they were permitted to go to Beatrice's cabin. They found her sitting by her bedside dressed ready to leave the ship, but unable to move without assistance and in great distress of mind lest no one should come to fetch her. At the sight of her sister she burst into tears. With great difficulty they got her down the companion ladder and to the Customs to claim her luggage, and thence drove her to the L. & N.W.R. Hotel, where I joined them a few minutes later, my train having been delayed as it was a Saturday night.

She was still in her hat and travelling dress, but at the first glance at the dear face it seemed to me that death was already written there. She was very restless all night rambling a little at times and unlike herself. But she used great self-restraint

and even dragged herself out of bed and put on her things the next morning while my Sister and I were down at breakfast, being resolved to reach Lichfield before it was too late, where in the Close on the south-eastern side of the beautiful Cathedral lie the graves of her Father and Mother. She yearned after it as home; so the next day we brought her there, to my sisters' house in the Market Square, and when she was comfortably settled in bed with the familiar furniture and pictures around her, a great peace seemed to take possession of her mind and she rallied wonderfully.

During the few days I was able to be with her before I had to leave to make room for other relatives, she said repeatedly that she was very happy, that it was sweet to be ill, that she had no pain except occasionally at intervals. She also spoke many times of returning to her work in Japan, reproving me for having written to the Secretary of the C. M. S. about her illness, as she said it looked as if I thought they were not sufficiently careful about her, adding that she should not let me know another time when she was not well if I did such things.

I spent most of the day by her bedside reading aloud to her from the Bible. "Do not read only a chapter," she would say, "but read right on." So I read through the Epistle to the Ephesians at one time, and then as she knew that by heart she asked me to read some of the Old Testament, especially the earlier chapters of Deuteronomy, and her whole face would light up as she noted and dwelt upon the promises of God to be found there. Also she always asked for the appointed passage from a little book of selected readings called *Daily Light*. One of these was the account of the labourers in the vineyard. She had drawn her pen through the words "We have borne the burden and heat of the day," and when asked why she had done so, she said, "I could not bear to have those words in my book, it was the ungrateful, grumbling servants who used them, they are utterly untrue; the service of Jesus has been very sweet to me".

Over the head of the bed where she lay there hung an auto-type of Turner's picture of "The Fighting Temeraire Tugged to her Last Berth," and as my eye travelled from it to the dear worn face on the pillow I felt as if the noble vessel lighted up by the rays of the setting sun were a sort of allegory of her who lay below, that she too having fought a good fight had well-nigh finished her course.

Yet one hoped against hope. In the intervals of my reading to her she would busy herself with a large heavy co-operative store list, looking out presents for her friends in Japan. "They will like something thoroughly English," she said, and she chose a great number, which Miss Henty who sailed for Japan the very day after her death took with her and distributed as Christmas gifts. Those who received them feeling as one of them expressed it that "they came as a message of her love from *beyond*".

Ill as she had been when starting she had not omitted to charge herself with many, many presents from Japan for friends at home. The trunk containing these came up from the station the day before I had to leave. We spent a very happy last afternoon together unpacking and sorting these and deciding on their destination. She was well enough to enjoy sitting up in bed to superintend and assist in the process, smoothing out and folding with her own hands embroidered stuffs and wonderful Japanese paintings.

The next morning as I knelt by her bedside in prayer for the last time I whispered "Say something, Beatrice". "I cannot; I should break down," she replied, and so brave to the last moment of our parting I left her, to meet her no more in this world.

The day after I left Beatrice her "sister cousin" Miss Anne Allen came to stay with her, and the account of the next ten days shall be given in her words:—

"Little did I think when I was asked to come to meet her at Lichfield on her return invalided home from Japan that it was to

be for the last time—but so it turned out. When I first arrived, not having seen her for five years, she looked much aged and worn and very ill, ‘grievously overworked’ as the doctor expressed it, but she was still the same cheerful happy Beatrice—still taking interest in every one’s interests—even to rebuking me for not letting her see me dressed in my best clothes, which I had put on to attend Miss Selwyn’s marriage and had quickly put off again to sit by the sick bedside.

“Those were sacred days—ten of them—devoted entirely to talking of the Master and the things concerning His Kingdom.

“We read together some verses every day, and one remark I shall never forget when reading of Abraham saying to the king of Sodom that he would not take a thread or a shoe-latchet from him—followed by God promising him Himself—her saying breathlessly and low, for she was very weak then, ‘Oh, yes, we must drop the clay if we would have the gold’.

“Shortly afterwards I had to leave her to make room in the house for other relations and never saw her again, much as I had hoped to have had further talks with her, but have to be content to wait, knowing that she has joined the white-robed company of martyrs.”

All through the Bible was her great comfort and she delighted to illustrate and confirm one passage by another. On the last day of her life she had reached the tenth verse of Psalm cxliv., “He giveth victory unto kings, and hath delivered David, His servant, from the peril of the sword”. For the first part of this verse she selected the seven-times repeated “To him that overcometh” in the Book of Revelation ii. and iii. ; and for the second part, “Nothing shall by any means hurt you,” Luke x. 19.

At four o’clock on Monday morning, the 16th October, she passed away, with her sister Margaret on one side of her and Anna on the other, a hand of each clasped in hers. As she lay dying, she looked up suddenly and exclaimed “Oh, lovely!” then sank back and spoke no more.

That last word reached the land where she had toiled so faithfully and was echoed in the language that she loved.

The Japanese pastor at Kagoshima, who knew her well, preaching to his native congregation the Sunday after the news of her death reached him, spoke of the second coming of Christ and of the joy of the first meeting when the Master will be seen face to face, and dwelt on the happiness of the death of the children and servants of God. "*Utsukushii* [lovely] was the word that a great lady Missionary said on her death-bed when she was passing away to see Christ as He is. *Utsukushii* is the word fit to denote the transformation of the soul when beholding the Golden City and the King in His Glory. *Utsukushii* is the word to describe the joy of the passing of the soul through the gates of death."

This translation of the pastor's sermon was sent to me by the Rev. J. H. R. Wansey from the far East. From the far West her brother-in-law the Rev. Charles Cooper wrote "What struck me most about Beatrice was the vigour and clearness of her mind—what she knew she knew and nothing could either cloud or shake her knowledge. Everything about her was clear-cut; she had no doubts.

"I was reminded of her by a story I recently read in a review of a *Treatise on the Mystical Life*, by Rev. F. B. Wilberforce. He says 'Gregory Lopez, a very simple man, but a high contemplative, was about to die. Knowing that Philip II. of Spain, when the candle was put into his hand at death had exclaimed "Now for the great secret," Gregory said when he himself held the death-candle, "No secret for me," and smiled with joy as he went to his Lord.'"

The funeral was very simple, only her own family, the servants who had waited on her, the poor people to whom she had ministered in years gone by all following on foot. We had half hoped that she might have been laid in the Cathedral Close beside the Father and Mother she so tenderly loved, but this was not admissible; so some of the working-men of her Sister's

Bible Class carried her shoulder-high up the hill to St. Michael's Church above the city.

They had volunteered for this last office, and had arranged themselves into two companies to relieve one another during the long walk through the streets, but there was no need for change of bearers those who took up the small light coffin never laid it down until they reached the beautiful old church which was filled, to quote the words of an eye-witness, "with true humble-folk friends in decent simple black . . . no hearse, no mourning-coach, no choir ; friends and family paying the sad tribute of tear, and prayer, and song, to the dear dead "

"For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia !

"Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.

Alleluia !

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the Victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

.

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.

Alleluia !

.

“ From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia ! ”

This was sung, and then in the picturesque old churchyard, with drizzling rain overhead and the autumn leaves falling around us, we laid our sister Beatrice, knowing that her toilsome days were ended, and in the sure and certain hope that an eternal spring had dawned for her who had so striven to be Christ’s faithful soldier and servant unto her life’s end.

“ HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I MAKE A PILLAR IN THE
TEMPLE OF MY GOD, AND HE SHALL GO NO MORE OUT ”
(Rev. iii. 12).

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